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MALVERN HILLS,

WITH

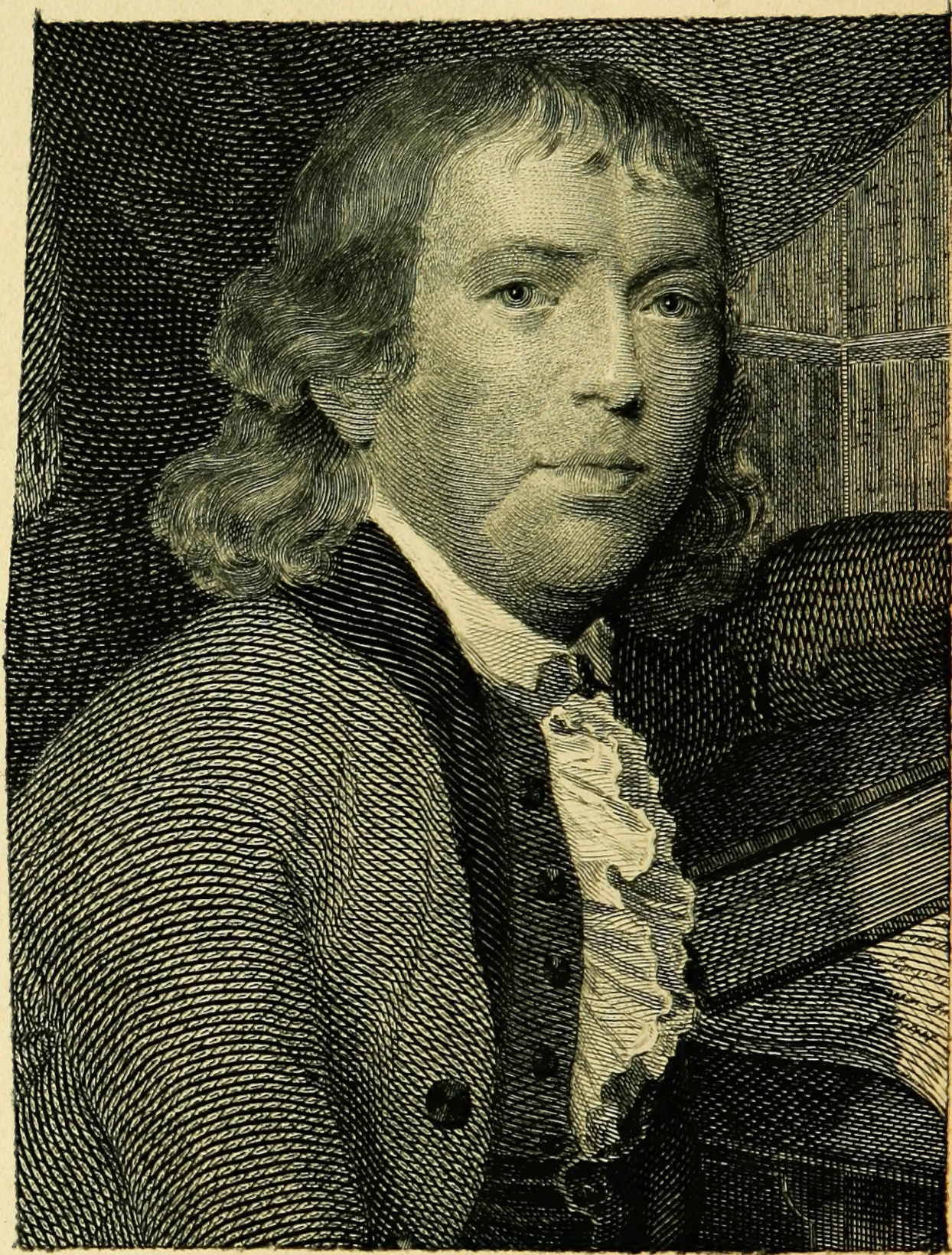
MINOR POEMS,

AND

ESSAYS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

PRICE TWELVE SHILLINGS, BOARDS.



JOHN HENDERSON, B.A. PEM. COLOX.

From a Portrait by Palmer, in the Possession of Mr. Cottle.

MALVERN HILLS,

WITH

MINOR POEMS,

AND

ESSAYS.

BY JOSEPH COTTLE.

FOURTH EDITION.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, STRAND.

1829.

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FOURTH EDITION.



THE Third Edition of “Malvern Hills, and other Poems,” being out of print, the work (with considerable additions) is here reprinted, accompanied with such omissions and corrections as accorded with my maturer judgment. The poems having been written in different moods, and at wide intervals, much diversity must be expected, both in the sentiment, and character. Of the principal poem, “Malvern Hills,” *four* hundred lines (out of *nine* hundred) have been excluded, and about one thousand lines added. The poem also of “John the Baptist,” has been re-written.

I may further remark, that, as another edition of my poem, the “*Fall of Cambria*,” will not appear, I have transferred the *Lyrical* portions to the present volume. No. 22 to 33.

Six poems are also introduced in this work, as specimens, to the reader, of a volume of Devotional Poetry, published in 1828, under the title of “Hymns and Sacred Lyrics;” the production, and, it may be added, the solace of my latter years. No. 52 to 57.

The notices which I received from the late *Lord Byron*, (see p. 221,) give a propriety to the following references. In the younger part of my life, when a Bookseller, in Bristol (from the age of 21 to 28, — 1791 to 1798,) a singular concurrence of circumstances brought to Bristol, and its vicinity, during a good part of that period, three *Poets*, young men of distinguished genius, who have since conferred credit on the literature of their country. (Mr. COLERIDGE, Mr. SOUTHEY, and Mr. WORDSWORTH.) I had the happiness of enjoying much of their society, and also, (with such slender means of patronage as I possessed) the honour of publishing, respectively, the three *first* volumes of their poetry. The little tokens of kindness, or marks of respect, which were shown them, during our protracted intercourse, at a season when friends, and friendships, were less abundant than they now are, (and which feeling is continued to the present time,) have been more than compensated by the poems prefixed to this volume.

Mr. Coleridge wrote the following, in the first edition of his poems, when presenting me with the volume.

“ Dear Cottle,

“ On the blank leaf of my poems
I can most appropriately write my acknowledgments to you, for your too disinterested conduct in the purchase of them. Indeed, if ever they should acquire a name and character, it might be truly said, that the world owed them to you. Had it not been for you, none, perhaps, of them would have been published, and many not written.

“ God bless you,

“ Your obliged and affectionate Friend,

“ April 15th, 1796.

S. T. COLERIDGE.”

I might add, that, during a portion of the time, to which a reference has been made, our circle was enlivened by the valuable accession of Mr. (now SIR) HUMPHRY DAVY, who, on quitting Bristol, for a permanent residence in London, presented me with Currie's edition of Burn's works, accompanied with the following note.

“ Dear Cottle,

“ Will you be pleased to accept of
the copy of Burn’s Life and Poems, sent with this ;
and when you are reading with delight, the effusions
of your brother bard, occasionally think of one, who
is, with sincere regard and affection,

“ Your Friend,

“ March 9th, 1801.

H. DAVY.”

Sir H. D. favoured me also with several of his own
MSS. Poems, which clearly indicate, that, if he had
not been the first *philosopher* of his age, he would
have ranked among the first of its *poets*. In one of
the poems (which breathes the true fire of the ode,)
two stanzas occur, which are characteristic of the
election which he deliberately made between *two*
rival candidates. Every reader will be pleased with
a perusal of them.

—— “ Thus to the sweetest dreams resign’d
The fairy *Fancy* ruled my mind,
And shone upon my youth ;
But now to awful *Reason* given,
I leave her dear ideal heaven,
To hear the voice of *Truth*.

She claims my best, my loftiest song ;
 She leads a brighter maid along,
 Divine *Philosophy* ;
 Who bids the mounting soul assume
 Immortal wisdom's eagle plume,
 And penetrating eye."

These are gratifying, and no ordinary recollections, but I am arrived at a period of life, when the pursuits and incidents which once animated, together with human estimates, for better, or for worse, are merged, or are rapidly merging, in interests of a higher order.

I. C.

Bristol, March 2nd, 1829.

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S. T. COLERIDGE,

TO

JOSEPH COTTE.

(ON THE FIRST EDITION OF HIS POEMS.)

MY honour'd Friend! whose verse concise, yet clear,
Tunes to smooth melody unconquer'd sense,
May your fame fadeless live, as "never-sere"
The ivy wreathes yon oak, whose broad defence
Embow'rs me from noon's sultry influence!
For, like that nameless riv'let stealing by,
Your modest verse to musing quiet dear
Is rich with tints heaven-borrow'd: the charm'd eye
Shall gaze undazzled there, and love the soften'd sky.

Circling the base of the poetic mount,
A stream there is, which rolls in lazy flow,
Its coal-black waters from OBLIVION'S fount:
The vapour-poison'd birds, that fly too low,
Fall with dead swoop, and to the bottom go.
Escaped that heavy stream, on pinion fleet,
Beneath the mountain's lofty-frowning brow,
Ere aught of perilous ascent you meet,
A mead of mildest charm delays th' unlab'ring feet.

Not there the cloud-climb'd rock, sublime and vast,
That like some giant king, o'er-glooms the hill;
Nor there the pine-grove to the midnight blast
Makes solemn music! But th' unceasing rill,
To the soft wren or lark's descending thrill,
Murmurs sweet undersong, mid jasmin bowers.
In this same pleasant meadow, at your will,

I ween, you wander'd—there collecting flow'rs
Of sober tint, and herbs, of med'cinable powers!

There for the monarch-murder'd soldier's tomb
You wove th' unfinish'd* wreath of saddest hues;
And to that holier† chaplet added bloom,
Besprinkling it with JORDAN's cleansing dew.
But, lo! your HENDERSON‡ awakes the muse—
His spirit beckon'd from the mountain's height!
You left the plain and soar'd mid richer views!
So Nature mourn'd, when sank the first day's light,
With stars, unseen before, spangling her robe of night!

Still soar, my FRIEND, those richer views among,
Strong, rapid, fervent, flashing Fancy's beam!
Virtue and Truth shall love your gentler song;
But Poesy demands th' impassion'd theme:
Waked by Heaven's silent dew, at Eve's mild gleam
What balmy sweets POMONA breathes around!
But if the vext air rush a stormy stream,
Or Autumn's shrill gust moan in plaintive sound,
With fruits and flowers she loads the tempest honour'd
ground.

* War, a Fragment.

† John the Baptist, a Poem.

‡ Monody on John Henderson.

ROBERT SOUTHEY,

TO

JOSEPH COTTE.

(ON THE PUBLICATION OF MALVERN HILLS.)

IS MALVERN then thy theme? it is a name
That wakes in me the thoughts of other years,
And other friends. Would I had been with thee
When thou didst wind the heights. I could have loved
To lead thee in the paths I once had trod,
And pointing out the dark and far-off firs
On Clifton's summit, or the spire that mark'd
That pleasant town, that I must never more,
Without some heavy thoughts, bethink me of.
I could have loved to live the past again ;
Yet, were I ever more to tread those heights,
Sure it should be in solitude ; for since
I travell'd there, and bath'd my throbbing brow
With the drifted snows of th' unsunn'd mountain clift,
'Time hath much changed me, and that dearest friend
Who shared my wanderings, to a better world
Hath past. A most unbending man was he,
Simple of heart, and to himself severe,
In whom there was no guile, no evil thought,
No natural weakness. I could not have borne
His eye's reproof ; it was to me as though
The inward monitor that God has given
Spake in that glance ; and yet a gentler man
Lived not. I well remember on that day,
When first I pass'd the threshold of his door,
The joy that kindled every countenance,
Bidding him welcome home. For he was one

Who in the stillness of domestic life
 Was loved and honour'd, rightly deeming that
 Best scene of virtue, and partaking there
 The happiness he made.

Upon a hill,
 Midway, his dwelling stood. 'The ceaseless stream
 That rolls its waters o'er the channell'd rock,
 Sent from the glen below such mellow'd sounds
 As in the calm and contemplative hour
 Invite the willing sense. The ascent beyond
 Bounded the sight, that ask'd no fairer view
 Than that green copse whence many a blackbird's song
 Was heard at morning, and the nightingale
 Such sweet and solitary music pour'd,
 As, suiting with the twilight's sober thoughts,
 Blends with the soul's best feelings. In her dreams
 Of purest happiness, my fancy shapes
 No lovelier place of resting. But no more
 Shall I behold that place of pleasantness:—
 Death has been busy there.

And well it is
 'That thoughts like these should wean us from the world,
 Strengthening the heart with wholesome discipline
 For life's sad changes. Oftentimes they rise
 Uncall'd, but not unwelcome, nor unmix'd
 With a deep joy that satisfies the soul.
 E'en now, a man contented with the past,
 Pleased with my present fate, and looking on
 In hope, I sometimes think on that dear Friend,
 Who surely, I believe, will welcome me
 When I have pass'd the grave, and bless my God
 For this belief, which makes it sweet to die.

MALVERN HILLS.

ARGUMENT.



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MALVERN HILLS.

The MALVERN HILLS separate *Herefordshire* from *Worcestershire*, and are about ten miles in length. Their direction is North and South. They consist of several sugar-loaf Hills, the summits of which command an extensive prospect, including parts of *Monmouthshire*, *Herefordshire*, *Radnorshire*, *Breconshire*, *Shropshire*, *Worcestershire*, and *Gloucestershire*. A spring rises in the side of one of the Hills, possessed of some medical properties, which, together with the purity of the air and the beautiful surrounding scenery, renders it a place of much fashionable resort in the summer months. Some further particulars respecting these Hills will be found in the Notes.

ALONE, unnoticed, at this early hour,
While all around is silence, I will mount
The MALVERN HILLS. This is a holy day ; *
And holy I will make it, leave the world,
Its toils, and cares, and commune with myself. 5

As up I climb, the freshness of the morn
Smells grateful, though no object meets my view.
Through the dark mists, which now, with coming day,
Struggle for mastery, the giant Hill
Casts not a shade. Now back I turn, to mark — 10

* The time, Whit-Monday ; and early in the morning.

The winding path, but all is grey and void ;
 On every side thick and impervious clouds
 Stretch their dark-bosom'd forms. The spacious world
 Lives but in memory ! whilst forth I roam
 A wandering, unlov'd, solitary thing. 15

With Malvern thus before me, Fancy starts
 At her discordant shapings, rousing up
 Impossibilities, pursuing then
 Through each strange circumstance, the vagrant thought,
 With aptest energy, earnest, and stern. 20
 Ye airy shapes and fantasies, away !
 I am no unblest solitary man,
 Confined to one rude spot, while round, a scene
 Illimitable spreads, bleak, desolate,
 With not one kindred soul my joys to share : 25
 Ten thousand recollections, such as cheer
 The inmost spirit, crowd upon my mind :
 This Mount, I know it well, pre-eminent
 Among the loveliest uplands of our isle,
 And soon, from its proud head, shall I behold 30
 Objects that glad the heart, assured the while
 That I am loved and loving. — Still I toil.
 How long, and steep, and dreary, the ascent !
 It needs the evidence of close deduction
 To know that I shall ever reach the height. 35

Now have I left the mists, and, glad, ascend
 Up to a purer air. The hill appears
 Bright in the crimson splendours of the morn,
 Yet, when I cast a sideways look behind,
 And mark the prostrate clouds, and view no form, 40

But this huge Mount, which, like an island, stands
 Mid boundless seas, I could almost believe
 Yon steril eminence, turf-clad and wild,
 Spite of its glorious vest, the regal spot
 Where Desolation sits, and views entranced 45
 His vast, dispeopled empire.

By my side

An aged Thorn I see. At this lone hour,
 Th' obtruding sight of aught familiar
 Conducts, once more, my spirit back to earth. 50
 How bent its matted head, by the bleak wind,
 That in one current comes — howling and fierce !
 A spectacle art thou, disshevell'd Thorn !
 Though this the month of gladness, and the time
 When verdure thrives — though now thy fellow trees, 55
 Down in the vale, their summer dress put forth,
 And every spray, with gorgeous blossoms hung,
 Dances with happiness ; yet, heedless, thou,
 With here and there a solitary leaf,
 Look'st ever to the earth, disconsolate : 60
 Waiting till some rude storm the mount involve ;
 Uptear thy feeble limbs, for ever end
 Their conflict with the winds, and down the steep
 Hurl thee, unpitied, tenant of the clouds !
 Emblem too oft of him, in this low world, 65
 Whom Genius burdens ; whose diviner mind
 Spurns at the earth's low aims, heeding but small
 The things which others sigh for, whilst he feels
 Bleak Poverty's soul-withering blasts assail.
 Low, like the MOUNTAIN THORN, he bends his head, 70
 Brooding ; and if no solace reach his heart,

From trust in God and Goodness, he, alone,
 Estranged from this ignoble scene of things,
 Looks downward, and in darkness wraps his soul.

Such was Bristowa's bard, that wondrous boy, 75
 First in the ranks of Genius, who illumed,
 With coruscation of mysterious light,
 Our dark terrene, then, comet-like, pass'd on !
 Oh ! had this spirit, of ethereal mould,
 Into his heart received the Book of Life ! 80
 Soften'd and mellowed by the Christian's faith,
 He had not look'd on all created things
 As fatherless, ocean and starry heaven ;
 In evil hour, he had not sipp'd the bowl,
 Which sent him, unprepared, in audit dread, 85
 To meet his Judge !

O, ye, in after times
 Who feel, like Chatterton, (over whose grave
 We bend, in solemn silence !*) Power of Song,
 The lofty consciousness, seize not your lyre, 90
 And dash it down, if men awhile withhold
 Their tardy recognitions. What is Fame,

* Biographers have uniformly affirmed, that Chatterton was buried in the churchyard of Shoe Lane Workhouse. By conclusive evidence, however, it has been ascertained, that Chatterton's Remains were sent from London to Mrs. Chatterton, at Bristol, in a box, by the waggon, by an uncle of Chatterton, (a carpenter, who resided in London,) and that he was buried, by night, in the churchyard of his own *Redcliff Church*. An elderly lady, but recently dead, a friend of Chatterton's mother, saw the body, and was enjoined by Mrs. C. to keep the occurrence a profound secret, from its involving some hazard to the sexton.

For which you pant, as the ascendant good ?
 One smile of Heaven, one whisper sweet within,

The writer, in conjunction with his friend, the Laureat, some years ago, published a complete edition of Chatterton's works, in 3 vols. 8vo. for the benefit of Mrs. Newton, Chatterton's widowed sister; the profits of which, rendered the latter part of her life comfortable: (an office which well became them, as natives with Chatterton, of the same city.) In the above edition, the writer of this, adduced a variety of conclusive arguments, (with the signature of J. C.) derived from facts, not antecedently known to the public, to prove the identity of Chatterton with Rowley; so that the controversy, so long and resolutely contested, may now be considered as terminated.

The writer has two reasons for introducing, at present, this subject. — The first is to state, in justice to the memory of Chatterton, that an examination, conducted subsequently to the printing of his works, has satisfied him that the papers of a "Sad Dog," and some others of an exceptionable tendency, were not written by Chatterton. "Chatterton's Miscellanies," which had been before the public, and unimpeached, for nearly thirty years, were presumed, naturally, to be correct, but if ever another impression of his works should be required, it must undergo a considerable expurgation. Soon *after* the new edition appeared, Mrs. Newton, with grateful expressions, presented the writer with the *identical Memorandum Book*, (a Lady's common Pocket-book, for 1769,) which Chatterton took with him to London, in which appear, *in his own hand writing*, his various money transactions, debtor and creditor; and it derives a melancholy interest from showing, that, poor as he was, he could still *give* to some more wretched than himself. The same book contains, also, a list of various political letters, which the young and starving bard gravely addressed to some of the first personages of the country. The following is the list, from his own writing:

- " 1. Decimus to the Duke of Grafton.
2. Decimus to the Princess of Gotham.
3. Decimus to Lord Hillsborough.
4. Decimus to the Princess Dowager.

In Wisdom's chasten'd estimate, exceeds
 'The proudest plaudits Earth e'er scattered round.
 Crowd not your thoughts, your aspirations high,
 Into this point of being! — like a cloud —

5. Decimus to the Premier.
6. Probus to the Lord Mayor.
7. Decimus to Lord Mansfield.
8. Decimus to the Bristolians.
9. Libertus to old Sly-boots.
10. A Briton to Lord North.
11. The Moderator, No. 1.
12. Probus to the Earl of Bute.
13. Decimus to the King.
14. Probus the 2d. to the Lord Mayor."

The Writer's second reason for introducing this subject, is to state the unfairness practised by the individuals, who transcribed from *Chatterton's hand writing*, the poems which were given to the world as the productions of Rowley. The *spelling* is altogether different from that of Chatterton. The transcriber, being a *Rowleyan*, endeavoured to strengthen his cause, by rendering the orthography more antiquated, as he thought, than the copy warranted; but which is now wholly unlike the orthography of any period.

Many of the *original poems*, of Rowley, (in Chatterton's hand writing) are in the possession of the writer; and numerous *prose pieces* of Rowley, (also in Chatterton's hand writing,) fell into the hands of the late Dr. Glynn, of Cambridge, who, at his decease, bequeathed them to the British Museum. An examination of the whole of these documents substantiates the unfairness practised in the orthography, and the Writer regrets that the discovery was not made sufficiently early to correct the "Complete Edition of Chatterton's Works."

The Reader is here presented with a specimen of four lines, taken from the Tournament, (the original of which, in Chatterton's hand writing, is in the Writer's possession,) in which the letters printed in italics, are surreptitious. A few lines of prose follow. (In 20 consecutive lines, there are found 38 additional letters, and 30 omissions!)

A tale — a flower — a vision of the night !
 So frail and fleeting ! Grasp at mightier joys ! 100
 Stretch your impassioned and inspiring views
 Beyond the passing finite : realize
 Man, as immortal ! From the Word Divine
 Derive your maxims, regulate your aims,
 The one enclosure where true peace is found ! 105

How sweet the early fragrance, as the dew
 Rises with morn's pure incense to the skies !

I wylle anente (*against*) hymm goe ; mie squierr, mie shielde ;
 Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle scethe, (*harm*)
 Before I doe departe the lissedd (*bounded*) fielde,
 Mieselfe orr Bourtonne hereupponn wylle blethe. (*bleed*)
 “Extract from the rolle of Seyncte Bartholemeweis Priorie.”

“The sayinges and notises [notys] of the freeres bee wrote yn
 [ynne] a rolle from whych the barbour [brothoure] surgeonis learne
 mouche, ande none botte [but] those of Seyncte Bartlemews maye
 [maie] loke thereynne, by [bie] whyche meanes the Barboure Sur-
 geonis [Brothoure Sourgeons] wylle bee servytours [servitours]
 there wythoute [withoute] paye, to gayne [gaine] knowleche of
 aylimentes [ailiments] and theyr [their] true curis.”

Mr. Barrett, the historian of Bristol, is answerable for the varia-
 tion in the *Prose*, and Mr. George Catcott for the *Verse*. Mr.
 Barrett was a man of character, and the late Mr. G. Catcott, (well
 known to the writer,) was a man of worth and integrity, to whom
 the Public are under great obligations for having preserved
 Rowley's Poems.

An occasional error any one might inadvertently have made in
 transcribing, but such systematic violations of the text, force a
 conviction on the reader, that both Mr. Barrett and Mr. Catcott,
 intentionally corrupted the orthography, in order to substantiate
 their favorite hypothesis, of the antiquity of Rowley. This detec-
 tion was not calculated upon. It has been well remarked, that a
 strait line is always the shortest, as well in morals as geometry.

The mount is still before me, and my feet
 Must tread the mazy circuit, rough, and steep,
 Ere I attain the summit, but, on earth, 110
 Toil is the grand precursor of all good.

—— The strife is o'er ! Thou Soul within me, shout !
 Now on the Beacon's towering head I stand ! *
 O, what a wide diversity of shapes !
 The world in miniature ! Trees, hills and dales, 115
 Glist'ning with countless sun-beams ; whilst high heaven
 Assumes an aspect more magnificent,
 So throng'd with all unutterable things !

Each moment brings some nobler object forth.
 The radiant sun just peers o'er yonder hill 120
 In silent grandeur, whilst the neighbouring land,
 Like ocean, drinks the splendour of the morn —
 One mass of glory ! Now the last faint star
 Withdraws his timid ray, whilst slow the moon
 Sinks shadowy in the western hemisphere. 125
 Beneath my feet, down the dark mountain's side,
 The clouds are troubled ! now they fast dissolve !
 A fairy vision ! whilst the early lark
 Up through their bosom mounts most merrily.

Oh, what a luxury do those possess 130
 Who, rising with the morn, taste its first sweets !
 The breeze that waves the long grass to and fro,
 While yet the dew of heaven hangs thick upon it,

* The two highest points of land on the Malvern Hills are called the Herefordshire and Worcestershire Beacons.

Gives health, and raises the unfetter'd mind
 To loftiest meditation. Day returns, 135
 And Nature, rising from a transient rest,
 Exuberant of beauty, seems to look
 Lovelier for being seen. How wide the sway
 Of Him who spake, and all things sprang to life!
 Whose hand upholds, whose eye encircles all ! 140
 Parent, and Guardian of Creation round !
 The elephant on Thee depends for food,
 And all the intermediate train of shapes,
 Down to the mite ! with beings, smaller still,
 Possess of parts peculiar and complete, 145
 To whom the mite appears an elephant !
 All on our Common Father call for bread !
 Learn it, astonish'd Earth ! shout it, oh Heaven !
 He hears them all !

Little by man is known 150
 Of this fair heritage ; this world of sense ;
 The grand interior of the human mind ;
 Of thought untired ; the living principle ;
 The secret springs of action ; how the soul,
 Occult, and moving through its dim obscure, 155
 Maintains wide empire ; all inert beside ;
 And, of that little, what is blindly lost
 By him who wastes his hours in drowsiness !
 In the still grave we shall have sleep enough !
 Befits us now to do the work of day ; 160
 Night hastens on.

Though man's enquiring eye
 Hath pierc'd the ethereal vault, where planets roll

Their never-ending course, and suns their fires
 On other worlds bestow ; seen the vast orbs 165
 That tremble in th' immeasurable void ;
 Yet these are atoms, lost in littleness,
 Compared with Deity's unnumber'd works,
 Scatter'd beyond the utmost range of sight,
 Where stars, far distant, never light exchange, 170
 And never comets in their wide career
 Blend their faint beams.

Most thankful be our hearts,
 That not to search the vast profound of space,
 And know all knowledge man hath yet attain'd, 175
 Is needful, to perceive the Almighty's power !
 This world, this land, this spot, an endless source
 Of meditation offers, where all eyes,
 In every insect, gliding through the air,
 In every blade of grass, may view the God 180
 Who form'd the Universe !

How bright the scene !
 Now the low cots appear, the distant hills,
 The fertile plains, wide spread on every side ;
 Whilst all the vast variety of forms 185
 In yonder sunny vale, tranquil and fair,
 O'erpower my ravish'd senses. What a sweep
 For mortal eye ! Trees of a hundred years,
 From this huge mount, appear like tender sprays,
 And mock the toil to separate ; while flocks, 190
 And scatter'd herds, so faintly meet my sight,
 They seem not living things. The goodly view
 Makes my eye swim with rapture, and my heart
 Feel ecstasy.

Ah! who could stand, unmoved, 195
 And trace this blue expanse, this beauteous scene? —
 Who, not allied to marble, view yon sun
 Mounting the arch of heaven, whilst clouds surround,
 Fiery, that o'er th' horizon's verge, far stretch'd,
 Heap their rich columns, nor the question ask 200
 Whence came the whole? Such marvellous display,
 Indicative of Deity, methinks,
 No eye might contemplate and not confess
 The Power that call'd it forth.

Now Upton's* spires, 205
 So late obscure, shine with the orient ray.
 From east to west, in one continuous chain,
 Hamlets attract the eye, their names unknown,
 With cots, innumerable, some just peeping out,
 From woody covert; some, with hardy front, 210
 (Sylvan protectors none,) daring each wind
 That revels in the canopy of heaven,
 While orchards, with their odoriferous breath,
 Perfume the air, and to the sight present
 One sheet of blossoms; † the beholder's heart, 215
 In the excess of unconstrain'd delight,
 Almost disclaims humanity's dull powers,
 And thinks it were a task of easy sort
 To glide an airy shape amid the sky,

* A town in Worcestershire, situated on the banks of the Severn.

† The blossoms from the Apple and Pear Trees in Herefordshire and Worcestershire, in the month of May, appear to cover the whole face of the country.

Or through yon pleasant vallies ; drinking more 220
Of heavenly influence.

But now I turn,
From Hills that in the distance die away,
To mark the subject Chase.* Trees that just rise
Above the tufted fern, in one long line 225
Of tasteless order, and the bounds of earth
And partial barrenness, and mouldering trunks,
Clad in their russet dress, proclaim that man
With sacrilegious hand hath labour'd hard
To tame its wild luxuriance, and destroy 230
The haunts of hermit innocence and peace.
But memory strains her eye beyond the date
Of thy young pastures — memorable Chase !
She fancies the white mists that curl along
Yon river, † marching armies, pacing slow, 235

* Malvern Chase occupied that extensive vale situated between the river Severn and the Malvern Hills. The Chase extended also on the Herefordshire side of the Hills, and the whole was computed to occupy the following number of acres. In Worcestershire, 7115, besides 241, called the Prior's land. 619 acres in Herefordshire, and 103 in Gloucestershire. In the time of William the Conqueror, it abounded with large trees, and was considered as one of the King's Forests. Edward I. gave it to the Earl of Gloucester, at which time it received the name of Chase, which denoted it to be private property. Since that time the trees have been gradually cut down, and for many years past it has been reduced to a mere common. An Act of Parliament has lately been obtained for enclosing the whole, and it now presents nothing to the eye, but young trees, and long unbroken lines of earth boundaries. In Leland's time, this Chase was twenty miles in extent.

† Severn, about four miles distant from Malvern Hills.

And solemn, to this plain, to pitch their tents.
 Even now the crafty Edward * moves before
 My retrospective glance, methinks I see
 The youthful chieftain with his valiant hosts
 Crown'd with new laurels, urging swift their course 240
 To this fair spot, where Leicester sleeps secure
 And meditates new triumphs, whilst his King

* Henry III. and his Son, Edward, having been taken prisoners by the Earl of Leicester, in the Barons' war, the Earl retained them near him, and under the sanction of their names, exercised complete authority. Prince Edward however thus effected his escape. "The Earl of Gloucester having become jealous of Simon de Montford, Earl of Leicester, and thinking it essential to the success of his plan, to get the young Prince out of his hands, devised the following means for that purpose. — Leicester, with his royal Prisoners, lay at Hereford; Roger de Mortimer (a partisan of Gloucester) having many friends at Hereford, made Edward a present, by a third hand, of a very swift horse, and withal acquainted him with the use he was to make of it, and the design laid for the recovery of his liberty. To second the project, the Prince feigning himself ill, and to want exercise, desired leave to ride some horses. The Earl of Leicester, who suspected nothing of the matter, granted his request, though with great precaution. Besides his usual guard, he ordered some gentlemen to keep always near him, and to have their eye upon him continually. Edward being come into the fields, immediately breathed two or three horses. Then he called for that lately presented him, and as if he had a mind to use him gently to his rider, walked him at some distance from his guard, being accompanied by the gentlemen who kept close to him. When he was come to a certain place which he had before carefully remarked, and which seemed proper for his design, laying the reins on his horse's neck, and clapping spurs to his sides, he so surprised those that attended him, that he was at a good distance before they were recovered from their astonishment. However, they rid after him till they saw a troop of horse, sent by the Earl of Gloucester, to favour his escape." — *Rapin*.

Stoops to obey a subject, and resigns
Europe's first crown.

The monarch's dauntless son 245

Now hastens to the fight, resolv'd to die,
Or free his captive father : There they stand !
Both armies marshall'd, gazing each at each
In fearful expectation. Ere the fight
Scatter the slain, as Autumn's gust, the leaf, 250
Forebodings stern they feel ; such searching doubts,
As when a traveller benighted roams
O'er Alp or Andes, whilst the thunder's voice
Imperious, speaks on high ; and lightnings flash
Round his bare head. He marks each peal subside,
Yet fears the rattling elements again
Will sound to war, and thinks, with serious brow,
Of that fresh conflict which may sink his head,
Abased, before the Genius of the Storm.
With such expectant heart both armies pause. 260
The spell is o'er ! — the battle's bray is heard —
The combat rages, fierce, impetuous,
And dreadful is the sound of clashing arms.
There Edward sends his sword, through each mail'd foe,
As it were air that met it, whilst the crown, 265
Suspended o'er the thickest of the strife,
Rouses his heart anew. The gallant youth
Feels for a sire in chains, a throne usurp'd,
And moves mid mangled heaps of his own slain,
Resistless, singly, till with joy he views 270

The hostile ranks retire, discomfited,
And hastes to rend his captive Father's chain. *

Each moment brings some secret object forth !
Old Severn there his eager current rolls,

* After Prince Edward had escaped from Simon de Montford, Earl of Leicester, the Earl issued the most peremptory orders to all the King's subjects (Henry III. being still in his hands) to oppose to the utmost of their power, Prince Edward, the Earl of Gloucester, and their adherents, who were all styled Traitors to the King and State. But notwithstanding this, many barons, officers, and soldiers, came and offered their services to the Prince, who, in a short time, saw himself at the head of an army, superior to that of the confederates. Then it was that affairs began to wear a new face. The Earl of Leicester, who, a little before, had all the forces of the kingdom at his disposal, could not prevent Prince Edward from becoming master of Gloucester and several other places, upon which Leicester, sent imperative orders to his son Simon, to quit the siege of Pevensey, in Kent, and immediately to reinforce him. The son obeyed, and with his army began to march with extraordinary expedition, to join him. But as he drew near Evesham, where Leicester, his father, was encamped, Prince Edward suddenly fell upon him with all his forces, and cut this little army in pieces.

The young Prince immediately returned to attack de Montford, before he had received the news of his son's defeat. He was now very near the enemy, when the Earl imagined it was his son coming to his assistance. Leicester's surprise was great, but he perceived that a retreat would be still more dangerous than a battle. The fight began about two in the afternoon, and lasted till night. Prince Edward, who fought with an astonishing valour, well knowing that the good or ill fortune of his life depended on the success of that day, at length completely triumphed ; the Earl of Leicester and his son being slain. His joy at this success was the greater, as, during the heat of the battle, he had the satisfaction to deliver the King, his father, from his captivity. — See *Rapin*.

Urging his stately undiverted course, 275
 Impatient to embrace his parent flood.
 And many a pleasant stream that from these hills
 Takes its meandering way, now meets my eye ;
 The sun-beams sparkle on their humble waves,
 That, hid awhile by little hills, or trees, 280
 Seem lost, then reappear, and onward steal,
 Gladdening the villagers.

And now I mark,
 Beneath two lofty hills, and in the vale
 Form'd by their steep descent, the HOLY WELL.* 285
 A plain stone dwelling, weather-worn and rude,
 Stands singly by. There, never sound is heard
 But the bleak wind, that, howling from above,
 Sweeps the bald mountain's side, and urging on
 Its boisterous way, at length forgets its rage, 290

No opinion is expressed of the legitimacy of the cause in which Simon de Montford and the Barons had embarked. The reference is restricted to the simple image of a *Son* rescuing a *Father*. These brave men, however, do not appear to have been influenced by either ambition or disloyalty, but to have been stimulated by that jealousy of arbitrary power, and abstract love of liberty, to the continuance and development of which feeling, England may ascribe her present glorious Constitution.

* The Holy Well is situated about a quarter of a mile from the Inn. The water is remarkable for its purity, in which quality it exceeds that of any other spring in the country. The late Dr. Wall ascertained, by a careful analyzation, that the purest waters in the city of Worcester contained more than fifty times as much earth; the Hot Well, at Bristol, twenty times as much; and the spring at Harwich Hill, near Worcester, twelve times as much earth, as the Holy Well water.

In dallying with the valley's scattered trees :
 Save when the sky is hush'd, and to the ear
 The never-ended bubblings of the spring
 Send the same note — the same eternal note.
 Most melancholy spot ! the hand of time 295
 Is busy with thy shatter'd tenement,
 And all around thee prompts to pensiveness :
 For who can view this place, nor think of those
 Who to the fount are led to ease their frames
 Of rankling malady. The drooping sire, 300
 Hastening to death, disfranchised of his hope,
 And casting, with a serious brow, his eye
 Through distant times, with many an anxious care
 For those he leaves behind. Or of the wife
 Who bears a mother's name, by slow disease 305
 Treading the downward road, yet, fill'd with dreams
 Of lengthen'd days and future happiness ;
 Watching her infant's smile, and planning well
 Its opening destiny, though never she
 Shall mark its course. Yet not alone the throng 310
 Who vainly hope the renovated frame,
 Here pass their days : beneath yon spacious roof *
 Health and her sister Cheerfulness are found,
 Whilst every joy, from Nature's fairest works,
 When in her pride she sits immaculate, 315
 Spontaneous heaves the heart.

Yet, sudden check

Was it to the full current of delight,

* There is one large Inn at Malvern, which accommodates all the company who visit the spot. They have a common table, and the place is subject to the same regulations as others of a similar kind.

Accordant with this spot delectable,
 When tidings came, at which, the coldest heart 320
 The tear withheld not. Piteous is the tale.

The air was balmy, as the morn was fair ;
 Creation, in her loveliest vest array'd,
 Chided the *reader*, with his book, or pen
 Absorbed, while Nature call'd all beings forth. 325
 A youthful pair, whose lightsome hearts received
 The general invitation, from this roof,
 Went forth, to wander, in sweet colloquy,
 Over these hills, free as the circling air,
 Fancy their guide, while every word, and look, 330
 Gave token of their loves reciprocal.
 (Affection ! he who never felt thy power,
 Knows not the pinnacle of human joy,
 And in a world of sweet community,
 Stands alien, and unknown ; — a feast around, 335
 Where he, a guest, must never sit and smile.)
 In the sweet interchange of heart with heart,
 Behold them now, clear on the Beacon high,
 Gazing on all the multitude of things
 With silent awe, or, calling each aloud, 340
 On Pan, or Elfin Mab, no matter what,
 From cheerfulness excessive, unconstrain'd,
 Bursting the measurement of sober speech ;
 They must expand, and give the heavens their shout,
 While, as they call, (no cynic listeners near,) 345
 E'en Folly's voice hath tones, to lovers' ears,
 More touching than a Tully's eloquence.

The sun withdraws himself. The heavens collapse,
 The deep blue cloud comes sailing from the west,

And breezes, that, so late, with ringlets play'd, 350
 (The only motion, save the bird on high,)
 Wafting a grateful coolness, now retire,
 Succeeded by the preludes of the storm,
 Mist, and the winds austere. The youth exclaims,
 " Beloved ! haste we down ! No moment's pause !
 " Press on this arm ! A covert in yon house,
 " Upon whose roof we gaze, the Holy Well,
 " We soon shall gain ; refuge of travellers,
 " In hour like this." The maiden clasps his arm.
 No word she uttered. See them now descend, 360
 Not in the well-trod path circuitous,
 But, nothing daunted, down the mountain's side,
 Straight forward, leaping, bounding, like the roe,
 Haply to scape the tempest ominous
 Dark brooding in the air. The well they reach. 365
 Joy kindles in their eyes at perils past.
 Stay, gentle fugitives ! Suspend awhile
 Your congratulations ! Dangers yet await !
 Their brows contract ! Solitude, alone,
 Each feels for each. The heavens assume a dye 370
 Still more portentous ! Hark ! the distant peal
 Sounds audible. That sudden flash bespeaks
 The elemental tumult ! Louder still
 The thunders shake the firmament. A light
 Diffus'd through heaven, in instantaneous burst 375
 Of forked glare, proclaims the focal point
 Of conflict was the spot, which, in their flight,
 Wistless, the lovers sought. That other flash !
 The roof is shatter'd ! See ! the maiden lies
 Stretch'd, breathless, on the ground ! The youth beholds !
 He clasps his hands, his eyes to heaven upcast,

In all the speechless agony of grief !
 Brief pause, and holy ! Ah ! a fiercer flash
 Lays him, a corse, beside the maid he loved !

Let not the sacrilegious touch of man 385
 Disturb the sanctity of these reft walls,
 August in nakedness, and form'd to breathe
 Instructive truths ; warning the thoughtless heart,
 That, in the hour to joyance most alive,
 Death may be near, when, he whose heritage 390
 Time bounds, however rich, is " poor indeed."

From this high spot, associate with the clouds,
 How many spires and aged towers* appear,
 Clear, or by distance dimm'd. — Most sweet to think
 That these are Temples to the Living God, 395
 Rais'd by our pious fathers, who, beneath
 Their ever changing shades, now rest in peace.

Encompass'd by majestic foliage,
 The Lesser Malvern stands. † Proud edifice !
 The spot around thee speaks of quietness. 400

* With a glass, in a clear day, nearly one hundred churches may be discovered from these Hills.

† The beautiful church of Little Malvern stands in a retired spot at the bottom of the Hill, about three miles from Great Malvern. It was built by Jocelin and Edred, two monks of the order of St. Benedict, who retired, in conjunction with many others, from the Priory of Worcester, and in the wilderness of Malvern, proposed to become hermits, and to live a life of austerity and penance. — The parish of Little Malvern consists at present but of six families, though in the reign of Elizabeth there were some hundreds.

Down at the mountain's base thou long hast braved,
 With unmoved front, the season's varying hour ;
 The vernal tempest and December's storms ;
 Yet, at this time ! when every breeze is hush'd,
 Unwonted beauty sits upon thy brow. 405

The aged oaks around, and scatter'd elms,
 In wild luxuriance spread their stately limbs ;
 And, true to friendship, ward each angry blast
 That, howling through the valley, sweeps along
 To thy dark battlements. Sequester'd church ! 410
 Round whom for ever strays the Forest Maid,
 Tranquillity, whilst Meditation loves
 To watch thee from afar ; — protected stand
 Through many a year of sun-shine and of storm,
 And may thy sylvan guardians flourish too ; 415
 The woodman pass them, and the tempest spare.

A musing melancholy fills the mind
 As we behold where BRANSIL turrets stood.*
 How are the days gone by ! how chang'd the scene,
 Since, circled by a vast and rich domain, 420
 Its towers arose, imposing, moated round,
 And made to bear th' assault of ages ! now
 The neighbouring shepherd scarce can point the place
 Where once they stood ! — Significant of Man !
 Where are the countless generations past ? 425
 Earth's boasted lords ? her lofty ministers ?
 Once fear'd throughout the world ! her valiant hosts !

* The site of Bransil Castle was adjacent to Malvern Hills, although a portion of one of the walls is the only part remaining. It once was a venerable structure, and fortified with a double ditch faced with stone.

Prais'd in their day ! her captains ? and her chiefs ?
 Instructive thought, where are the mighty men,
 The potentates, that ruled a crouching world, 430
 Who call'd the earth their own, and proudly sway'd
 The sceptre of dominion ? — Where are now
 Empires once famed ? Assyria ! where art thou ?
 Thou ? Babylon ! the mistress of the world !
 Media ? and Persia ? Greece ! thy boasted power ? 435
 And thine ? victorious Rome ! nations and states,
 (Your record, like a dream !) the spoiler Time,
 Hath o'er your greatness past, and at each step
 Your proudest temples levell'd with the ground —
 Your brazen monuments, your towers of strength ; 440
 Save one — a pillar of majestic height,
 Fill'd with dark annals, where your names appear
 Pre-eminent. There, Time, the contest yields !
 Secure it stands, immoveable, ordain'd
 To teach mankind, the great, the solemn truth, 445
 " What shades they are, what shadows they pursue."

Nor may I well forget, whilst tracing round
 These spacious scenes, where HANLEY'S CASTLE stood.*
 Now not one stone remains to claim the sigh
 Of passing man — save, when the hollow winds, 450
 Bending the night-shade's head, or nettle rank,
 Disclose some sculptured fragment, green and damp,
 And half immured in earth. But though this pile
 Hath fallen long — yet Fancy still delights

* Not far from Malvern Hills stood Hanley Castle, formerly belonging to the Beauchamps, Earls of Warwick, of which at present there are no traces.

To trace the busy scenes of ancient days ; 455
 To view the Lord Manorial pacing slow
 His castle-hall, and poring with mute joy
 Upon the hard-won spoils, obtain'd in fight,
 Or in the chase, by daring ancestors,
 And made to grace these walls, and prompt their youth
 To feats renown'd, of hunt, or chivalry,
 Not heedless of their sires. But all is gone !
 Lost with the hopes and fears before the flood !
 No vestige left ! and Beauchamp too is gone !
 The great, the gallant Beauchamp known no more ! *

In him expired a race of valiant men,
 For prowess famed, and wealth, and courtesy ;
 But, stern memento to the great, and proud !
 Low lie their honours now, their wealth, their power,
 Their very names forgotten, or reserv'd 470
 To grace Time's trophies. Where is now the scowl
 Of haughty Independence ? where the views
 That agitated once their glowing breasts
 With hopes of high achievement, and inspired
 Their youthful progeny to dare the wars 475
 Of Cambria, or of France ? Awhile they lived
 In splendour's gayest hall, and laugh'd, and sung
 The merry roundelay, or bade the harp
 Swell with tumultuous joy. No more is heard
 The song of gladness : and the blooming cheek — 480

* Henry Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, was born in 1424, and died at Hanley Castle. With him ended the name of Beauchamp, of which family there had been six Earls and one Duke ; who from the time of Henry I. held here great possessions. The name has since been revived in other families.

The graceful step, that held th' admiring eye,
 No longer charms ! the throbbing heart is still !
 Both sires and children, all have had their days
 Of pain and ease, disquietude and joy,
 And now repose on Earth, our common nurse ! 485
 Death, King of dread ! with no enticing look,
 (Haply, but may the secret fear be vain !)
 Call'd to his arms these sons of affluence ;
 He seldom calls the great, the rich, the proud,
 With soft and winning accent, but preserves 490
 Silence unbroken, save when some slow knell
 Sends through the air, at midnight, a report
 Warning, and terrible. But to the poor
 He yields a voice of comfort, sanctified,
 And pointed rightly by that word of truth 495
 Heaven hath vouchsafed to man. Most goodly then
 These scatter'd spires appear ; these aged towers,
 Which to some little flock the pathway tell
 That leads to life eternal, where the ills
 Which strew'd their mortal way shall never come. 500
 And honour'd be the men who here preside,
 And, with sincerity and holy zeal,
 Point the celestial road ! to simple minds
 Reveal those holy truths, the which to hear,
 And from the heart receive most willingly, 505
 Blunts the keen shafts of sorrow ; well they know,
 The conflict will be short — the triumph, sure.

Some men, endued with a discerning soul,
 Intuitive, discriminating, keen,
 Breathing no vulgar atmosphere, removed 510
 To a proud height from all that others fear,

Laugh loud at superstition, and include
 In that mean bondage all who cherish thoughts
 Of joys hereafter ! yet, vain scoffers, know,
 If, (prodigal of happiness,) your hearts 515
 Can well resign such hopes, and pleased remain
 With earthly habitations and delights,
 Blame not the poor and needy, who have felt
 No joys like you, in this inclement world ;
 Blame not their humble bosoms, if they think 520
 Upon the hardships of their mortal race,
 And draw consolement from futurity.
 Nor were it quite unworthy of the wise
 To meditate,—*if*, what they dare to scorn
Should true be found, and an insulted Judge 525
 Deal wrath retributive ! Such interests vast,
 Trembling on the uncertain scale of life,
 Might wake the serious thought. No little thing ;
 No evanescent blessing stands before,
 Claiming our notice. It will prove to be 530
 Welcome to heaven, or banishment from God —
 Light, Love, and Goodness, thro' all time and space !
 The *ground*, on which the wise their tower will rear,
 Should be above mutation,—adamant,
 Firm as the everlasting skies. To doubt 535
 On such a theme, Eternity at stake,
 Is folly, which, to wisdom, wants a name.

Amid the subject champaign, stretching far,
 The eye in vain enquires for thicket dark ;
 Track, strew'd with trees, coeval with the soil, 540
 That here reign'd paramount ; whose lofty heads,
 With jealousy, the mighty Malvern view'd,

And felt himself less vast. No longer, now,
 These aged residents engender damps,
 And secret vapours — pestilent and foul : 545
 The fragrant orchard, and the waving corn
 O'erspread the cultured ground, while life, and health,
 And cheerfulness, pervade the spacious scene.
 But, not that thou art changed from wood to field,
 And fragrant orchard ; not, that thy rich corn 550
 Enchants the gazer, and repays the toil
 Of patient man, do I thy praises sing ;
 Not, that thy woods are levell'd, thy tall trees,
 That dared the blast, and check'd e'en Malvern's pride,
 But that the laws * which ruled the royal lands 555
 Are gone for ever ! — curse of ages past !

* Prior to Magna Charta, the Forest-laws were distinct from the Common Law, and all trespasses punished at the discretion of the Prince. It was declared felony to break or take away any wood from any of the King's forests, as it was also to hurt or destroy any hart, hind, buck, doe, boar, wolf, fox, or hare, and the punishment commonly inflicted, was hanging, the loss of limbs, or putting out eyes.

The barbarous character of this age may be inferred from the sumptuary and sanguinary laws which prevailed in Malvern Chase. The Foresters had authority to arrest any murderer or felon, (trespasser on the chase,) and they were required to bring him before the Bailiff, or chief Forester, and he had power to sit on the said felon or murderer, and if the person tried were found guilty by the verdict of twelve men, of the four next townships, his head was to be struck off with the Forester's axe, at a place called Sewet Oaks, within the said Chase, where they always sat in judgment on such persons, and the body was to be carried to the height of Malvern Hill, to a place called Baldeyate, and there to be hanged on a gallows.

A dog that was found trespassing, was to have the two farther joints of the two middle claws "cut clean away." — See Nash's *Worcestershire*.

An object which conducts the mind far off,
 Into the dark unknown of earliest time,
 Is that old Camp * beside me, once the haunt
 In years unchronicled, perchance of Chief, 560
 (In lawless times, when strength alone was right,)

Whose trade was rapine; in whose iron heart,
 No sojourn, pity made. From this bleak point,
 Like eagle perch'd on cliffs of giddiest height,
 Haply he spied his prey, and, rushing down, 565
 Spread ruin, as the thunder scatters rain.

The method of forming a Forest, before the time of Magna Charta is worthy of remark. If the King wished to have a Forest in any particular part of the kingdom, he ordered some of his own Commissioners to fix on the precise spot, who, when they had determined, had it fenced round, and made it to be proclaimed through the county, that it was in future to be considered as a Royal Forest; after which time no person was permitted to build on any part of it, or to hunt, without incurring the penalties of the Forest Laws.

So many litigations arose from these laws, and so much was the business they occasioned, that four courts were appointed to take cognizance of the respective trespasses, and to award punishments; under the control of the King.

William the Conqueror raised the New Forest in Hampshire by the destruction of twenty-two parishes, through a track of country extending thirty miles. BLOUNT says, "the injustice of William, in depriving so many men of their property, was attended with divers judgments on his posterity, inasmuch as William Rufus was there shot through with an arrow, and, before him, Richard, the brother of Henry I. and Henry, nephew to Robert, the eldest son of the Conqueror, did hang by the hair of his head in the boughs of the Forest, like unto Absalom."

* On that part of the Malvern Hills called the Herefordshire Beacon, are the remains of an old camp; but by whom this camp was formed, or at what period of time, cannot be ascertained.

Or, here abode Rome's Cohorts, fearing still
 (For where does tyranny serene repose !)
 Some fiercer Cassivelaunus, who might view
 His fathers', and his sons' inheritance, 570
 Wrested, successive, by the spoiler's hand,
 Rage boiling in his veins, till, bursting on,
 'The Roman Eagle quivered in his grasp.
 Or here, perchance, terrific in their ire,
 Dwelt, undisturb'd, that noble-hearted race, 575
 Opposers of our Cimbrian ancestors ;
 Stern patriots ! waiting to roll back the tide,
 Wide wasting, that advanced toward Cambria's hills ;
 Assail'd in vain. The fame of Rodiri,
 (Maintaining rivalry with Arthur's self,) 580
 Inspires them, and for "*Sax*"* they gaze around,
 With eve's last beam, and, at the earliest dawn.
 Joy gladdens every heart ! The foe they spy !
 The glittering of the hostile spear is seen !
 "Arms !" "arms !" they shout, exultant. Fancy sees
 The march begun ! the proud habiliments,
 Target, and lance, with burnish'd sword and spear ;
 The trumpet's blast inspiring ! Mournful thought !
 Yet, true as sad ! the falchion dyed in gore,
 Again they seize, and, for the thousandth time, 590
 In unavailing strife, shed Christian blood !
 These scenes are vanish'd. Concord now prevails.
 Blest change ! and we are brethren.†

* The Cambrians distinguished the English, for many ages, by the opprobrious name of "*Sax*;" an epithet not yet forgotten in some of the more recluse parts of the Principality.

† The most deadly animosity subsisted, for many ages, between the English and the Welsh. The former were considered by the

Would it were

That only in those dark unannal'd times,

600

latter, as rivals and despoilers of their inheritance, and the many successive and desperate efforts which they made to resist and drive back the *Invaders*, manifest the inveteracy of their hostility. Aggressions always excite retaliation, and the deeds of violence which were reciprocally practised by the two nations, as recorded by historians, are afflictive to humanity. In the Saxon times, Offa's Dyke, (extending from the Severn to the Dee,) was the established boundary between England and Wales, when every Welshman found on the *wrong side*, was liable to be sent back with his right hand cut off.

The change in the national character of the Welsh may be well denominated "blest," for their animosity toward the English is not only extinct, but their own intestine divisions have, comparatively, become annihilated. The present happy and prosperous condition of Wales furnishes so striking a contrast to its former state, that some readers may not be displeased with the following remarks.

Sir John Wynne, in his "History of the Gwedir Family," (a curious work,*) has incidentally given much valuable information on the ancient domestic state of Wales. From him we learn that quarrels between neighbours, and branches of the same family, were often continued for ages, whilst assassinations were perpetrated almost with impunity, without either disgrace or punishment attaching to seconds or accessaries. It appears that no country was ever afflicted more, for many ages, with internal quarrels, than the Principality. Edward the First effected the great object of uniting Wales with England; but both Edward and his successors experienced, on various occasions, how difficult it was to establish there the English Statute Laws. The Cambrians were attached to their own laws and usages, in no ordinary degree, nor was it till the reign of Henry the Eighth, that the English Jurisprudence was fully extended to Wales. In a country thus situated, where the native laws were imperfectly administered, or rather virtually abrogated,

* See Barington, or the Harlean Miscellany.

Or, when the Briton strove for mastery,
The spirit of destruction had gone forth ;

while none, or incompetent penalties attached to any violations of the moral duties; and when, at the same time, the laws of the conquering nation were withheld, from an apprehension that they might awaken fatal commotions, what could be expected, but what was found really to exist, general suspicion, perpetual feuds, and terrific enormities? It was usual for the great men, at this time, to keep in their houses and pay, both for assault and defence, stout and staunch murderers, or *Llawrudds*, as they were called, (men with the bloody hand,) who were always in high request and repute. — We read of some who kept in their houses, or immediate vicinity, from fifty to seventy of such men, who were accustomed instantly to assemble at the sound of their master's horn. The present virtuous state of modern Wales exhibits a memorable example of the beneficent effect to be produced in a country by sound laws and good principles. The ancient state of Wales may be collected from the following anecdote, from Sir John Wynne :

“ In the countrey adjoining to Nantconway, there was continually fostered a Wasp's Nest, which troubled the whole countrey, which was a *Sanctuary*. This peculiar jurisdiction, became a receptacle of thieves and murderers. Noe spot within twenty miles was safe from their excursions and robbery, and what they got was their own. In this lawless district, Meredith, (a principal man in North Wales,) built a family mansion, intending to fix there his future residence. Being questioned by his friends, why he meant to leave his ancient house and habitation, and to dwell in Nantconway, swarming with thieves and murderers, he replied, ‘ That he should find elbowe room in that vast countrey, among the bondmen, and that he would rather fight with outlaws and thieves, than with his own blood and kindred ; for if I live in mine own house in Evioneth, said he, I must either kill mine own kinsmen, or be killed by them.’ ”

As a further illustration also of the ancient state of Wales, the uncle of Sir John Wynne had pulled down a church which was built in a thicket, and built one larger and better in a plain. The nephew required his uncle's motive, when he replied, “ He had

E'en in these boastful, these enlighten'd days,
 When right and wrong, once doubtful, have received
 Such nice adjustments, even we have seen 605
 Hamlet and town, the peaceful villagers,
 Valleys and mountains wild, through half the earth,
 Reckless invaded, whilst full many a stream,
 Wont to reflect upon its bosom pure,
 Rock, tower, and tree, in crystal sanctity, 610
 Has borne the sanguine hue, rolling along
 The mangled corse, impetuous to the sea.

Disastrous truth ! how pliable is man ! —
 Moulded to every form, diversified
 Of evil, trusting all hypocrisy declares, 615
 (The attribute of vacant thought his own,)
 Or would a tyrant few, in every age,
 From Nimrod, bold, down to the Corsican,
 Have raised the bloody standard, and beheld

reason for the same, because the countrey was wild, and he might be oppressed by his enemies on the suddaine, in that woodie countrey ; it therefore stood him in policie to have diverse places of retreat. Certaine it was, that he durst not goe to church on a sunday, from his house of Penanmen, but he must leave the same guarded with men, and have the doores sure barred and boulded, and a watchman to stand at the *Garreg big*, during divine service, (a rock whence he might see both the church and the house,) and raise the cry if the house was assaulted. He durst not, though he was guarded with twenty tall archers, make known when he went to church or elsewhere, or go and come the same way through the woodes and narrowe places, lest he should be layed for." A man under such circumstances, when at church, must have repeated with peculiar emphasis, " From sudden death, good Lord, deliver us."

(Assurance verified,) crowds gather round, 620
 Passive, to slay, whom *others* call their foe!
 With folly, were not men identified,
 Would such tormentors desolate the earth;
 Such wars prevail, — that hide the face of day
 With steam of slaughter, bearing to the skies, 625
 On each ascending particle, a prayer,
 Leagued with the frowns, and thunderbolts of heaven?
 Oh! ye, at whose command such deeds are done,
 Take heed! ye have a long account to close,
 When each, untimely slain, shall rise, and cry, 630
 (Heart-withering words!) “ You were my murderer !”

Not slightly would I pass the *Corsican*,
 The wonder, and the scourge of this our age!
 What crimes diversified, upon his head
 Rest pond'rous! Virtue spurns the tarnish'd name! 635
 Once more confirm'd, — Power was not made for man;
 It saps his little virtue, manifests
 His spirit's penury, subdues the weak,
 And makes the strongest, giddy; opening wide
 Sluices, that inundate with waste and death. 640
 If Power were not subversive of the soul,
 Had this once great Napoleon, sunk abased!
 Fallen from his fearful height! so talented!
 So keen to penetrate both men and things!
 Without a peer, in multiplicity 645
 Of knowledge, bearing on the kingly rule?
 Had power no curse, would he have prostrate lain!
 His grasp relax'd! when fame was all his own? —
 Conjecture fair, mighty in means of good,

His will alone defective, failing there,
His laurel leaf was sear'd,*

650

* The following example of the callous structure of Buonaparte's mind, is illustrative of the tendency which a familiarity with scenes of blood has to harden the heart, and that in a man not by nature sanguinary. In the following *singularly animated description* of the burning of Moscow, no accusatory thought seems to have suggested to the Emperor, the mass of individual suffering, then in active exercise, and, the whole ascribable to his own perverse ambition. He is satisfied with the plain graphic delineation of the *fact*; moralizing, he leaves to others.

“Several of my generals were burnt out of their beds. I, myself, remained in the Kremlin until surrounded by flames. The fire advanced, seized the Chinese and India warehouses, which burst forth in flames, and overwhelmed every thing. I then retired to a country house, belonging to Alexander, distant about a league from Moscow, and you may figure to yourself the intensity of the fire, when I tell you that you could scarcely bear your hand on the walls, or the windows, on the next side to Moscow, from their heated state. It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire; a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flame, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth, and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh! it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!” *O'Meara. p. 196.*

Yet this is the man who could sentimentally weep at beholding the fidelity of a dog to his master, on the field of battle! and antecedently transmit the following letter to Prince Charles, when, in order to obtain peace, he chose to show off the philanthropist.

“TO PRINCE CHARLES.

“M. GENERAL IN CHIEF,

Brave soldiers make war, and desire peace. Has not the war lasted for six years? Have we not killed men, and committed evils enough against suffering humanity? Such are the exclamations used on all sides. Europe, who had taken up arms against the French Republic, has laid them down. — Your nation alone

A sable cloud

Rest ever on the man, whose hand let slip

remains; and yet blood is about to flow more than ever. The sixth campaign is announced under the most portentous auspices. Whatever may be the result, many thousands of gallant soldiers must still fall a sacrifice in the prosecution of hostilities. *At some period we MUST come to an understanding, since TIME will bring all things to a CONCLUSION, and EXTINGUISH the most inveterate resentments.*

“The Executive Directory of the French Republic communicated to his Imperial Majesty their inclination to terminate a conflict which desolates the two countries. Their pacific overtures were defeated by the intervention of the British cabinet. Is there no hope, then, of accommodation? Is it essential to the interests, or gratifying to the passions, of a nation, so far remote from the theatre of war, that we should continue to murder each other? Are not you, who are so nearly allied to the throne, and who are above all the despicable passions which generally influence ministers and governments, ambitious of the appellations of “*The Benefactor of the Human Race,*” and the “*Saviour of the German Empire?*” Do not imagine, my dear general, that I wish to insinuate that you cannot possibly save your country by force of arms; but on the supposition that the chances of war were even to become favourable, Germany will not suffer less on that account.

“WITH RESPECT TO MYSELF, GALLANT GENERAL, IF THE OVERTURE WHICH I HAVE NOW THE HONOUR TO MAKE TO YOU, COULD BE THE MEANS OF SPARING THE LIFE OF A SINGLE MAN, I SHOULD THINK MYSELF PROUDER OF THE CIVIC CROWN, TO WHICH MY INTERFERENCE WOULD ENTITLE ME, THAN OF THE MELANCHOLY GLORY WHICH COULD RESULT FROM THE MOST BRILLIANT MILITARY EXPLOITS.

“I beg of you to believe me to be, General in Chief, with sentiments of the most profound respect and esteem, &c. &c.

(Signed,)

March 31, 1797.

“*BUONAPARTE.*”

Such fair occasion to perpetuate
 Each form of virtue ; not ideal good, 655
 Restricted to the vision of the night,
 But clear, substantial ; pass'd for ever by !
 Doubtless, the Arbiter of human things
 Has fix'd, irrevocable, that the world
 Shall owe its renovation, not to chance, 660
 Th' ensanguined warrior, or the wily skill
 Of statesman, but to principle austere,
 Deduced from Heaven's pure manual ; light divine !
 His law that rules, his will that governs all.

Are earth's mistitled great ones, bound by spell, 665
 Potent, that dooms them never to expand,
 Luxuriant, in achievements of high name ?
 Ambition sways their tiny faculties,
 But not th' august ambition, pondering still
 On lofty themes, how best to humanize 670
 The brutish, raise the low, and altitude
 Confer on genius, living for one end,
 Their subjects' good, and practising alone,
 Through their brief reign, deeds worthy of a king.
 Is Ethelwolf's proud son, whose praise no trump 675
 Need blazon, after twice five hundred years,
 Still doom'd to stand alone, (like some old oak,
 The forest's pride, gazing majestic,
 Upon the royal underwood beneath !)
 Age after age, to see his progeny 680
 Inglorious creep, pleased with the record mean,
 Lived, but not greatly, glitter'd, sicken'd, died !

If nobler purpose ; fame legitimate ;
 Lordly aspirings, with no whisper, bland,

Spake to their hearts, motive of baser sort 685
 Their souls might stimulate, and urge them on
 To semblance of true greatness. They might hope
 When they in marble rest, in record fair
 To stand conspicuous ; rampart to the surge,
 Oblivious, that assail'd them. To sustain 690
 The spirit, sinking to despair, one *King*,
 Enwreath'd with honours, incorruptible,
 Our Albion calls his birth-place. May the Line,
 Firm-seated in our hearts, the Brunswick, brave,
 To whom such debt we owe, as time rolls on, 695
 Number, and in memorials, not of brass,
 Not one, but many *Alfreds* !

Hope is ours.

Peace *shall* prevail ! The happy hour *shall* come,
 When nation, nation, shall molest no more, 700
 But, *Love* prevail, that renovating spring
 Of holy confraternity, which gives
 To heaven its attributes, and which, withdrawn,
 Makes hell, and outer darkness. Praise be theirs,
 Above the common standard of renown, 705
 Who War denounce, and with the filial heart,
 Behold in man a brother ; who promote
 Concord, and on oppression heap their scorn.
 Could *such* extinguish each fond sympathy
 That lights, and warms the breast ? Could *such* prepare
 Chains for his fellows ; sons of other climes,
 Formed, like himself, of feelings exquisite ;
 Who love their homes, their friends ; who freedom prize
 Their crime, a *swarthy skin* !

Man, unrestrain'd 715
 By influence from on high, left to himself,
 Revels in all luxuriance of ill;
 Worships the many-headed monster, vile,
 Gain, as his one vocation : he corrupts
 Fair Nature's face, made, like its author, good : 720
 All things betray the curse ; man, most of all.

Behold ! to what unfathomable depth,
 Creatures that breathe our air, and see our sun,
 In virtue's scale may sink ! Contemplate one
 A Chapman, (Merchant, in the courtly phrase,) 725
 Who deals in bones, and sinews. In the hour
 To rest and night devoted, he concocts
 Treasons against his kind : projects, serene,
 In coverture of darkness, plans of blood.
 Himself, a coward, who at danger starts, 730
 He meditates who *best* will guide his bark,
 Of captains, emulous of such a charge ;
 Who, do his bidding ; traverse burning sands ;
 The arid waste ; with pertinacity,
 Unshrinking ; skirt, with cautious step, and sure, 735
 Some forest, crouching like a hungry lynx,
 To plunge upon his prey. So much at stake,
 He looks, with an especial vigilance,
 To his vicegerent, soon, on Afric's shore,
 Warfare to wage : enquires, if, to the pitch 740
 Of total apathy in right and wrong
 He dares aspire, and can divest his heart,
 Effectual, from all mercy. Lo ! the choice,
 Momentous, now is made. A man stands forth,
 Low'ring, the frozen zone upon his brow, 745

Ice at his heart — His very countenance,
 (Less genial than the storm, advancing bleak
 From hyperborean region,) ministers
 Assurance, that the worshipper of gold
 No loss will bear — this side Eternity. 750

Behold the vessel trim, freighted, and deep,
 With instruments of torture, gag and chain,
 Dividing wave on wave ; with favouring gale,
 Seeking the line. The long-look'd port he sees !—
 Inhales the spicy odours ; views the stream, 755
 Majestic, up whose waters, calm and clear,
 His calling lies. No secret qualm within,
 The boat is launch'd. Sabres, and guns profuse,
 Are dash'd, and piled, alternate on the deck ;
 Sight that inspires new courage, as he, now, 760
 With *character* at stake, directs the helm,
 From point, to jutting head-land, passing each,
 And urging still, (no let,) his prosperous way.
 With faithful crew, all peers in villany,
 He ploughs, untired, the river, throwing far 765
 The line of foam, while birds, with insects gay,
 Wanton in air, and, through the western sky,
 In wide diffusion o'er one half of heaven,
 (Hateful discordancy !) clouds gorgeous reign.
 This is a sight for Innocence alone : 770
 No chord, in him, responses to the scene.
 He had preferr'd, far as the eye might reach,
 Thick clouds, harmonious with his dark designs.
 To shake each thought, obtrusive, from his heart,
 With undiverted purpose, he applies 775
 Fresh sinews to the oar, and now, as eve

Deepens her shades, he lands. On villagers,
 Sporting in joyous interlude, whilst round
 The breeze of twilight throws the rich perfume,
 He pounces, drags them off, and down the tide 780
 His struggling captives bears, complacently,
 Heeding no more their pungent agony,
 Their prayers, their tears, their intercessions deep,
 Than though they all were gnats of evening grey.

Lest in some moment, when his heart might shrink,
 Spite of his will, from sight of misery
 Known but on Afric's shore, he turns his eye
 From all that outward is, to meditate
 And thriftily devise expedients new,
 (Had he a mother !) how to leave no chink 790
 Untenanted in his accursed bark.

Ah ! now he meets, upon the golden strand,
 The **PRINCELY DEALER** ; (hundreds in his train,
 Black as December's pitchy hour of night,)
 Belov'd of none, though fear'd ; through many a clime ;
 Claiming a proud precedence, and rais'd
 Thus to his eminence by recreant sons —
 Blots on our country ! men, who sacrifice
 Truth, honour, justice, — human sympathies,
 Yea, lives, in hecatombs, at lucre's shrine ! 800
 These, the **SLAVE MERCHANTS**, Britons blush to own !
 Who consecrate their influence, all their powers,
 Not to improve, reform, and elevate,
 But to abase, by bribes on ignorance,
 Quaternion population of the world ! 805
 Urging the base to violate, alike,

All laws, of God and man ; no means too vile,
 So they might thrive, and batten in the things
 Of this world's elevations.

There they meet ! 810

The white man, and the black, pre-eminent,
 Each in his way : both lured by love of gold !
 The merchant, who, so late, his foot-marks left
 On Niger's boasted margin, gathering still
 His *merchandize*, indifferent how, now stands 815
 Upon Benin's wide shore. He looks around,
 Hope realized, with a majestic port,
 On wares of flesh and blood. The buyer, too,
 No whit behind his peer, in consequence,
 Encompass'd by select commodities, 820
 (Powder, or "slaughter weapons," spirits, beads,)
 Offers, denies, rejects, each master-mind
 In trick and subterfuge: The balance reels !
 Th' agreement is confirm'd and ratified.
 One "keg of proof" brings down the trembling beam !
 A savage joy lights up the buyer's eye !
 Doubtful no more, he calls *his own*, the droves
 Of male and female captives, tied like beasts ;
 Their fate less envied. Compact now fulfill'd,
 The captains greet at parting. One retires 830
 To hunt his prey, with heart more resolute,
 "Compunctious visitation," none ; to buy,
 Or seize by stealth, remorseless, multitudes,
 Parents and children, friendless, hopeless, wild,
 Against the hour when they might meet again. 835
 The other, hastes to the receptacle
 Of misery sublimed, expands his sails :

Spite of the tremulous sigh, and burning tear,
 His sable freight conducts across the seas;
 Sells whom he calls his *slaves*, and then sits down 840
 With the ferocious aspect of the damn'd,
 To count his gains.

Thy name, O, Wilberforce !

(Redeeming half the character of man,)
 Friend of thy kind ! to the far-distant age, 845
 Shall shine conspicuous ! with thy brave compeers,—
 In cause which might an angel's heart entrance,
 Sharp, Cowper, Clarkson, Thornton, who withstood
 The “ strife of tongues,” the scowl of contumely,
 Not, as with us, when a diversion grand, 850
 Justice hath made, but in the battle's heat,
 When all, for truth who pleaded, who beheld,
 And dared to recognize, in Afric's sons,
 The links, the features of humanity,
 Were singled, as the outcasts of their race ! 855
 But ye were faithful. Unappall'd by frowns,
 When God and Conscience smiled, you nobly stood,
 (Conjoin'd with worthies, to the grave gone down,)
 Denouncing slavery ! There is on high,
 A record, and Humanity, on earth, 860
 Hangs o'er the turf of her illustrious dead.

But, forms of greatness rear their mountain head,
 Not as the lark ascends, with promptitude,
 And undiverted course. Works, excellent,
 Before their consummation, slow expand ; 865
 More steadfast for the process and the pause.
 Be this your consolation, men ! endow'd

With talents prodigal, who lift your voice
 Amid your country's senate, and proclaim
 The stigma that o'er Britain lingers still. 870
 Brougham, Buxton, Holland, Sussex, (in whose veins
 A Brunswick's blood flows uncontaminate,)
 With Russell, scion of a glorious race,
 Relax not ! prove the captives' advocate !
 Plead for the tribes that bless you with their tears ! 875
 Tell, with an utterance which will finally
 Conduct to triumph, that supreme disgrace
 Rests on the men, who freedom prize themselves ;
 Taste of its sweets ; its blessings magnify ;
 Yet feel no sympathy for slaves around. 880

But we have slaves at home, and merchants too,
 Kin to the Guinea Traffickers, who deal,
 (Without a slur, or breath of calumny
 On their fair names,) in life's blood of their kind !
 Those, who with fetters bind the distant slave, 885
 Are branded as a base fraternity,
 But the Slave-merchant on the English soil,
 He, and his peers, are "honourable men !"

Legal in all they do, and scrupulous
 Not to exceed the sacred bounds of Right. 890
 Domestic slaves, who raise no uproar rude,
 But calmly suffer, far from public gaze,
 (Often, through avocations leagued with death ;
 " Dying so slowly that none call it murder !")*
 Our eyes, o'er these *home* sufferers, when beheld, 895
 Wander regardless, like philosophers,
 Who point their tubes to comet's devious course,

Or satellite, obscure, but, nothing heed
Objects that *vulgar* eyes may contemplate.

Are not those slaves, and piteous in their plight ! 900
Forced by Task-Masters, oftener *Mistresses*,
Feeling of heart, who would not hurt a fly !
Who yet expose their charge, the *tender sex*,
To rigorous exactions, scarce surpass'd
In the abhorr'd Antilles ? 905

To adorn
The outward head, (oft emptiness within,)
And form the flowing robe for gala night,
With all its load of honours, what, to *her*
Who shines, and hears her thousand compliments, 910
And “ moves a goddess ! ” that the wasted frame
Of many a damsel, fairer than herself,
Has toil'd throughout the night ; in conflict hard,
Resisted nature, longing for repose !
The notice “ short.” The buyer “ opulent ! ” 915
Her “ word, ” a fortune ! Efforts *must* be made !
The midnight lamp *must* burn ! and “ balmy sleep
“ Alight on lids *not* sullied with a tear ! ”

The lovely Butterflies that meet our eye,
Clothed with all colours, (throwing into shade, 920
Rainbows, once honour'd,) own the kindly heart,
And would not wrong the sex they ornament,
And scatter thorns, if, undisguised, they knew
The tendencies of deeds that *harmless* seem.
“ Dresses ” they want, and “ dresses ” they must have ;
But why withhold their mandates, till the hour

Barely comport with possibility,
 T' effect what they desire ? Why thus forget
 Some finery—essential ! next to life !
 Till the *sixth* day, the *seventh* so near at hand, 930
 “ When thou shalt do no work ! ” yet both *too short*
 For the long-look'd for moment of display ?
 The baser portion of such mistresses,
 (Who know *Dependence* must restrain her frown,)
 Rejoice at claims which sanction plausibly, 935
 Such hard requirements : *pelf*, their sole regard,
 Not human sufferance, borne not by themselves !
 Yet, ladies fair ! so sensitive ! so sweet !
 Your's is no heart plebeian ; you can feel
 Where vulgar minds are obdurate ; Oh, hear ! 940
 Regard the whisper of humanity !
 Nor those oppress whom you desire to serve !
 Think, in some brief cessation from your round
 Of dissipations, on the canker-worm,
 Preying on those who have no foes but *you*. 945

At early morn, the summons loud is heard !
 Authoritative voice ! which calls the slaves,
 Fashion creates, their labours to resume ;
 Not humbling, not unworthy, where the task,
 And the reward, fairly reciprocate, 950
 And labour is proportion'd to the frame :
 But who, whose conscience is not cauterized,
 Can see, and mourn not, youth and beauty bound
 To services which waste the opening frame :
 And hurry crowds to their untimely grave ! 955

Look closer still. The morning now is past !
 And there they are, the task severe before.

The day wanes on ; around the board they sit
 Like statues, permanent ; like statues, pale !
 The evening comes. It finds them still the same ; 960
 Fix'd, weary, urging on the spirit faint.
 The eve is past ! Night now begins her reign,
 But, respite they have none. The faded flower
 Declares th' ungenial element. The eye,
 Unconscious closed, its heavy lid uprears : 965
 The lamp again is trimmed ; the work renew'd ;
 And when exhausted nature fairly sinks,
 The voice that regulates, *now* pitiful,
 Warns them, as twilight glimmers in the east,
 To seek their pallet, till the fatal sound, 970
 On the next morn, calls them to sighs anew.
 But they have wrongs e'en less supportable.
 Is this a heathen land ? The spectacle
 Of churches, countless, the calumnious breath
 Checks, yet these half-forgotten instruments 975
 Of ball-room splendour, hear the *welcome* chime
 To thousands, — not to *them*. They must not learn
 Of Better Worlds ! The day, by others prized,
 Cessation from the wasting cares of life,
 Unutterable blessing ! with it bears, 980
 No solace sweet to them, but rather woe,
 Accumulated anguish, whilst they see
 Crowds, moving on, decorous, to the house
 Of prayer and praise, they, fetter'd down the while
 To mercenary things, and secular, 985
 Wounding the soul ! — the Christian's day of rest
 Encroach'd on, and oft taken quite away !

Have this forlorn, oppress'd, and outcast train,
 (Dissever'd thus from human sympathy,)

Father and mother, sister, brother, friend, 990
 (On whom, with tears, their fondest thoughts repose!)
 Who loved them in their infancy ; who felt,
 And still who feel, solitudes, which prove
 The strength of nature's impulse ? let them still
 Cherish delusive dreams — that those they prize, 995
 Striving for independence, and the fruit
 Of honourable toil, so near their heart !
 Are healthy, and are happy ! far away
 Their pallid cheeks they see not ! They, at night,
 Resting in peace, behold not how they fare ; 1000
 Not slaves in foreign climes, but slaves at home.

Turning from *cruelties*, too vast the theme !
 Too hopeless ! too inveterate ! and too dark !
 The spirit, rack'd, one other wrong shall trace,
 Though last not least. Behold yon Edifice ! 1005
 Form'd for an eastern king, as it might seem,
 So spacious, and commanding, broad, and high !
 Beauty without, — enormity within !
 The house where *children* work, and pine, and die !
 Th' indignant spirit mourns so base a part, 1010
 Acted by *men*, who force the infant throng,
 Almost too young to know their wretchedness,
 From morn, to *lengthen'd eve*, unceasingly
 To toil, and toil ; the holiday of life,
 With them past by, ere scarce it is begun. 1015
 Before the lisp of infancy be past,
 They waste their tender strength, not in the hours,
 When health and labour join fraternity,
 But by protracted, *midnight* services,
 Assailed by languor, loathsomeness, disease, 1020
 Till death, the friend of misery, close the scene !

Amid this field of mourning, mighty men !
 Inheritors of all luxurious things,
 Slave-Merchants legalized, whose wealth commands
 A tyrannous control o'er multitudes, 1025
 "Flesh of their flesh ;" these sons of eminence
 Review their riches, boast their houses, lands ;
 Loll at their boards ; congratulations, warm,
 Receive, and pass, whilst boisterous mirth prevails ;
 Yet who, amid their revelries, ne'er think 1030
 Upon the *means* which raised their heads so high !

Shall children thus be tortur'd and borne down,
 Without one voice, upraised, to tell their wrongs ?
 Ye followers of the good Samaritan,
 Hear ! and combine your efforts to redress 1035
 Evils, though crying, not importunate, —
 So much the more exacting your regards !
 In that imposing structure, lifting high
 Our admiration, oft, too oft ! are found
 Infants, in countless groups, through the long year
 From dawn to eve, from eve to drowsy night,
 Haggard and spiritless, with toil severe,
 Above the point of Nature's faculty,
 Wasting their strength ; the *vital* principle,
 The *moral* too, assail'd in every form ! 1045
 Here, disregarded, toss'd in heedless heaps,
 They lengthen out their hours of weariness,
 Withering, like flowers, on this, our "happy soil."
 No mercy near ! — haply to please some minds
 Church-going ; advocates for equity ; 1050
 Loud talkers of a Briton's birth-right, proud !
 Who gaze around, on tribes, too young to grieve,

But not to suffer, with the consciousness,
 Of giving such unfriended outcasts, *bread* !
 Cease, men, whose hearts pertain to adamant, 1055
 Such dire delusion ! If your thoughts incline
 To piety, though in the last remove,
 Question it well ! for never pious heart
 Dwelt with such deeds. Can Heaven applauding view
 Children of want, nipp'd by the frost of gain ; 1060
 Unnumber'd orphans, seized by avarice,
 (Their parents safe in their last resting-place !)
 And forced, without a friend, to sacrifice
 Their joys in childhood, and their hopes in age ?
 If, *Him* to please, thy Maker, ever struck, 1065
 When interest was away, thy passing thought,
 Learn, with more certainty than ever man
 Foretold the morrow's sun, it is by acts
 Of tenderness ; by viewing all mankind
 As offspring of one Sire, who never made 1070
 The wonderous human frame, to be consumed,
 Ere yet the leaves of childhood half expand,
 By man's fierce lust of perishable gold.*

Is there not slavery, England ! on thy soil ?
 The evil clear, but where the remedy ? 1075
 A book, the Book of Books ! expands ; I read,

* Parish children are often considered as lumber which cannot be too soon put out of the way ; they are, therefore, contracted for by manufacturers, at the different parish workhouses throughout the kingdom, and, like other merchandize, sent off by waggons full ; the obligations of the parish are then supposed to cease, and the manufacturer makes the best of his commodities !

And bless the words, clothed with celestial light! —

“ Do, as ye would that others did to you ! ”

This is the antidote ; but if the voice,

Breathed from the sky ; if still humanity 1080

Urges unheard the lucre-worshippers

To soften their exactions, let the *Law*

Restrain the *Cruel*, and its penalties

Accomplish that which Heaven prescribes in vain.*

* Since the case of children employed in manufactories was advocated in a former edition of these Poems, whatever may have been the proximate cause, the legislature has admitted the evils deprecated, and benevolently restricted the hours of infant labour.

“ Far have they gone, but not half far enough ! ”

The greatest good is often effected by a combination of small means.

Of the class of oppressed individuals, to which an antecedent reference was made, the first sympathy excited in their behalf, in the writer's mind, arose from one or two fatal instances, which came under his own notice, and which were found, by subsequent inquiries, to be of *frequent occurrence*.

The subsequent inquest from the *TIMES*, of July 19, 1828, will further illustrate, and corroborate the evil complained of ; and too much publicity cannot be given to such a subject.

“ Yesterday evening, an inquisition was taken at the sign of the Argyll Arms, in Argyll-street, before T. Higgs, Esq. coroner, on view of the body of a girl, aged only 19 years, named Catharine Aram, who died under the following circumstances :—

The jury having been sworn, went with the coroner to view the body, at the house of Mr. Hartup, lace dealer and milliner, No. 333, Oxford-street, after which the following evidence was adduced.

Mr. John Hartup stated, that the deceased was, up to the time of her dissolution, in his employ. She had been with him about five weeks ; her business was to make up ladies' dress caps, veils, and other fancy articles of female attire. When she came to him she said she had just left a fashionable *Magazin des Modes*, in Beak-street, Regent-street, where she had served her time ; but the

How sweet to breathe at this neglected hour 1085
The Mount's pure air! to trace the landscape wide;

business of her late employers was so extensive, that she and the rest of the young ladies were, upon particular occasions, obliged to sit up the whole of the night to finish the dresses they were engaged upon; and finding that her constitution was not adequate to the labour imposed on her, she was determined to leave the situation, and seek for another, where there was less fatigue. Witness agreed to take her at a salary of 15*l.* a year, board and lodging, and she entered upon his service. She, however, had not been there long,—perhaps a week,—when she was attacked with an hysterical fit, from the effects of which she soon recovered, and in about ten days after that, she had a similar attack, and she complained of a sick head-ache, which produced considerable bodily weakness, and witness sent her home to her family, in order that she might meet with proper attendance, and be under the immediate care of her friends. About a week before her death, she returned to her employment, partly recovered, yet still her countenance was pallid, and her system seemed altogether reduced. On Thursday evening about six o'clock, she arose from the tea-table, and went up stairs to her chamber to wash her hands previous to resuming her work. Witness had occasion to go past her door in a few minutes after, when he observed the unfortunate girl lying upon the floor; he caused an instant alarm, and Mr. Hunter Nicholson, the surgeon of Conduit-street, was sent for, but she was quite dead. Witness kept three other young ladies in his establishment, and all were at present in good health.

Foreman. What hours do your young women work, Mr. Hartup?

Mr. Hartup. From *eight* in the morning, till *ten* at night.

Foreman. Fourteen hours: that certainly is too much for any female to bear.

Mr. Hartup. It is not hard work, Sir, that they are employed upon.

Foreman. Perhaps not. I am not looking at the labour, but at the confinement, which of necessity must bring on disease. It is too long for any female to work.

Diversified as soothing. Scatter'd cots,
 Sprinkling the valleys round, so gaily look,
 They seem as never anguish pass'd them near.
 The very trees wave concord, and invite 1090
 To meditation, while the feathered tribe
 Pay their best homage to the Deity.

Pondering upon this goodly heritage,
 Where all is fair and quiet ; where the eye

Others of the Jury acquiesced in the opinion of their foreman.

Mr. Hartup said, that his situation was much easier than the one the deceased had left, as she had told him she had frequently worked *eighteen hours* out of the twenty-four.

The Jury said, they exonerated Mr. Hartup from all blame, but they must say that they considered the poor girl's death had been hastened by being over-worked before she went to live with Mr. Hartup, and they only regretted that they could not couple that opinion with their verdict, as what the girl had told him could not be received in evidence, she not being aware of her approaching death at the time.

One of the jurors said, it was a notorious fact, that at almost all the principal dress-makers at the west-end of the town, the apprentices actually worked day and night, and even the Sabbath was devoted to labour to satisfy the tastes of ladies of fashion. He considered some measures ought to be immediately adopted, to prevent young females from such confinement. He was of opinion that, had this poor girl been allowed more exercise, she would have been still in existence ; and it was frightful to think human life should be sacrificed to the whim of fashion.

Mr. John Hunter Nicholson, surgeon, of Conduit-street, stated that he was sent for, and found the deceased dead. He was of opinion that her death was occasioned by a determination of blood to the head.

After some observations from the Jury, they agreed to return a verdict—"That the deceased died from natural causes, by the visitation of God."

Dwells on perfection, where with joy I view 1095
 Nature's luxuriance, and with soul entranced
 Hear her inviting voice, that bids mankind
 Learn goodness from herself — sudden I feel
 Compassion wring my heart, to think that men
 Should spend their few short days, in heaping wealth,
 (Often for heirs unknown,) mid toil, and strife,
 Unmindful of such heavenly scenes as these !

Is there no charm in Nature, that the eye
 So shuns her, and, with quick-reverted glance,
 Turns to the city's haunts, to mark around 1105
 Pollution's meager form ; the cry of want,
 'Th' immortal spirit chain'd to avarice ?
 Yields it no pleasure to behold the birds,
 Those gay and sportive links 'tween earth and heaven,
 Caparison'd in plumage that outvies 1110
 Material splendour, whilst their varied songs,
 From earliest morn, to eve, alike surpass
 Man's proudest concerts ? who can mark, unmoved,
 The insect tribes, in ever-varying shape ; —
 The herbage of the field ; — the yellow corn ; — 1115
 The blossom gay ; — or flower ; — or running brook,
 Winding through woods and glens its steady course ? —
 Who, at the seasons' changeful forms, restrain
 The open eye of wonder, nor, in them,
 Behold presiding Deity, whose word 1120
 Still calls them in succession, leads them on
 To bless unthankful man ? — who view yon sun,
 Casting his full — broad — congregated beam,
 At early morn, athwart the darken'd valley,
 Tinging with red the distant forest top, 1125
 And view no grace in Nature's form divine ?

All things that live and move send forth a voice,
 Most audible, to him who hath not bow'd
 To Mammon's shrine, teaching us precious lore :
 A voice, though subtle, yet articulate, 1130
 Which we must seek, to hear. The hill and vale
 Speak many a signal truth ; nay, all things round
 Join in one concert, whence the soul may draw
 Sublime instructions. Should not mortals learn,
 E'en from the peaceful flocks and scatter'd herds, 1135
 That harmonize with the gay landscape round,
 To moderate their wants, and, to compare
 Their calm contented state with toiling man ? —
 Who oft, to gain mistaken happiness,
 With wants unreal, in his frantic chase, 1140
 Resigns the little joy he might possess,
 And starves mid plenty. — To the meadows, haste,
 Thou wanderer from the ways of happiness !
 There, wrapt in Meditation's solemn garb,
 Look well around thee ; view, in silentness, 1145
 The forms which God hath made to teach thine heart
 Wisdom unknown to sages ; hoary truths,
 Which must not be despised. Regard each sound,
 Borne on the breeze, or rustling in the tree ;
 In such a mood, perchance some monitor 1150
 May seize thy Spirit, and true knowledge teach.

Instructions loftier ! Not on Nature's self,
 (Great as she is, and incontestable ; —
 With arguments, exhaustless, spreading far
 The hand omnipotent,) must we rely — 1155
 T' illumine our path, with twilight deep around ;
 The Book of Life, the Word of Prophecy,

Still surer, is our guide. To that we turn ;
 A rock which will sustain us, while we live,
 And in the hour when all, beside, will prove 1160
 Refuge of lies.

If Heaven's Eternal Word —

The source of light, of life — the Bible *be*,
 Are there, who hide the pearl, of price untold ?
 Is there a Priesthood, bound in compact, firm, 1165
 To stem this tide, which God, most merciful !
 Sent, from above, to cleanse and fructify
 The moral world ? Are there, who bear the name,
 Christ sanctifies, who thus his mandate spurn,
 "The scriptures search !" and would, if *will* were *power*,
 Sweep from the world, from every hearth, and home,
 This greatest treasure heaven e'er gave to man ?
 Such *have* prevail'd in ages past away !
 Such *now* exist ! (the Papists' damning sin !)
 Urged on by hell, whose cheeks to deadly white — 1175
 Turn, if perchance, the tidings reach their ear,
 That, mid their flock, (precursor of all ill !)
 A *Bible*, long proscribed, its poison sheds !
 (While distant years will wonder and deplore !)
 The "hue" is rais'd ! In sacerdotal vest, 1180
 The Priest goes forth, wrath lowering on his brow,
 To hunt the interdicted volume, source
 Of "endless heresies !" to drag it forth,
 And dash it to the flames ! Disastrous truth !
 Can these be Christians ? Are the furious men, 1185
 Thus exercis'd, Religion's ministers ?
 Impossible ! it is an idle tale !

Say ye, who, in the depths profound of grief,
 Turn to your Bible, and consolement find ; —
 Say ye, who, in the time of solitude, 1190
 Haply, in season of captivity,
 Or, mid lone wanderings o'er the clime remote ;
 Who, when dissever'd from the social tie,
 (Remember'd still,) dwell on the sacred page,
 And find a friend to warn, console, and guide ; 1195
 Would *you* resign your treasure for aught time
 Ranks in her costliest blessings ? Say, O, men !
 Languid, and cast upon the couch of pain ; —
 Say, ye, contending with the slow disease ;
 Or, ye, when near to Jordan's stormy shore, — 1200
 Who turn from earth, and anxious look around
 For comfort, and inspiring promises,
 On which to lean, in that heart-searching hour,
 When smiling potentates, and mines, and crowns,
 Would cease to move ! would you the " Hail ! " extend
 To him, who sought to prove, by arguments,
 And logical deductions, that the book,
 By you extoll'd, had venom at the core,
 And which, if shown in tongue familiar,
 Would discords raise ; upturn society ; 1210
 Mar, and not mend the world ; mislead ; confound ; —
 Too complicate and dark for vulgar eyes !
 How would your soul, the man, indignant spurn,
 Unkind, who strove, with such vain sophistries,
 To rob you of your joy ; who dared affirm 1215
 The bearings of the book, so dear to you,
 Were, (awful thought !) unhallow'd, prone to spread,
 In undisguised commixtures, doctrines strange,
 Delusions, deadly strifes ? — the *Upas* Tree —

That sapp'd, and poison'd all beneath its shade ! 1220
 What can the veriest infidel say more ?
 Oh blasphemy ! from Pandemonium borne,
 And hatch'd, and nurtured, by the Sire of Lies !

If thus assail'd with specious words of guile,
 How would you cry, your hand upon your heart, 1225
 " I *feel* your fallacy. My spirit feels
 " *That* book, by you condemned, to be, indeed,
 " The word of life ! the spring-head of repose !
 " The balm of weary nature ! whence my soul,
 " Turning from man, derives instruction sweet, 1230
 " Joys, ever new ! which moderates my hopes ;
 " Allays my fears ! prepares my soul, to love
 " Justice and mercy ; teaches me to bear
 " Affliction, as a Father's chastening rod ;
 " Endues me with the faculty, to view 1235
 " Man, and the range of all material things,
 " In truth's clear light ; the Finite to regard
 " As it deserves, and, on the Infinite,
 " My heart to stay ! Rob me of all beside,
 " But spare, O spare, my BIBLE ! " 1240

Those who yield —
 All that ennobles man, the *power to think* !
 And found their faith on others, hear, in vain,
 Conclusive reasonings. So the balmy hour,
 E'en Nature's face, thus lovely, has no charm, 1245
 Nature, nor inspiration, for the slaves,
 Whose God is Wealth ! who strive, unceasingly,
 To still the voice within them, which would fain
 Reclaim their hearts, caught in the wiles of sense.

Gold turns the breast to stone ; makes wise men fools !
 There is a curse in mammon ; — influence,
 From which the Virtues, (save in special case,
 And unpresumable,) affrighted speed ;
 And siren are its charms.

Contemning thus 1255

The lust of gain, the atmosphere of *self*,
 The spirit, which consumes the lamp of life,
 (*That* quivering flame!) in quest of avenue
 That leads to wealth, the chief and only good,
 What outcry loud, from city mart, outpours 1260
 Its contumelious scoff upon the bard !

Yet, mid the frown, the taunt contemptuous,
 He looks, regardless ; — like the regal bird,
 His nest, some alpine crag, at even tide
 Returning homeward, while the concave lowers, 1265

And the fierce night-wind sweeps impetuous by ;
 As he withstands the blast, and, dreadless, moves
 Mid the dark clouds, and elemental strife,
 So should the poet be : — his object truth :
 He writes for age, nor country, but obeys 1270
 The heaven-directed impulse ; speaks a tongue
 Pure, universal ; language of the heart.

Mean adulation seeks a kindlier home ;
 He heeds no voice of faction ; he is taught,
 By his high calling, to hold light, the praise, 1275
 The censure of the world ; his guide, alone,
 The clear interior rule which conscience gives ;
 All else is servile, base, a sacrifice
 Of the high gift of God, the power of song.

Where vice, or folly reigns, shall bard withhold 1280
 'The voice corrective, who, at mortal frown,
 Stands unappall'd? Oh! wide diversity
 Of evil, changeful as the summer cloud.
 Behold the mammon-loving *Magog*, raised
 To the excess of opulence; (a king, 1285
 O'er all Cornhill!) the half adoring look
 Lifted in wonderment to see the man,
 Who, from his eminence, can cast an eye,
 Disdainful, at the mightiest. He, "on Change,"
 Resting his bulk against the column, huge, 1290
 Hour after hour, stands, with fidelity,
 At his devotions: whether storms prevail,
 Or cloudless suns scatter dissolving beams;
 (The veteran and unshrinking spirit his!)
 Whether some town be sack'd, or famine, gaunt, 1295
 Whole regions devastate: — the murrain spread,
 Or earthquake shake a Lisbon to the dust,
 He heeds it not. Within a narrower sphere
 His sympathies, subjected, move and play.
 Self is his centre, and diverging rays 1300
 Spread only to his own circumference.

Is it one day amid the rolling year,
 That thus exacts, from Cræsus' darling child,
 Such harsh observance, alien to his mind,
 Prone to expand in more congenial scenes? 1305
 Alas! it is his home, his resting place,
 His one delight; th' arena, where he strives,
 As all things here, and through eternity,
 Hung on the issue of his arduous task.
 He loves the *Gresham pillars*, but, at length, 1310

He *must* retire ; day will not always last.
 When that grim, magisterial, lacker'd Wight
 Warns, with impassion'd emphasis, that time
 Tedious, is flown, which tide-like, waits for none ;
 The moment come, when he, the massive hinge 1315
 Sending harsh discord through his soul, *must* turn,
 Which shuts him from his heaven, he breathes a curse,
 In mutter ominous, scarce less intense
 Than Osmund's, when perdition he invoked
 Upon *his* head, who should dismember e'er, 1320
 Sherborne from Sarum, to the judgment day.*

Doth he ne'er gaze on heaven's cerulean vault ;
 View Nature, in magnificent array ;

* This curse of Osmund is sufficiently remarkable to deserve rather a lengthened notice. It is founded on a M.S. of the late Bishop of Ely, (More,) and which is now deposited in the Royal Library at Cambridge.

Osmund, a Norman knight, who had participated in all William's wars and triumphs, was rewarded by his master with many gifts and honours, and among others, with the Earldom of Dorset, and the Castle and Barony of Sherborne. This Osmund, in the "declining of his age, calling to mynde the great effusion of blood which from his infancy he had shedd, he resolved to leave all worldly delights, and betake himself to a religious life, the better to contemplate on his former sinnes, and with much importunitie having got leave of the king to resign his temporall honours, he obtained the Bishopric of Sarum." To this See at his death, he bequeathed, in perpetuity, "his castle of Sherborne, with the lands pertaining," with the following curse on him who should divert the possession.

"That whosoever should take these lands from the Bishopric of Sarum, or diminish them, in great, or in small, should be *accursed* not only in this world, but also in the world to come, unless he made restitution thereof."

Trees, fruits, and flowers, and all her multitude
 Of lovely forms ?—Yes, and despise it too ! 1352
 At sight so teeming with sweet influence,
 Where every sense drinks rapture, is he not
 Beguiled, subdued, and made, per force, to yield

The castle and lands of Sherborne remained in the peaceable possession of the successors of Osmund, till the reign of Stephen.—At this period, *Niger*, or Roger the Rich, being then Bishop, and taking part with *Maud*, *Stephen* hunted him from place to place, till at last he shut him up in the castle of Devizes. This being a strong place, Stephen despaired of his capture, till he adopted the following expedient. Having possessed himself of the Bishop's Nephew, he erected a gallows before the town, and transmitted a summons to the Bishop, that if the gates were not opened by a specified time, his nephew "should be hanged thereon." Stephen was stimulated the more to become possessed of *Niger*, as he was known to carry *about with him*, "a store of gold and silver." Affection triumphed over avarice. He acceded to terms, and the conqueror exacted from him the whole of his riches, amounting to *forty thousand marks*, and, notwithstanding the *curse*, the Castle and Lordship of Sherborne. From this period, the affairs of Stephen became unprosperous, and he was compelled, ultimately, to renounce the crown :—this being the *first* fruits of the malediction.

On the death of Stephen, in some unrecorded way, Sherborne came into the possession of the Montacutes, or Montagues, Earls of Sarum, who, while they held the same, experienced a succession of disasters. One fell by the hand of justice ; one was beheaded ; one was slain. The son and heir of one of them was killed by his own father, while teaching him to *tilt*, and, finally, the family became extinct.

In the reign of Edward III. Robert Wyvell, Bishop of Sarum, brought a writ of right against Montague, Earl of Sarum, for these lands, "so wrongfully detained," for which right, according to the taste of our ancestors, "Trial was to be had by *Battaile* !" The Champions of the Bishop and Earl being ready, on the day appointed, armed with coats of leather, and their bastoons in their hands, and the king being present, with the flower of his nobility,

Some tribute, though but faint, of passing praise ?
 No ! charge of such defection from his God 1330
 Rests not on him. The habitation vast
 He calls his own ; magnificent array

Edward interfered at the moment of conflict, and decreed, after an alienation of 200 years, that Sherborne should once more be attached to Sarum.

These lands continued in the Church till the time of the Duke of Somerset, in the reign of Edward VI. who possessing himself of this interdicted property, became exposed to Osmund's curse, and soon after was beheaded.

On the death of his uncle, (the Duke of Somerset,) Edward bestowed the castle and lands of Sherborne on Sir John Horsley, but John Capon, Bishop of Sarum, exhibited his claims, on behalf of his See, affirming that though he had concurred in the Royal Grant to Sir John, yet he did it from "menaces and threats, and fear of his life." From this averment, the Court of Chancery dispossessed Sir John of these lands, and attached them once more to the See of Sarum.

Sir Walter Raleigh now fixed his eye, unfortunately for him, on Sherborne and its domain. He had often been struck with the beauty of this Castle, in his frequent journeys from Plymouth to London, and on one occasion, when leisurely riding toward it, absorbed in admiration, his horse fell, and "his face, which was thought to be a very good one, plowed up the earth where he fell." Sir Walter, however, despised omens and antiquated curses, and set his mighty wits seriously to work, to devise some way of possessing himself of "Sherborne Castle." Nothing could be done without the concurrence of Capon, the Bishop, but the Bishop he knew partook of the infirmity of other Ecclesiastics, and loved preferment as well as money ; and as Sir Walter was known to have great *court influence*, he tampered with the Bishop by bribes ; and at length obtained from him the desire of his heart, the "Castle and lands of Sherborne." Bishop Capon from this time became unfortunate, and no Bishop of Sarum, since the Conquest, is said to have died "so notoriously a beggar." His friends, when he died, being

Of statues, (*painted* with his favourite *lead*,)
 With fair appendage, all that wealth can heap,
 Or fancy, in her largest longing, crave. 1335
 Doth this restrain Behemoth from his waves ;
 Rolling his “ rood,” upon the boisterous surge
 Of stocks, and shares, and bonds, and politics ;
 That vortex which ingulphs the mightiest minds !

Alas ! one Despot triumphs in his breast ; 1340
 The love of gold ! yet, other influence
 Once, in vagary strange, his heart beguiled.
 Time was, the resolution grand he form’d
 To check the “ grasping passion,” and, at length,
 Be class’d with prudence’ offspring, the sage few 1345
 Who know the point where wisdom cries “ Enough !”
 Thus fortified in his mature resolve,

glad to bury him secretly and suddenly, “ being for haste clapt into Bishop Wyvell’s grave ;” the one who sold Sherborne, and the other who recovered it. Sir Walter Raleigh, some time after, was attainted, and beheaded.

The lands now devolving to the Crown, James the 1st bestowed them on his Son, Prince Henry, “ who died not long after the possession thereof.”

After the death of Prince Henry, “ the Earl of Somerset, (Carr) did possesse them. Finally, he lost them, and many other greater fortunes.”

The next possessor of Sherborne and its lands, was Sir George Digby, who was created by James 1st, Earl of Bristol, and the curse of Osmund being now *expended*, the Earls of Bristol have quietly possessed Sherborne, and its domain, down to our own time, and thus ends, to say the least, this mass of *odd coincidences*.

See *Peck’s Desiderata Curiosa*. Also *Dugdale*, and *Sir John Harrington*.

He spurns at all the “ money-getting tribe ;”
 Men of low aims, and dwarfish intellects !
 “ I,” he exclaimed, “ who boast an ancestry, 1350
 “ Direct from Noah,* and whose arms display
 “ The head of Saracen,† slain by a Sire,
 “ (Clear in Rouge Dragon’s lucid chronicle,)
 “ When Cour de Lion dared the Soldan power ?†—

* Cambrians, also, display a similar taste for high pedigrees. Several tables of descents carry the Welsh Princes, quite up, not to Noah only, but to Adam. The reason assigned for this extraordinary accuracy, is the documentary evidence of a people, “ less mingled with strangers than the natives of any nation in Europe.”

† The arms of many persons, particularly in ancient times, were derived from some remarkable circumstance in their lives. Those who had killed, in foreign climes, a lion, or a leopard, or a boar, very naturally added (by especial permission) these charges to their paternal arms. The saltier and cross evidently refer to the crusades, to which were often superadded the escallop-shell, the humble cup of crusaders, carried by them in their hats ; with the various orders of roundlets, particularly the *besant*, (a gold coin of Constantinople, deriving its title from Byzantium, the name of the city before Constantine the Great removed the seat of empire there, and gave it his own name.) Those who had survived the wars in Africa and Palestine, and had been *so happy* as to kill a Moor or a Saracen, added their heads, as a trophy, to their arms, to which, in some instances, were added a *bloody hand*. These emblems mark the inveterate spirit subsisting, in those days, between the Infidels and Christians. It might be suspected that the belligerents of our own island were not, on some occasions, much more placable, for we find that the arms of Ednyfed Vychen, (the ancestor of Owen Tudor) were “ *Gules, a cheveron, between three ENGLISHMEN’S HEADS, coupéd, proper.*”

† Richard I. displayed such marvellous instances of courage in

" I grope below, in Barter's atmosphere, 1355
 " The vale inglorious, form'd to climb, and soar ?
 " The city, and the cit, alike, I hate !
 " And who like *me* would grace a Coronet ?"
 He speaks, and hurries from the hateful chimes,
 The haunt familiar, humming, as he leaves 1360
 Noise, dust, and dirt, t' expand in purer air,
 " God made the country, and man made the town."

By charms encircled, various as the hours,
 Calling " my own," the rural, and the grand,
 He fancies the great stake is gain'd at last, 1365
 That he is happy ! Must the truth be told ?
 Regrets, half quench'd, still linger round his heart.
 He is not *quite* " at ease." His eye recoils,
 At the same everlasting round of things,
 Quiescent, that ne'er *speak*, but only *smile* ! 1370
 They all have lost their power to animate ;
 The novelty is pass'd ; the dream gone by.
 What can he *do*, when all his work is *done* ?
 The hot-house finish'd ; fish-pond dug, and stock'd ;
 The vestibule immaculate ; the bath 1375
 Surpassing Trajan's ; Doric green-house, stuff'd
 To suffocation ; temples ; obelisks ;—

the Holy Land, against the Saracens, as almost to equal the feats which the bards ascribe to Arthur.

" — Richard, at the head of only seventeen horsemen, and a small body of foot, being surrounded by the Sultan's army, maintained their ground with such valour, that the Turks and Saracens, quite astonished and discouraged, could not be brought by their leaders to renew the attack. Richard rode that day along the whole line of the enemy, and dared them all to a single combat, but not one of them would venture to come out against him.—*Lyttleton's Henry II.*

Grottos, and cenotaphs, and corridors, —
 Rising in rich profusion ; naiads ; nymphs ;
 Neptunes and satyrs ; and such classics *chaste* ; 1380
 Cascades ; and fountains ; with the *bridge* superb,
 (Thrown over *ditch*, for lack of nobler stream ;)
 And still to swell the host of exquisites,
 Dairy, of *Parian* ; and the true *Sien* ;—
 The pinery built ; conservatory, rare ;— 1385
 (Throng'd with exotics from all tongues and climes,)
 New-modell'd ; walks ; and seats ; and shrubs ; and lawns ;
 All trim and perfect ; not a flower *awry* :
 And, to oppress th' illiterate with due shame,
 Oh ! what a library the *eye* beguiles ! 1390
 (Too sacred to be touch'd by hand profane !)
 With daubs of Titian, and the Raphael school,
 Thick scatter'd, (“ ere their fame had reach'd its height !”)
 What ! object, yet, to make his joys complete ?
 He feels their emptiness ! a beggar sll ! 1395
 Something he finds is *wanting*, what it is —
 Worlds would he give to learn. It must be *wealth*,
 Less bounded, hoards that laugh at rivalry ;
 Accumulations mightier ; he must now,
 Strain every nerve to gain the good *supreme* ! 1400
 (Beware the wind that blows it all away !)
 The resolution form'd, magnanimous,
 The hasty and impatient glance he casts,
 Each morn, o'er his domain, (presenting now,
 Look of the alter'd friend,) then hurries off, 1405
 From his dull *Mausoleum*, once again,
 Himself the Jehu, to enjoy the smoke,
 So late despised, the multitudinous roar,
 And all the sweltering, jostling of the crowd.

Rare metamorphose ! See him now, again 1410
 Composed, as "Patience on a monument,"
 In "high change hour," amid the *living* trees,
 Into his lap, which shake their mellow fruits ;
 A golden harvest ! These are his delights,
 Vista, and gay parterres, and groves in one ! 1415
 Resolved to be quite happy, he augments
 Stock, bullion, till the power to estimate,
 Baffles his faculties, yet all is sweet,
 As water to the fainting traveller !

The racer now advances to his goal ! 1420
 What, must he "leave his glory," and his gold !
 Life has its morn, its noon-tide, and its eve,
 And, stern mementos warn him of his end.
 Fain would he live in this his paradise,
 This world, so suited to his *vast* desires, 1425
 Mid wealth, and ease, and pleasures infinite,
 Lauded of all, but here he *cannot* stay :
 The waves behind, (those young probationers,
 Sporting and *countless*,) drive him to the strand,
 Where he must waste himself, and be no more ! 1430
 Hard, but irrevocable doom ! Beyond,
 He has no hope, like one, with death at hand,
 Who welcomed his last enemy, and cried,
 "I, the good fight, have fought, and now there waits
 "The crown of life !" Such lofty trust as this, 1435
 To him, finds no access ; yet *other joys*
 Cheer him, in prospect of his final change !
 That hour of horrors ! when he yields his all,
 And sinks, annihilate ! (so would he hope !)
 Into the dust, with his compeer, the brute ! 1440
 In musing mood, when stern realities,

Unwelcome, sometimes force an audience ;
 His only solace ! he anticipates
 The moment, when the chief of Mammon's Sons
 Shall yield his empire, and the wondering crowd, 1445
 Awe-struck, do honour to the Mighty Dead !

Oh ! abject littleness ! — too mean for scorn !
 For this he toil'd, the modern Hercules !
 More slave-like, than the captive at the oar !
 Burdening his thoughts by day, his dreams by night,
 That when the worms have burrow'd in his skull,
 Some prattling tongues, prone to expatiate
 On fortunes made and scatter'd, might proclaim,
 With lifted hands and eyes, mid pause profound,
 Sums, boundless, *Magog* once could call his own ! 1455
 The World's ambition, and the Scrape-all's end !

But back return, adventurous mind, from thoughts
 Of folly's strange perversities : once more,
 Upon these scenes, on which the heart reclines
 Bestow a parting gaze, and bid adieu. 1460

The sky is clear ; these hills are beautiful ;
 The country smiles ; and all is gaiety
 That strikes the sight ; but I, howe'er entranced,
 Must soon forsake this spot ; then, like a dream,
 Snatch'd from oblivion, will it all appear ; 1465
 So, life, a world of shadows, passes on !
 And after some few joys, and many cares,
 Our journeys end ! our weary heads repose
 In their last resting-place !

With different views 1470

The mighty multitude of human-kind
 Regard this prospect ! Some are wisely taught
 To meet, unmoved, the momentary ills
 That here arise, whilst e'en their spirits glow,
 Cheer'd with the thought, that soon, their nobler part,
 Their souls, will be dismantled of the load
 Of this vile body, and their intellect,
 Illimitable, grow, associate still
 With spotless purity.

And there are those 1480

To whom these thoughts are terrible ! who seek
 Their all from Earth ! who never raise their eye
 To brighter prospects, though they ill sustain
 Life's rugged conflicts, and, with weariness,
 Endure the burdens of humanity ! 1485
 Who still can look upon this goodly frame ! —
 This grand assemblage of all lovely things ! —
 This Speaking Tablet of Intelligence !
 Yet nothing see amid the wondrous whole,
 But jarring atoms ! Not to Nature's form, 1490
 Not to the chaos of the moral world,
 Nor to the want of that firm evidence
 Which Wisdom seeks, to regulate and fix
 Her calm decisions, must mankind ascribe
 This strange, insensate, blindness of her sons, 1495
 But — to the HEART ! There is the malady !
 For how can they believe, who seek man's praise,
 Rather than HIS, who form'd the universe ?
 These gropers in mid-day, who will not see,
 Unceasing call for guidance, and exclaim — 1500

“The way !” “The way !” when they their eyes might ope
And see the way, the truth ; clear as the sun
In his meridian glory.

Far removed

From such, the CHRISTIAN stands. His peaceful mind
Welcomes the ever-changing scenes of time.
To him the world is order. He beholds
Th’ Almighty Power that leads the tempest forth
To execute HIS judgments, whilst his heart,
Amid the whirlwind and the winged storm, 1510
Is still, and solaced. He can calmly say,
“ I fear no nightly terrors, nor the snare
“ By sinners laid. I fear not Pestilence,
“ Who, like an archer, when no eye can see,
“ Pursues his sullen course, and evermore, 1515
“ Mid darkness and the silent hour of night,
“ Sends Death around him,—for my strength and shield,
“ My confidence, is Heaven’s Eternal King.”

But, though, in season of high privilege,
His soul, by Faith sustain’d, can contemplate 1520
The change that waits him ; feel a humble hope,
(Through the Great Sacrifice, his only trust !)
That day eternal ; heavenly joys are near ;
Yet hard it is, to see Death bear away
The fond, and tenderest relative, or friend, 1525
For time and state unknown.

These dawning eyes

Have followed to the grave, companions dear ;
Some, whom, in earlier youth, I communed with,

Are gone for ever ! Many a flattering scene 1530
 Of promised happiness, with which we cheer'd
 Our roving fancies, fresh from fairy land,
 Has vanish'd ! Not a cloud to intervene,
 We, in the spring-tide hour of confidence,
 Talk'd of fair-opening prospects, and the joys 1535
 Succeeding years should bring : projects indulged
 Of goodly import, such as learn to make
 The big heart scorn its tenement, nor saw
 One little cloud to dim the crimson dawn ;
 But, Death has been amongst us ! low they lie, 1540
 My loved associates ! I am left to mourn !

Not always should the mind an entrance grant
 To these sad musings : pleasant in their turn
 It is, to trace the virtues of our friends,
 Once prized and honour'd — to the grave gone down :
 Yet cheerfulness should follow, with the heart
 That feels, and owns the blessings that remain.

E'en now my pulse beats high, for, now I hear
 The village bells beneath ring merrily.
 From hill to hill imperfect gladness bounds, 1550
 And floating murmurs die upon the air.
 It is the long look'd pastime now begun !
 Aye ! there they are, down on the level green,
 Maiden and rustic, deck'd in best attire,
 And ushering in the WHITSUN HOLIDAYS : 1555
 Weaving the mazy dance, fantastic, whilst,
 Encircled by a gaping crowd of boys,
 The merry piper stands, and, capering, plays ;
 Or, half forgetful of his half-learn'd tune,

Looks scantways, to behold his favourite lass 1560
 Pair'd with another ; haply, smiling too !
 The aged ploughman there forgets his team,
 And, though to join the skipping throng, too old,
 Laughs to see others laugh, he knows not why ;
 Or, if in graver mood, looks wondrous wise, 1565
 And tells his sportive daughters, as they pass,
 Hold, maidens ! hold ! no whispering in the dance.
 The scene is life, and soothing jollity !
 That king of sports is there, the Mountebank,
 With antic tricks, or, with no sparing hand, 1570
 Dealing around some nostrum, famed, ALIKE
 Specific in ALL pains and maladies.
 And *there* the village matrons, gaily trimm'd
 With lace and tucker, handed down secure
 'Through a long line of prudent ancestors ; 1575
 And never shewn to gaping multitude,
 Save at some marriage gay, or yearly wake.
 Musing the mothers look o'er all the plain !
 A cheerful smile unbends their wrinkled brow !
 The days departed start again to life, 1580
 And all the scenes of childhood re-appear,
 Faint, but more tranquil, like the changing sun
 To him who slept at noon, and wakes at eve !
 Light-hearted villagers, or young, or old,
 Enjoy this brief exemption from your care, 1585
 And may no tempest spoil your holiday !

Farewell, entrancing spot ! Receive, sincere,
 My parting benediction, I return,
 Not without sighs, to breathe pollution's air ;
 To mix with men envelop'd in the cares 1590

Of this low world ; to be envelop'd too ;
 To hear their converse, how to meet with wealth,
 And prosperous fortune, and the little aims
 Of thrifty patience. With far other thoughts
 I join their throng,* for I will love to think 1595
 On you, dear Mount ! and ponder on the joys
 This morn bestow'd, and say, pressing my heart,
 Than to review with memory's musing eye
 Your lofty summit ; mark its subject vales,
 Its many scatter'd spires, and hamlets small, 1600
 And hear the magic orisons of birds,
 Breaking the silence with their melody ; —
 Not sweeter to the nightly traveller's ear
 Sounds the soft lute, while wandering by the side
 Of some slow stream, when, not a whispering breeze
 Awakes the groves, and not a murmur, rude,
 Impedes the warbled notes — expiring slow ;
 While the clear moon resplendent shines aloft,
 And casts her pale beam o'er the sleeping tide.

* 1796.

DARTMOOR.

ARGUMENT.

DISTANT view of Dartmoor. Ascent up its side. Cultivation succeeded by barrenness. Lofty rock. Mountain springs. Flowers of Dartmoor. Effects of a sudden storm on the streams and rivers of Dartmoor. Moss. View from the highest Peak. The wildness of such scenery not according with England. Solitary traveller. Peat. Pannier-horses. Colts. A cottage. The housewife. The sire. The children. Comforts of cottage life. Druids. Their traces visible on Dartmoor. Incompetency of Science, Learning, Nature, or Genius, to correct Idolatry, and to teach the knowledge of the true God. Apostrophe to pure Religion. Reference to the ancient Britons, who, after their defeat, retired beyond Dartmoor. Pursued by the enemy. Storms and Sterility dismay the Saxons. Changes on the Earth effected by man. Proposed Asylum on Dartmoor, for the pauper children of London. Anticipations. Character of Devonshire. Conclusion.

WHAT hills are those, deserted, brown, and bare,
Whose mouldering crags the spoils of Time declare?
Dartmoor!¹ thy stately presence I perceive,
Seen first at morn, and lingering last with eve :

(1) Dartmoor is calculated to be thirty miles long, and fourteen miles broad, and to contain about two hundred thousand acres of land, almost wholly unprofitable. This region is in the highest degree rugged and desolate, the impression of which is increased from the almost total absence of *trees*.

Thy rugged pinnacles, unfolded clear, 5
Rising in solemn grandeur, vast, as drear.

Mounting thy sides, and musing as I go,
Streams, oozing from their source, beside me flow,
Traced by the flag; their motion, as they stray,
Known by the Sun's slant beams that on them play: 10
Larks, faintly heard, my weary steps beguile,
And, warm with promise, all things speak and smile.
Onward I press, yet, still before me rise,
Peaks, grey with age, their home among the skies.
As Nature's mild and gentler forms depart, 15
A sterner feeling sinks into my heart:
The waving corn, the "hum" of human kind,
The paths familiar, far are left behind,
And to th' horizon's dim-discover'd bound,
Heaths, strew'd with granite fragments,² reign around,

(2) Dartmoor presents an extraordinary appearance, from the blocks of granite with which its surface is universally covered. All the vicinities also of Dartmoor, particularly toward the west, abound with these fragments, but in no place which I have seen are they more numerous and prominent than in a large valley, near Shaugh Bridge, a few miles from Plymouth. The river Plym separates this valley from Dartmoor; but the bed of the river, with the ground on either side, to a considerable extent, presents one uniform stony appearance, in which the fragments seem to be integral parts of the soil.

In noticing several excavations on Dartmoor, I was struck with the number of granite blocks, which were not only *on* the earth, but immediately *beneath* its surface, and which descended as far as the observation could extend. To use a homely, but correct illustration, these large stones appeared to have studded the soil of Dartmoor with a proportionate size and recurrence very similar to the *plums in a pudding*.

So, on her course, when first the Bark proceeds,
 The port, the shore, at every glance recedes ;
 'Till, forward borne, as favouring billows roll,
 Each object fades that lingers near the soul.

Approaching now a Torr of towering height, 25
 Where huge Rock-Idols³ awe while they invite,

(3) The Druids believed that rocky places were the haunts of their divinities, and converted all massy stones into "Rock-Idols," or "Stone-Gods." Borlase has enumerated many of these stone deities in Cornwall, and they are equally common in Devonshire. *Bowerman's Nose*, upon Heighton-Down, a fragment of Dartmoor, is esteemed to be Druidical. It consists of an enormous stone, or rather mass of stones, appearing upon an elevated point, and rising to the height of more than fifty feet. Viewed at a distance, it assumes a human appearance, and is intimately interwoven with the superstitions of the country.

The Druids are understood to have scrupulously rejected all human means to produce these idols, though they often concentrated them, and formed them into circles. Wherever they discovered these stony prominences, which so effectually added solemnity to their institutions, they at once appropriated them to their superstitious purposes. Drewsteignton, a district on Dartmoor, appears to have been singled out by the Druids, as the peculiar seat of their religion. It is an awful precipice, surmounting a steep declivity, where the rocks are divided into gloomy compartments. One detached rock, about sixteen feet high, and smooth at the top, projects about four feet over the stratum below, and appears calculated to have allowed the Druids, either to harangue a multitude, or to exhibit their religious rites. Adjoining to this rock is another detached crag, of singular appearance, having two ledges, approaching each other, without touching, being separated by a narrow perpendicular hollow, through which other weather-worn rocks appear. Over these two ledges, in the form of a cromleche, a transverse enormous impost superimpend, decorated with old fantastic ivy, and covered with the luxuriant moss of the moor-stone

In silence, I survey the prospect round,
 Vales clothed with fern, and hills with ruins crown'd.⁴
 By slender aid from fancy, (which can give 30
 Nerve to the feeble, make the breathless live,)
 Imposing structures glisten in the Sun,
 Completed often, oftener, just begun.
 Base, architrave, and outstretched columns fair,
 Promiscuous cast, and whitening in the air,
 Save when, to change the sameness of the scene, 35
 Lichen and Archil spot with red and green.⁵
 Whether primeval cliffs, by slow decay,
 Have crumbled, till yon shapes they now display;
 Or they were thus by force volcanic⁶ thrown,
 Or heap'd, by power of mortal, stone on stone, 40

(4) The summits of most of those high conical points on Dartmoor, called Torrs, present, at some distance, a strong resemblance to castles or temples in ruins, arising from the crags with which they are crowned. Some of the loftiest stones assume a columnar perpendicular form; other stones are bending; and many are horizontal; their general appearance obviously suggests the idea of Druidical Temples, of which, at some remote period, most of them, by appropriation, probably consisted.

(5) The common green and yellow Lichens are found on the rocks of Dartmoor, and occasionally the "Lichen Tartarus," the blossoms of which are small, and of a crimson colour. Archil, from which the red dye is obtained, encrusts very generally the rocks of Dartmoor.

(6) Devonshire presents numerous evidences of having once been the theatre of volcanos. Many volcanic remains, in particular, may be noticed within twenty miles of Exeter. "The old walls of the city," Mr. Polwhele says, in his valuable History of Devonshire, "as well as the ancient castle of Exeter, consist manifestly of *lava* and *tufa*, substances as unequivocally volcanic as

In times when men yoked lions to their car,
Nothing is certain, but that—"there they are."

any stones which are obtained from the vicinity of Etna or Vesuvius. The lava presents all the usual evidences of having once been in a state of fusion, and the tufa, without possessing indications of fusion, exhibits an amalgamated mass of ashes, stones, and other substances, cemented by the operation of fire. The range of hills from Pocombe to Cleeve is evidently volcanic, as are the quarries of Thorverton, to the north of Exeter. On the heights of Hennock, iron scoria, with other volcanic phenomena, abound in great quantities, and which may be traced through the whole of the southern district. With such indications of the existence, in some unrecorded period, of volcanic influence, pervading nearly the whole of Devonshire, it becomes natural to ascribe many of the conical hills in this county to the action of subterraneous fires."

All the Torrs on Dartmoor have been esteemed, rather fancifully, by some geologists, to bear traces of volcanic origin, encompassed as they are, say they, by stones, from their summit to their base; the larger being in the vicinity of the presumed crater, and the smaller, from their less specific gravity, becoming gradually diminished, down to the valleys. The summits of these Torrs at present discover, to the cool observer, no indications of extinct craters, but rather present high protuberant, naked rocks, which, on the volcanic supposition, must have been raised by the interior influence of fire; and which fire must then completely have filled up the crater, ("with dove-tailed exactness,") so as to have obliterated all traces of its adjustment, and that not with volcanic substances, but with genuine granite, the precise material of the exterior crust.

Brent-Torr, on Dartmoor, rises conically to a great height, (like Mount Tabor) from a complete level. But though, in the midst of a granite country, and though all the torrs in its vicinity are substantially granite, yet this particular torr abounds with marine substances, and is wholly unmixed with the moor-stone. Another peculiarity, somewhat similar, appears in Devonshire. Dartmoor consists of one mass of fractured granite; Haldon, on the contrary, a prodigious hill, within sight of Dartmoor, presents

On yonder mount, where crags unnumbered lie,
 Too poor for praise, too mean for rivalry,
 One lordly rock, his head, disdainful, rears, 45
 Braving the tempests of a thousand years,—
 The dark and gloomy giant of the waste,
 Whom eve-o’ertaken travellers pass in haste,
 And, gazing at his front, austere and rude,
 Start at the wizard haunts of solitude.⁷ 50

Ascending still ; each moment to my eyes,
 New wilds extend, and prouder summits rise.
 The limpid streams, so late that tortuous ran
 Down Dartmoor’s sides, when first my toil began ;
 Boasting no name, by dews nocturnal fed, 55
 And early lost mid reeds that near them spread :
 Such now have vanish’d, while a nobler train,
 From loftier springs, pass boisterous to the plain ;

unequivocal evidence of having once been submerged in the ocean, as its component parts consist wholly of sand, flints, and pebbles, the produce of the sea ; of which the most careless traveller cannot be unobservant. Yet the operation of fire in several parts of Devonshire is not less apparent. I have collected stones from the neighbourhood of *Bradninch*, of an irregular brick-like size, heterogeneous, cavernous, vitrified, and in other respects presenting clear indications of having been operated upon by fire. This opinion is sanctioned by several scientific friends, and the inhabitants of the district state, that such stones are very generally found *on* the soil, and *in* the soil, through a great extent of country.

(7) Superstition has been busy with several of the Dartmoor rocks. No county in England has been more remarkable for its diversified superstitions than Devonshire, of which a good enumeration will be found in Ellis’s edition of Brand’s *Popular Antiquities*,

Winding through hollows in their mazy round,
 And to the sea, howe'er diverted, bound. 60
 These speed through banks that wrath departed show,
 The neutral soil where herbs forbear to grow ; 8
 Through devious paths with hoarse impatience glide,
 'Neath brambles oft, which matted straws bestride :
 Dangling with every breeze, detained, when last, 65
 Bearing their spoils, the floods imperious past.
 Some simple flowers, attendant, fresh and fair,
 Shed grateful perfumes on the "desert air:"
 "Sweet-gale," and "Thyme," and "Spleenwort" here
 expand,
 "Dwarf-raspb'ries" that confess th' ungenial land ; 9 70
 "Daisies," in every nook of verdure found,
 Or "Violets," that empurple far the ground ;
 The "Sun-dew" pure, her *crystal drop* descried, 10
 And thou, tall "Foxglove !" 11 still Danmonium's 12 pride.

(8) Many of the rivers in Dartmoor exhibit this "*neutral soil*" in a more striking degree than most other rivers, from their unusual declivity, and from being so peculiarly subject to the operation of storms. The banks that confine these rivers, often to a considerable elevation, are, for the most part, bare of vegetation, from the frequent recurrence of floods, which successively sweep away the rising plants.

(9) The wild raspberry is not seen on Dartmoor, but is often found in its immediate vicinity.

(10) The great sun-dew is found chiefly in moist places, and is remarkable for retaining in its calix, even in the warmest season, one globule of clear water.

(11) The *Digitalis* grows no where more luxuriantly than in Devonshire. I have occasionally noticed this plant by the sides of woods, and in sheltered places, majestically ascending to the height of between five and six feet.

(12) An ancient race of Britons, named *Danmoni*, inhabited

The mists, that round yon Peak centering spread,
 Changes portend that mountain dwellers dread.
 Clouds, dense and lowering, throng the western sky;
 A pause proclaims aerial conflicts nigh,¹³
 Save when, (the equal prelude that dismays)
 On summits bleak, the winds their voices raise, 80
 Heard in the stillness, like the sullen roar
 From Ocean's distant wave-assaulted shore.
 Now storms conflicting burst upon the ear;
 The wild-goat hurries to his covert near¹⁴ —

the modern counties of Cornwall and Devon. Cornwall was sometimes called western Danmonium, and Devonshire eastern. *Gough* considers it probable that, according to the division established by Alfred, the whole of Devonshire was included in Cornwall. The Cornish Britons lived at Exeter, till conquered by Athelstan, A. D. 736, and the fee farm of Exeter still pertains to the Dukes of Cornwall.

(13) The winter storms are so severe on Dartmoor, that the neighbouring farmers are never hardy enough to hazard their flocks and cattle on the Moor during the winter months. The autumn-sown corn, if forward in its growth, at the close of the year, has its roots often bared, and its stems torn from the ground by the fury of the winds. Other apparently insurmountable objections to the winter farming on Dartmoor arise from the absence of vegetable sustenance and dry forage. Young Plantations suffer from the same cause.—Many hundred thousand trees have been destroyed by the tempests, and the few trees which are occasionally seen in the more sheltered spots, decline uniformly towards the east, from the force and continuance of the western and winter storms. The prevalence and depth of snow also, in the rigorous months, are other fearful impediments to the pasturing of cattle in the winter. In humble imitation of the Alpine Points, the Torrs of Dartmoor long retain their pall of snow, when verdure and comparative heat prevail over the contiguous country.

(14) Wild goats are common in the ruder parts of Dartmoor.

Whilst quivering flags before the tempest bend, 85
 Rains, with brief warning, torrent-like descend ;
 And the loud gust, ascending peal on peal,
 Comes with a might that probes the heart of steel.

Where are the silver rills that wound their way
 Through tufted reeds, or spiring rushes gay ; 90
 Too small to shadow, in their face below,
 The peaceful flowers that on their margin blow ?
 Or, where the streams, reflecting Heaven's clear dyes,
 That roll'd o'er cress which vainly strove to rise,
 Soothing the sense with their melodious song, 95
 As to the vale they sparkling danced along ;—
 Haply to turn some clattering mill beside,
 Or bear to *sister towns* their crystal tide ? ¹⁵

In the reign of Henry III. when some considerable parts of the old Forest remained, “ Forest Deer” were also common. These deer are still occasionally found on Exmoor, and its adjacent hills, and in no other part of Great Britain, except the dreariest of the Scotch Highlands.

(15) The town of Plymouth and Plymouth-Dock are both copiously supplied with water from Dartmoor, by means of two of the numerous springs which issue thence. They have been directed to these towns, through artificial channels, which is the more entitled to admiration, as the objects could not be effected without observing one continued *inclined plane*, from their source, to their efflux. These streams, as might be supposed, run in the most circuitous direction for 40 miles, wandering from the side of one hill to another ; sometimes proceeding through deep ravines, and at other times being conducted over small valleys in the form of aqueducts. They not unfrequently cross the different roads lying to the south-west of the moor, where they are not to be distinguished from common brooks. The noblest of the two streams

Fled ! like the savage, savage to engage,
 At every blast convulsed with deeper rage ! 100
 See, in long lines of terrible array,
 Th' impetuous waters, foaming, force their way.
 If wrathful thus the mountain *rills* appear,
 What forms must Dartmoor's headstrong *rivers* bear ?

is that which supplies Plymouth. Though the utility of the measure cannot be enhanced by any adventitious circumstance, yet it has derived additional celebrity from having been the present of Sir Francis Drake. After the whole channel, or tank, was completed, and the felicitous day was announced, for the entrance of an everlasting spring of the finest water into Plymouth, Sir Francis Drake marched out, at the head of the Corporation of Plymouth, in grand procession, to meet the approaching water; and an incident more rationally joyous has rarely occurred.

The increase of Plymouth-Dock, (now denominated "Devonport,") near Plymouth, from a hamlet to a populous town, is a modern circumstance. Whilst it was thus advancing towards its present eminence, the inhabitants experienced the want of good water, and observing how well Plymouth was artificially supplied, they naturally desired, for a valuable consideration, to partake of the same water, which, from its superabundance, was deemed more than equal to the supply of both towns. This application was resisted on the part of Plymouth, and the applicants were subsequently obliged to seek out another Dartmoor spring, and to conduct it, like their neighbours, through a widely serpentine line to their own dwellings. The two streams often nearly collapse, and then again are extensively separated, and, considering the numerous valleys, with the mountainous nature of the country, through which these streams flow, it is a marvellous instance of nice coincidence and of mechanical contrivance, that two such levels should have been obtained.

We learn from Boswell, that Dr. Johnson happened to be at *Plymouth* when the inhabitants of Dock made their application, on which our great Lexicographer characteristically exclaimed, "Don't let the Dockers have a drop !"

Taw, Yealme, and Stour, by countless streamlets fed, 105
Plunging infuriate down their rocky bed ;¹⁶—

(16) The beds of all the Dartmoor rivers are strewed with stones, and in general the size of these stones is proportionate to the strength and magnitude of the current. They are commonly supposed to be carried down by the floods, from the higher ground; but this opinion I suspect to be founded in error, not only from my own observation, as far as it has extended, but from general reasoning. If there were a progression in these stones, there must be a perpetual supply of them in the first part of the process, and a prodigious accumulation at the place where the precipitous river lost itself in level water: but this is so far from being the fact, that they appear not more numerous at the point where these rivers disgorge themselves into the ocean, than they are in their midway course, or throughout any of their intermediate stages. The more rational opinion is, that the stones are embedded in the soil through which such rivers flow, and the operation of the water only washes away the interstitial earth, and thereby disentangles the stones, and presents them naked to the view, in their almost everlasting beds.

An observing eye will notice in the banks which circumscribe these hilly rivers, numerous stones (of the same character as those which are in the bed of the stream) just starting out, as the banks moulder from the operation of the elements, and ready to augment similar fragments which are opposing the stream. It is impossible for any one, who has inspected the soil of Dartmoor, to entertain a doubt, but that if a new river were to burst out from any part of this mountainous region, it would soon form for itself a rocky channel, not by levelling contributions from the higher ground, but by merely carrying away the encircling earth, and allowing the immured fragments to subside into the channel of the river.

Teign,¹⁷ in whose breast eternal discord reigns,
 Or thou fierce *Dart*!¹⁸ indignant at thy chains?
 So late who sped'st, dispensing murmurs faint,
 Though arm'd with power, yet yielding to constraint;
 Whose earnest flow th' obstructing stone divides,
 Stain'd with the *weeds* that clothe its jagged sides;
 Stretch'd out amid the current deep and strong,
 And *waving* as it, lucid, pours along!
 Now swoll'n by sudden storm, with furious force, 115
 Onward thou bear'st whate'er would stem thy course;
 Vex'd, madden'd, sending forth the fearful roar,
 Then, winding round *yon point*, art seen no more!¹⁹

(17) The River *Teign* rises on Dartmoor, near *Gidleigh*. Its course through the Moor is uniformly tumultuous, and, after leaving it, is often confined by valleys, through which it forces its way, with great violence, arising from the rocky fragments which crowd its bed. This agitated and foaming appearance is in a high degree increased after any of those sudden storms, or rather burstings of the clouds, to which Dartmoor is peculiarly liable.

(18) The *Dart* rises on Dartmoor, at a bog, called "Cranmeer-pool." This river is supposed to have derived its name from its velocity, like the *Arrow* in Warwickshire. The *Dart* is the most rapid of all the Dartmoor Rivers, and, from the huge stones which obstruct its course, its monotonous roar, at some seasons, may be heard at a great distance.

(19) The representation of a boisterous river suddenly withdrawing behind an intervening object, may often be seen on Dartmoor; but the writer never beheld it more impressively, than from the cottage recently erected by the Duke of Bedford, near Tavistock.

It would be almost high treason against the picturesque, to name this cottage unaccompanied by expressions of approbation. Its site

Semblance of man, disquieted in vain,
 Treading ambition's path, intent on gain ; 120
 Flush'd now with honours ; panting for renown ;
 Scorning all toils to grasp the laurel-crown ;
 Loud, eager, ardent, hurrying on his way,
 Disturb'd, or torn, by jarring passion's sway,
 Scheme and device exuberant in his soul, 125
 Till death, that foe *abrupt* ! subverts the whole !

Is it some vagrant phantasy ? the change,
 Seems mightier than the last, so new ! so strange !
 The clouds discharged, from their unknown retreat,
 The zephyrs back return on pinion fleet ; 130

was determined upon by His Grace, with great taste, from its combining as rare an assemblage of *home beauties*, as England can perhaps exhibit. The cottage, without violating simplicity, is such as befits a summer residence of so opulent and illustrious a nobleman. It stands on the side of a hill, and looks down, over an extensive and sloping lawn, upon the beautiful river Tamar, which flows, foaming over its rocky bed for about a mile, and then withdraws into impenetrable thickets. The opposite side of the river presents a vast and romantic wood, through which commodious roads have been formed. The trees adjacent to the cottage are luxuriant and varied, whilst occasional meadows interspersed amongst the declivities, combined with the spreading and dark foliage, agreeably diversify the scene, and vividly recall to the mind of the spectator, the happy valley of Rasselas. The most comprehensive views are commanded from the neighbouring eminences.

The interior of the house doubtless accords with the dignified simplicity of the exterior ; but, by an odd coincidence, the writer was prevented from entering this superb cottage, for on driving up to the house, in July, 1819, he found that his Grace of Bedford, who had not visited this spot for *two years*, had arrived there *the very evening preceding*.

And in their comeliest garb (heaven's azure clear,)
Once more these crags and leafless wilds appear.

Moss have I seen, where, by the Moon's pale light,
Dryads might trip with fairies through the night,
(While Philomela gave th' inspiring lay, 135
The eye profane of mortal held at bay,)
Spread o'er some *wood*, or, mantling aged wall,
With the next war of winds ordain'd to fall ;
Or crowning hut forlorn, 'neath beechen shade,
Prosperous itself, but all below decay'd, 140
Yet *here* the region is of that sweet flower,²⁰
Which decks the stones with many an elfin bower,
Through which the beetle peeps, or wanders o'er
His tiny vestibule, or corridor ;
While near him, in the curious coil of grey, 145
The sly aranea waits her hapless prey.

Where is the lovelier sight than mountain steep,
When blustering storms, exhausted, sink to sleep ;
The Sun aloft in cloudless pomp, serene,
With wild magnificence, the circling scene ; 150
Rocks, hills, and sky in sleep lethean bound,
Nor one discordant voice obtruding round ?
Excess of joy that verges fast on pain !
Silence maintains, *too* undisturb'd her reign.
In this secluded hour, when all is still, 155
And thoughts, fantastic, captive lead the will ;
The spirit, borne on fancy's airy car,
Uncurb'd by reason's cold, but polar star,

(20) Moss, of the most luxuriant kind, is found on Dartmoor.

Environ'd by the desolate and vast ;
 Requires a clear remembrance of the past, 160
 To feel afresh th' indissoluble ties
 Of earth, and all her softening charities.

What prospects in succession, wide as new,
 From yon high *Peak* might break upon my view !
 Form'd for dominion, 'tired in royal mien, 165
 On which the rays of evening long are seen,
 (Its splendour with beneficence combined,
 Warning, mid bogs, the flag-collecting hind,)
 When night, the soft enticer to repose,
 Her sable canopy o'er Nature throws. 170
 With labour hard that brow august is gain'd !
 Confusion here her rule hath long maintain'd :
 Far off, dismantled, stands the stannier stone,²¹
 With here and there the tower of age unknown ;²²

(21) The laws of the Stannaries, for regulating the Tinnerns, are still in force, though circumscribed. The counties of Devon and Cornwall are within the Stannaries, and are both under the Lord Warden, who is appointed by the Duke of Cornwall. His Deputies are the Vice-Wardens for each county. The Stannators who composed the Parliament, presided over by the Warden, were elected by the Mayors of four Towns, called Coinage Towns, Chagford, Ashburton, Plympton, and Tavistock. Sir T. Tyrwhitt is the present Lord Warden.

A late Traveller has expressed surprise at not having witnessed, on Crockern Torr, that grand display of stone seats and tables, so long famous, and which for ages accommodated the Stannier Parliament, who assembled annually on this spot.—Judge Buller's servants might have thrown light on this subject ; for, in one of the long absences of the Judge, wanting stones for a particular erection, they fixed on these antique chairs, and soon demolished them, to the regret, it was said, of the Judge, as it is of the Antiquarian.

Deep ravines, fretted by the wintry flood,²³ 175
 And large, tho' dwarfish still, old Wistman's wood.²⁴

(22) There are, in Scotland, numerous slender, lofty, circular Towers with one door, elevated some feet from the ground: They are exactly similar to the round tower of Ardmore, and many others in Ireland. These are supposed to have been built about the tenth century, and for the confinement of penitents, while they were performing penance. On this account, these towers are always found in the neighbourhood of churches, both in Scotland and Ireland, and were understood to be used in the following manner. The penitents were placed in the loftiest story of the tower, (which commonly consisted of five or six stories,) where having made probation, or done penance, for a specified time, according to the heinousness of their crimes, they were then permitted to descend to the next floor, and so on, by degrees, till they came to the door, which always faced the entrance of the church, where they stood to receive absolution from the clergy, and the blessings of the people. Several towers, somewhat similar to these, are now to be seen on Dartmoor, but for what purpose they were erected, or at what period, far removed, as they must have been, is unknown. See *Archæologia*, vol. 1.

(23) The ravines, or dry channels of the winter floods, are visible in several parts of Dartmoor. The scenery encompassing the Drewsteignton Logan-stone is singularly magnificent. The path which leads to it is by the side of the river Teign, which rolls its hoarse current beneath the precipitous hill of Peddledown, in one part of which hill, a large chasm, or ravine, is discovered, formed by the floods, which have carried away the soil, and left traces of their ravage, in a long indentation of shattered and bare rocks.

(24) In Risdon's time, (who was born 1580, and died 1640,) there were some acres, he says, of wood and trees, "that are a fathom about, and yet no taller than a man may touch the top with his hand, which is called *Wistman's wood*." — This wood is still in existence, and is the only remains of the ancient forest trees of

Oh, spot ! where, far from earth's cabal and crime,
 Man seems a being alien to the clime,
 One waste, continuous, meets the wearied eye,
 No motion, but the cloud slow sailing by, 180
 No sound remote, a death-like hush profound,
 With hills, the wreck of chaos, scatter'd round !

Is this the land where all things noble smile ?
 Can this belong to thee, my native Isle !
 O Britain ! in pre-eminence of worth, 185
 Who sit'st a queen o'er all the realms of earth ?
 With stately mansion, and meandering stream,
 Mid temples meet for an Elysian dream,

Dartmoor. They are at this time singularly stunted in their growth ; and though described as a fathom about, are only so apparently, the trunks being in due conformity to their height. This disproportionate bulk arises from the accumulation of *moss* which shoots out horizontally, and thus gives to the trees so remarkable an appearance. This wood, consisting of oak, lies to the north west of Crockern Torr, on the river Dart, (a short distance from the Inn, called the " Two Bridges.") The trees which exhibit so diminutive an aspect appear, as to many of them, to present only their *tops* to the spectator, and have evidently forced their way, with great pertinacity, through the crevices, produced by innumerable high-piled blocks of granite.

It is curious to observe the roots of some of the trees, differently circumstanced, creeping over the rocks, and shooting downwards, on each side their integuments in search of moisture ; a pursuit continued far beyond human scrutiny,

On these short and thick trees, (enveloped as they are with moss,) thorns, brambles, and other shrubs, are occasionally seen to grow, sustained by the decayed vegetable matter, and presenting an appearance, singular as it is grotesque. Some have supposed " Wistman's wood" to be a corruption of " Wise-man's wood," and have thereby identified it with the *Druids*.

Whose rich champaigns on every side present
 Peace, join'd with health, and labour with content ;
 Cots, flocks, and herds, which he who sees must love,
 With many a spire that points to worlds above ?
 In all the good, the generous, and refined,
 In all that moves the heart, exalts the mind,
 Bounding to heights, while others coldly climb ; 195
 Thy princely institutions, hoar with time,
 Never by man, in happiest age, surpass'd,
 (Heaven long protect them from the scathing blast
 Can this be Albion ? — views like these pertain
 To that sweet clime where beauty holds her reign, 200
 And all the Graces, all the Virtues shine,
 Arts, friendship, genius, visitants divine ?
 The spell is burst ? on Albion's ground I stand :
 Out, in the distance far, lies Ocean's strand !
 There *England's Navy* in her *Hamoaze* rides,²⁵ 205
 With Neptune's self that equal sway divides ;
 The wooden bulwarks to Britannia dear,
 Which the whole world alternate laud, and fear.

Twice have I travers'd Dartmoor's hills and plains,
 But still the curse, the barren curse, remains ; 210

(25) Hamoaze, or Plymouth Harbour. The rocks bordering on the Haw, or Hoe, near Hamoaze, are those over which, it is stated, *Corinæus*, (though a saint and a bishop,) hurled the giant *Gogmagog*, in solemn combat. Plymouth furnishes an instance of a town imperceptibly changing its name, without any other assignable cause than its proximity to the river Plym. Plymouth was formerly called *Sutton*, divided into two districts, or towns, *Sutton Vautort* and *Sutton Prior*, from the two great families of *Vautort* and *Prior*. *Sutton-Pool* is the only living memorial of its original name.

Spring scarce can thaw the rigours of her sky,
 And, without offering, Autumn passes by ;
 Yet charms there are in shapeless tracks like these,
 Distemper'd wilds possess their power to please.
 Here, varied as the visions of the night, 215
 Earth's fractured elements my gaze invite ;
 Views of dark horror, yet, that lustre shed,
 And prospects which commingle joy with dread.

Said I, that all was barrenness alone,—
 Vales, boundless spread, with summits strew'd with
 stone ? 220

Prepared no vestige of mankind to see,
 No features rose but wide sterility ;
 Now, through the grander lineaments, my eye
 Perceives, with wonder, kindlier objects nigh.
 So, haply, deeds at which our hands we raise, 225
 Survey'd with closer scan might challenge praise ;
 So oft in foes, beheld through passion blind,
 Virtues despair'd of, *Charity* might find.

Estranged, long time, from every human trace,
 At glimpse of man, smiles kindle in my face ; 230
 For, mid the winding road that lies below,²⁶
 One traveller journeys on, with footsteps slow,

(26) An important preliminary to the reclaiming of Dartmoor was made about fifty years ago, by the formation of a Turnpike-road from Tavistock to Moreton-Hampstead, with collateral branches to Ashburton and Plymouth. The institution of turnpikes commenced in England so late as the reign of George II. and, like all other projected improvements, it encountered, in its origin, much opposition. One political economist of that day, a Mr. Chapple, predicted that two of the innumerable malign conse-

Oft pausing some disrupted clift to view,
Till *home*-allurements prompt his pace anew.

quences which would inevitably result from turnpike roads, would be “ a rise in the price of oats,” and “ a re-acting fall in the price of wheat !”

But though regular turnpikes were so recently established, tolls at the entrance of particular towns have been known from the time of the Saxons. During one period of the Heptarchy, fairs were held of a Sunday in the churches, and directly after service, that those who came from a distance might purchase their necessary articles on the day in which they were compelled to leave their homes for the purposes of devotion. An impropriety, however, appeared in attending to these secular concerns on a Sunday, when the fair was changed from Sunday to Saturday, and sometimes to *Monday*, still to accommodate the religious who came from remote parts. When the Bishops and Abbots observed the quantity of goods brought to these fairs, they obtained from the King authority to establish tolls at the entrance of the towns, by which their funds were often greatly increased.

Many precautions were adopted to preserve good order in these fairs, as well as to prevent theft and cheating, one of which was not a little singular. When a fair was held within the precincts or jurisdiction of a cathedral, or monastery, every man was required to take *an oath* at the *gate* before he was permitted to pass, that, during his continuance in the fair, he would neither *lie*, *steal*, nor *cheat*.

I may suggest, that few legislative enactments would more promote the moral improvement of the country than a transfer, universally, of the Monday's markets to Tuesdays. A few years ago, the Writer sent the following letter to a Plymouth Paper, and the importance of the subject will justify, in the estimation of every humane mind, its insertion in this place.

“ *To the Editor of the Plymouth and Dock Journal.*

“ SIR, — I understand that a regulation adopted in this town, during the past year, by which one-half of the Hackney Coaches were withdrawn from the stand *on a Sunday*, has given general sa-

Now I behold, upon the subject plain, 235
 The black peat-hillocks, and the pannier-train,
 Bearing the winter store to dwelling green —
 In some far dell, by none but *hunter* seen,²⁷

tisfaction. As a stranger, I rejoice in so fair an occasion for commending the magistracy of Plymouth, and am happy to say, the honourable example set in this place is likely *to be followed in other towns*. I would take the liberty, briefly, to suggest to your liberal and enlightened Corporation, that there is still one regulation, which, if adopted by them, would prevent great evil, and be productive of incalculable good,—I mean the transfer of one of your **MARKET-DAYS** from *Monday* to *Tuesday*. There is no benevolent individual whose mind can be unaffected in contemplating the pernicious consequences which result from this *Monday's Market*. The profanation of the Sabbath takes place on a larger scale, and that of *perpetual recurrence*. The farmers, from whom the cattle and other stock are received; the butchers; the gardeners; the drovers, and other subordinate agents, are all busy, and often constantly employed through the Sunday, ‘the Christian’s day of rest!’ till, by an estrangement, often total, to the religious institutions of their country, their minds, in very many instances, become demoralized, and they live and die ‘like the brutes that perish!’ If the Corporation of Plymouth should view this subject in its right and comprehensive light, a sanguine hope may be entertained that they will promptly transfer the *Monday's market* to the *following day*; which, in the first place, would be acceptable to their Maker, and, at the same time, confirm the high estimation in which their moral characters and judicious laws are regarded by distant towns.”

“ Z.”

“ Plymouth, Sept. 2, 1822.”*

(27) Dartmoor has always been famous for the Chase. David de Sciredun held lands in Sciredun and Siplegh by the service of finding two arrows when the King came to hunt in the *Forest of Dartmoor*.

*What a triumph for humanity would it be if *London* were to set the example!

When, bounding on through perils manifold,
 He tracks his scent, from crag, from hold to hold, 240
 Till sudden check'd; the game and chase have flown;
 He stops, a hallow'd sympathy to own:
 The light blue vapours, from the chimney rude,
 (In that wild scene of waste and solitude,
 Rising toward Heaven in many a circle fair, 245
 Speak to his heart, of social life, e'en *there*.

Objects, to human notice scarce reveal'd,
 In times like these, some hues attractive yield.
 Welcome, ye ants! that with the dawn appear,
 Welcome, ye filmy insects! sporting near; 250
 (Childe's solitary tomb, in this lone place,²⁸
 Might prove a link to bind me to my race;)

(28) A hunter, of the name of Childe, once lost his life on Dartmoor. It appears, from Risdon, that the town of Plymstock belonged to this man, and that he left in his will, that in whatever Abbey he should be buried, his income, derived from the town of "Plimstock, should belong to that Abbey." It so happened that as he was hunting amongst the wilds of Dartmoor, he lost both his companions and his way, and, it being winter, he was frozen to death. The men of "Tavistock" soon found the body, and were proceeding to bear it away, when they were opposed by the men of Plymstock, who, however, reserved their grand struggle for the passage of the Cavalcade over the bridge. The men of Tavistock being aware of their design, threw a temporary bridge over another part of the river, and by this finesse secured both the interment and the emolument which depended on it.

Childe's Tomb-stone, on the Moor, near Crockern Torr, was formerly to be seen, on which was engraven,

"They fyrste that fyndes, and brings me to my grave,
 "The Priorie of Plimstoke they shall have."

Fuller says that over the river where this temporary bridge was

Welcome, ye sheep ! far off that herded lie,
 Screen'd by some mouldering bank from sun or fly ;
 Welcome, ye birds ! that there your gambols take ;²⁹
 What shapes are those, that wildering thoughts awake,
 Discern'd upon yon prominence of stone,
 In hour of sport grotesque by Nature thrown ?
 So sagely grave, the mane half worn away,
 Trailing to earth, with coats of iron grey — 260
 Their chests a forest, and their haunches bare,
 Their shapeless legs, masses of shaggy hair,
 With downcast look, still as the rock beneath ?
 Colts ! Dartmoor Colts ! the roughest forms that
 breathe !³⁰

thrown, a substantial bridge was afterwards erected, of which the name was, appropriately enough, “ Guile-Bridge, unto this day.”

(29) Independently of the smaller birds, the Black Moor-game are found on Dartmoor, as are Snipes and Woodcocks.—In the midst of summer, the Royston, or Hooded-crow is also seen there. The black Eagle has sometimes been observed on Dartmoor.

(30) Dartmoor and Exmoor have ever been famous for their breed of wild horses. They are regarded as having been indigenous to the country, more than any other race of horses. Once a year, a large cavalcade used to advance into Exmoor, and drive all the horses which were found into an enclosed part, at which place they were beaten, and otherwise treated with great harshness, in order to reduce their spirit, when they were sold to different purchasers at twenty shillings each and upwards. These horses were commonly about eleven hands high, and from their mountainous habits, were more sure footed than any other horses ; ascending and descending declivities with a safety equal to the Spanish mules. After their long and severe winter run, the Dartmoor horses assume a singularly rough appearance, which is increased as the summer advances. At this season they may be observed, with

Ah ! there, till now unkenn'd, in cheerful white,
 A cot, amid the marshes, meets my sight.
 O memory ! why so treacherous, once so true ;
 Sweet recollections crowd upon my view :
 The self-same cot, at which, in season past,
 I call'd, and, hungry, broke my lengthen'd fast ; 270
 Converse indulged, reciprocal and kind,
 (The “ splendid shilling ” duly left behind,)
 The very Dame who spread her homely fare,
 And earnest press'd the stranger, lo ! is there :—
 For ever busy, though, as sunk the Sun, 275
 Deploring that so much remain'd undone,
 Yet who, true wisdom ! still could time afford
 To read her Bible, ever on her board.
 In kersey-coat, by gales uncourteous fann'd,
 With neat white bib, and basket in her hand, 280
 I see her on the scatter'd furze present
 Her garments to the bleaching firmament.
 And there appears the hospitable sire,
 Rearing the *turf-pile* for his Christmas fire,³¹

the intrepidity of goats, hovering about the pinnacles of the mountains, and their appearance is in the highest degree grotesque. Their new coat is about half received, often of a dingy grey colour, intermixed with the coat of the *last year*, which is remarkably long and ragged, and of a darker colour, whilst its matted extremities are turned brown or bay.

Since Exmoor has been purchased by a spirited and speculating individual, the breed of wild horses in that district has disappeared, preparatory to the projected cultivation of the soil. In the year 1822 some fine crops of grain were reaped on the few parts of Exmoor which have now, for the first time, since the creation, been subdued to the dominion of man.

(31) Turf, sometimes denominated fen, or peat, or blackwood,

While rosy children, with their flaxen hair,
 Loose to the wind, officious burdens bear :
 Bless'd Ignorance ! who, as their mountains, free,
 Deem the whole world comprised in what they see.

Some stunted trees before the dwelling grow, 290
 Bent from th' Atlantic blast, their bitterest foe.

is found in great abundance in the marshy parts of Dartmoor. The inhabitants, for many miles round, resort to these marshes in the summer season, for the purpose of cutting turf, which they use as their winter fuel, or convert into an article of commerce. It is customary with these men to cut the turf into cakes of about twelve inches long, and six in breadth, which they form into numerous piles. The cakes, like a timber merchant's deals, are always placed at a little distance from each other, so as to allow the drying process to go on, by the passage of the air through their interstices. The turf is commonly cut in the early part of summer, when it is completely wet, and by the autumn it is become hard and dry enough to be removed, which is done by horses, with large panniers, as wheel-carriages cannot pass over so yielding a surface. The turf consists of an earthy, soft, black, and spongy substance, plentifully intermixed with fibrous matter. The marshes, where it is cut, including a large tract of country, present, in summer, the appearance of extensive hay-fields, the regularly marshalled cocks of which are conical and *black*.

An experienced turf-cutter cautiously abstains from cutting *through* the fibrous integuments, especially if he be sensible of an undulating motion, as this motion indicates the presence of *water* underneath, from the sinking into which he is alone prevented by a superincumbent stratum of turf, which is often not a foot thick. There is a tradition on Dartmoor, that a man and horse once sank in one of these treacherous turf-bogs, and that not a vestige of either was ever discovered, except the man's hat. Collinson speaks of a similar bog in Somersetshire, in passing over which, a tremulous motion is perceived, and from good cause, as water of great depth is immediately below.

A strip of corn, the time-worn stones among,
 Waves slowly to the breeze that sweeps along,
 While near it, skirting a tumultuous stream,
 Herbage, long mown, invites the sun's warm beam;
 Nor these alone discreet remembrance show
 Of Autumn's wind, and bleak December's snow;
 Around the crazy door, which mounds defend,
Potatoes thrive, the poor man's greatest friend.³³
 Though their lean kine, perverse, too far have stray'd,
 Or in their garden floods have ravage made;
 Though oft they watch the Heavens, and oft retire,
 Chill'd still with rains, to stir the ember fire,³⁴
 Forbear your pity! let the current flow,
 Here wasted, in behalf of *real woe*! 305
 Many, in ermine clad, oppress'd with cares,
 Rest not, at night, with hearts so light as theirs,
 With them *solicitude* has slender range,
 They know no contrast, and they fear no change;
 And though hard fare, their birth-right, they endure,
 Pleasures their hearth surround, if humble, pure:
 The mountain winds conspire to brace and cheer,
 And brute intemperance is a stranger here:
 Theirs are the wants which men unpamper'd crave,
 And theirs the hopes that stretch beyond the grave. 315

(33) Potatoes grow luxuriantly in the soil of Dartmoor, as do also carrots and cabbages; but turnips have not been found to resist the severities of winter.

(34) The atmosphere of Dartmoor is singularly humid. The wife of a farmer, who had persisted for two years in attempting to cultivate a part of the moor, and who afterwards relinquished the undertaking as unprofitable, declared to a friend of the writer, that her clothes were not dry for *eight months together*.

Beholding hills, upon whose iron breast,
 A permanence of being seems imprest ;
 The same through ages past, and still to be,
 The earthly emblem of eternity ;
 Th' excursive thought, (whilst these unmoved remain,)
 Traces the shifting scenes of mortals vain ;
 Man's little great concerns, kings' rise and fall,
 While Dartmoor downward looks, and scorns it all.
 The spirit, free as is the ambient air,
 Throws back her glance upon the times that *were* ; 325
 Dwells on the years, by mental night o'ercast,
 When skins preserved our fathers from the blast ;
 When the barbaric faith of ancient days,
 Shone here with direful and concenter'd blaze.
 What crowds upon the very sward I tread, 330
 Once revered idols, bending low the head,
 As they survey'd their stone-gods drench'd in gore ;
 Or heard their voices in the thunder's roar ;
 Or drown'd with shouts the agonizing cry
 From peopled-wickers, kindling wide the sky —³⁵ 335
 But these deform'd prostrations of the mind
 Have to oblivion's gulf been long consign'd ;
 Or lightly float on memory's tranquil stream,
 The shadowy vestige of a morning dream.

Disastrous hour, when Hell, our race to cheat, 340
 First sanctified the forest's dark retreat ;
 That once, as Heaven's vicegerents, DRUIDS led
 To seek these wilds, with tangling trees o'erspread ;
 To brave the mountain-torrent, foaming by,
 And here prefer their curs'd idolatry :³⁶ 345

(35) See Note 36.

On yonder beacon of dismantled stone,
 To raise the altar, hear their victims groan ;
 And hope, delusive dream ! by deeds like these,
 Avenging heaven to deprecate or please,
 Up yon tall crags e'en now the sign appears, 350
 Steps coarsely wrought, the work of unknown years, ³⁷

(36) One of the sanguinary rites of the Druids, was the following. They took a man, who was appointed to be a victim, and placing him on the bare rock, the Arch-druid killed him with one stroke of the sword, above the diaphragm ; and by observing the posture in which he fell, his different convulsions, and the direction in which the blood flowed, he confidently predicted the future.

It was unhappily an article in the Druidical creed, that the most efficacious sacrifice was *man*, from which barbarous superstition, the altars of the Druids constantly streamed with human blood. On some great occasion they formed a huge colossal figure of a man, of osier twigs, and having filled it with human victims, they surrounded it with hay and other combustible materials, and then set fire to the pile, which soon reduced the whole to ashes.

The Druids held nothing so sacred as the mistletoe of the oak. As this vegetable excrescence was rarely found, whenever they discovered it, on some principal festival, they advanced in grand assemblage, and with imposing pomp, to gather it. When all the preparations under the oak were made, both for the sacrifice and consequent banquet, they tied two white bulls to the tree, when the officiating Druid, clothed in white, mounted the oak, and with a knife of gold cut the sacred mistletoe. It was received into a white consecrated sagum, with the appointed ceremonies, and then they proceeded to their sacrifices and feastings.

(37) On High-torr, on the south-east border of Dartmoor, there is at the present time a regular flight of steps, by which the Druidical Priests ascended to the Rock-basin on the summit, and where they performed their ceremonies, while the superstitious multitude were assembled below.

By which the priests ascended, hosts in sight,
 To the rock-basin on the loftiest height,³⁸
 And there perform'd, while Pity's eyes o'erflow,
 Rites ! Moloch rites ! o'er which the veil we throw.

Did ever *Science*, on her blazon'd throne,
 (Worshipp'd by some, who worship *her* alone !)
 Did ever *Learning*, to the stars allied,
 Glory of man, by none but fools decried ;—
 Did ever *Nature*, whose ecstatic praise, 360
 Crowds echo, who no higher thought can raise ;
 Did ever *Genius*, in her flights sublime,
 Spurning the narrow bounds of space and time ;
 Did ever these, with being's endless form,
 Summer's mild breeze, or Winter's driving storm, 365
 Revolving seasons, e'en the midnight sky,
 Proclaiming, " thunder-tongued," a deity !
 Subdue the harden'd, cruelty restrain,
 Or turn the wandering heart from idols vain ?
 See Druids in their reeking vestments bound, 370
 While cliffs and rills, and sylvan scenes surround !
 View Bramah's swarthy sons, 'mong genial skies,
 Offering to demons nightly sacrifice !

(38) The Rock-Basins of the Druids are still visible on the summits of many of the highest torrs of Dartmoor. These basins are sometimes found perfectly circular ; at other times they are oval. Their size varies from six feet to a few inches. Some have lips to allow water, or otherwise the blood of their victims, to flow from one basin into another. In some instances the higher basins are small, and are connected with each other by these lips, when the contents of all the basins were received into a large one, less elevated. On Pen-torr are four basins cut on the highest stone, and each is four feet in diameter.

See Vishnoo, Boodh, and Moslem devotees,
 Framing their sensual Heavens, mid rocks and trees !
 Witness the sages, boasts of elder time,
 Who dared, *save one*, all hills of knowledge climb,
 And, failing there, the record left behind,
 That none, "by wisdom," God, might seek and find.

What hallowed Being here directs her flight? 380
 Her flowing robe of pure and pearly white ;
 With radiant chaplets, borrowed from the Sun,
 Bearing the olive wreath on Calvary won' ?
 Her brow benignant ; meek, her look divine,
 As Love, when pleading at Devotion's shrine ? 385
 Wheree'er the form angelic wings her way,
 Harpies, which feed on man, resign their prey !
 All deeds of darkness vanish, that consume,
 Life, just expanding, hurried to the tomb !
 Or Juggernaut, or Shivu's orgies vile ! 390
 Infanticide, the widow's blazing pile,
 Remorseless, "red-eyed" superstition wild,
 Feasting the famish'd tigress with his child !
 Or bearing onward (still the passion, *blood* !)
 His sire, to gorge the shark in Ganges' flood ! 395
 These all, the brood of Erebus, retire
 At her approach, abash'd, to dens of fire !
 Celestial Visitant ! o'er this dark earth,
 Enlarge thy triumphs ! give that kingdom birth,
 Which only can the powers of Hell restrain, 400
 And consummate, O Peace ! thy righteous reign.

In days, less rude, when War his banners rear'd,
 How may these wilds, by turns, have awed and cheer'd.

Perchance, in all their martial pomp array'd,
 Some chieftains, high in fame, might here have stray'd ;
 Bold to *explore*, the prelude to *possess*,
 Who *fear'd*, at this *sepulchral* wilderness !
 Not so the Britons !³⁹ Vanquish'd by the foe,
 These heights they reach, whose windings well they
 know,

Nor pausing to survey the trackless waste, 410
 Up, earnest up, the “steep, rough” sides they haste,
 Braving the lone recesses of the Moor,
 Behind them Death, but Liberty before !
 At length, escaped beyond this belt of stone,
 Round them they gaze, and call *one* spot their own, 415
 Joy in their breasts, and transport in their eyes,
 Save when, with scorpion sting, the thoughts arise
 Of wrongs, oppressions, ever fresh, though past,
 Chiefly, when Britain's mothers shriek'd aghast ;
 Beholding, dread precursors of despair ! 420
 Assassins' daggers gleaming in the air !
 Sons, brothers, husbands, as with wounds they reel,
 Imploring mercy from the hearts of steel !
 The purple tide, there from the *banquet* ran,
 Wide-spreading, stain indelible on man !
 As *slaughter* closed, what *perfidy* began !⁴⁰

(39) After a succession of defeats, the Britons retired, before the Saxons, partly into Cornwall, and partly into Wales. Dartmoor is the strong and natural boundary between Devonshire and Cornwall, and as the Saxons pursued the Britons to Cornwall, without advancing into it, the almost impenetrable fastnesses of Dartmoor are represented as the primary circumstance which checked the Saxons, and saved the fugitives.

(40) “Hengist endeavoured to accomplish that by fraud,

Whence yonder glittering rays, far off, that beam,
 Like noon-tide lustre, on some restless stream?
 Faint sounds are heard! a motion slow is there!
 A shout imperfect vibrates in the air! 430
 The *Saxons* haste!⁴¹ List to their sturdy tread!
 The shining helms flash terrors from their head!

which he could not by force. He contrived a plot that, by its blackness, sullied the glory of all his former actions. As soon as the peace was concluded, he pretended to be mightily well pleased with it, and behaved in such a manner as showed he had no design of enlarging his conquests. The Britons, charmed with this seeming moderation, were easily comforted for the loss of Kent, imagining they knew the worst, and perhaps hoping one day to meet with a favourable juncture to recover it again. In the mean time, not to provoke a Prince whose valour they had so often experienced, they lived in an amicable manner with him. In short, their animosity against the Saxons by degrees entirely vanished. Hengist omitted nothing to keep them in a security which would lead them into the snare he was preparing for them. He let them know, his intention being to live in perfect union with them, he should be glad from time to time to keep up the good understanding between the two nations, by parties of pleasure. Vortigern, a passionate lover of such diversions, joyfully accepted his proposal, and went so far as to pay him the first visit, accompanied with 300 of his principal subjects. Hengist received them seemingly in a very respectful and cordial manner, which charmed the British Lords. His entertainment was splendid, and nothing was wanting to divert them; but towards the end of the feast, the scene was changed. Hengist had ordered matters so, that having artfully raised some subject of dispute, at a certain signal given, the British Lords were all murdered.”—*Rapin*.

(41) *Gildas*, the old British writer, thus describes the ravages of the Saxons:

“Then the pack of whelps, issuing out of the den of the lioness, (Germany,) those barbarous tribes, in vessels called in their own

Buckler, and sword, intenser glare display,
 While ravenous Death, impatient, waits his prey.
 Check'd, not dismay'd, at Dartmoor's base they stand ;
 Silent they mark the view on every hand ;
 Parch'd herbage, hill-tops in their dreariest form,
 With vales, perpetual haunt of wind and storm.

language, *Cyuls*, in our language, *Long Ships*, with prosperous sails, and good omens and predictions, portending that they should possess for 300 years our country, to which they directed their course, and that they should ravage it for 150 years, first landed, and fixed their talons in the eastern part of the island, by order of the tyrant, pretending to defend the country, but in reality to effect its ruin. Upon the success of the first party, their mother, before mentioned, sent out a second, and more numerous swarm of soldiers and dogs, who, coming over in ships, were incorporated with the former spurious brood. And now this stock of iniquity, this poisonous plantation due to our sins, pushed out its vigorous shoots and branches in our soil. The barbarians, thus admitted into the island as soldiers, and ready, as they pretended, to undergo every hazard for their good friends, obtained provision. This being dealt out to them for a good while, stopped the dogs' mouths. Presently they began to complain, their monthly payments were not duly made, and protesting, if they were not gratified with a profusion, they would lay waste the island ; and they soon put their threats in execution. From sea to sea a fire was lighted up by the eastern band of sacrilegious wretches, and it ravaged all the cities and country in the neighbourhood, till after consuming almost the whole surface of the island, its red and furious tongue licked up the very ocean. In this devastation, all the colonies, by frequent batteries, and all their inhabitants, with the heads of the church, the priests and people, fell before the glittering sword and crackling flames, and (miserable to behold !) in the midst of the streets, the pinnacles of lofty towers, the stones of high walls, the holy altars, the mangled carcasses covered with gore, seemed blended together, as it were, in one dreadful wine-press, and the only burial was the ruins of houses, and the bellies of beasts, and birds of prey."

Yet, not to Nature they their homage pay ;
 Far other aims their hearts obdurate sway : 440
 Theirs is one thought, the same straight road to tread,
 By which, so late, the routed Britons fled.
 They see the path, clear in the broken ground,
 And, like the roebuck, up the mountain bound.
 Hour after hour, the foe his toil sustains, 445
 Till Eve's last streak retires, and midnight reigns.

Heaven always just, though in his own wise way,
 Sometimes o'erwhelms th' oppressor with dismay :
 A season this might lion-hearts confound,
 Such soul-distracting tempests rave around : 450
 The drenching rain beats through the hour of sleep,
 Whilst o'er the Saxons winds unpitying sweep.
 The burst of elemental sounds austere,
 Prolong'd by darkness, deafening, strikes the ear.
 Fresh foes augment the horrors of the night ! 455
 Flashes, the Peaks invest, with forked light,
 And such portentous peals prevail on high,
 Each fears the "final doom" is drawing nigh.

Morn dimly breaks, at length, the twilight grey,
 Reluctant long, her empire yields to day. 460
 The warrior chief, projecting conquests wide,
 Upbraids the tardy moments as they glide.
 A rugged point before him towers serene,
 Thither he speeds to trace the circling scene.
 What sudden palsy on his sinew preys, 465
 As slowly he the neighbouring realm surveys !

No human dwelling ! Wastes, or crags up-piled,
 And all beyond, more desolate, more wild,⁴²
 “ Back, back ! ” he shouts, rage beaming from his eye,
 “ Here storms may thrive, but living thing must die ! ”

O Earth ! what changes on thy face appear,
 Through man, the Lord of this sublunar sphere !
 There, land he tills, where once the waters roll'd,
 Here, guides new rivers, there, arrests the old ;⁴³

(42) There is one striking distinction between Dartmoor and Exmoor. Exmoor, as far as I can judge, from having examined it for about fifteen miles, is far less elevated than Dartmoor. It appears, from its extensive table land, to approximate somewhat nearer to Salisbury Plain, with this distinction, that Salisbury Plain presents few or no valleys which descend to a level with the contiguous country, but exhibits a large extent of land wholly horizontal, and other portions which consist of undulating and verdant sweeps. Exmoor, on the contrary, appears in all directions to be broken and intersected by deep and innumerable valleys, or rather coombs, through which rivulets incessantly flow, whilst its appearance is unpropitious and dark, and impresses the spectator with an idea that, if not hostile to, it is uncongenial with, human habitudes. In contradistinction to this, Dartmoor rises with a lion front, towering, mid a region of hills, without competition, sending its innumerable cones far into the heavens, and presenting crags and pinnacles, through the whole range of the eye, which delight from their sublimity, and awe without appalling.

(43) A remarkable illustration of this fact has recently occurred in the vicinity of Bristol, where the river Avon, which used to flow through the city, has been turned out of its course by a ‘ New Cut,’ and what formerly constituted the river has been converted into a spacious Wet Dock.

I may here mention, that during the process of excavating the ground for the new course of the river, a singular discovery was made, and which I the more notice, as I am not aware that any printed record has been given of it.

Ranges o'er Alpine rocks, on courser fleet ;⁴⁴ 475
 Prostrates *Hercynian* forests at his feet ;⁴⁵

In cutting through one part of this artificial channel, the workmen were unexpectedly obstructed by the trunks of forty or fifty large trees, lying horizontally, and nearly parallel with themselves. The trees were about thirty feet below the surface, and were either oak or elm. Some of them retained their natural solidity, while others were so far decayed, as to moulder with the touch, resembling almost the blue clay with which they were encompassed. — Others, on the contrary, assumed an appearance between these extremes, and strongly resembled the vegetable Bovey-coal.

The trees must have remained in this situation from a very remote period, perhaps, from the Deluge. Verbal observers have ascribed it to a much later period, and easily solve all difficulties, by saying that “they were blown down in some great storm ;” while others have asserted, that the Avon formerly flowed in this direction, and extended its course through the vale of Ashton. “These trees,” say they, “grew on the banks of the river, and being blown into the bed of the river in some conflict of the elements, the channel afterwards became choked up, and the Avon necessarily formed for itself a new channel.”

In answer to these current explanations, it may be stated, that there is not only no record, either written or traditionary, that such was, at any former period, the course of the Avon, but the existence of the rock which was cut through in one part of the course of the new river, offers insuperable impediments to such a supposition. And with respect to the river having once flowed through Ashton, the circumstance is physically impossible, as the vale of Ashton lies in a basin, and is surrounded by hills which would absolutely have forbidden an egress to the waters, had they from any cause found their way into it.

The solid texture which much of the wood evidenced, (dark coloured as it was,) offers no objection to the antiquity of these trees. The air is well known to be the primary agent in the decomposition of wood. Earth affects it only by a slow process, augmented in proportion to its light and porous texture, which, in some cases, becomes a medium of access for the air, but water appears not only

Joins sea with distant sea, in confluence wide, ⁴⁶

Or barrier rears to ocean's raging tide ! ⁴⁷

to retard, but almost to check the decomposing tendency. Thus the stakes in the bed of the Thames, which our rude British forefathers drove down to obstruct the passage of Julius Cæsar, in the last age, were found in a state very far from decay. And the late ingenious Mr. Whittaker discovered the trunks of trees in a dark but solid state, in the vicinity of Manchester, absolutely *under the Roman road*.

It is to be regretted, that no minute and authentic memorial of this discovery has been given to the public.

(44) As a proof of the ease with which these once formidable hills may be crossed, a modern traveller has stated, that through the pass of the Simplon a man may now *trot over the Alps*.

(45) The Hercynian is the largest of the *compact* forests which have submitted to human extirpation. Cæsar represents this forest as having extended from the Rhine to the eastern extremity of Hungary, sixty days' journey. The two most distinct vestiges of the Hercynian at present are, the Black Forest in Swabia, and the Forest of the Harts, to the north of Germany.

The forest to the north of Tobolski is esteemed at four thousand versts, extending, it is supposed, to the Arctic Ocean, and which has never yet been trodden by the foot of man.

(46) The junction of the Mediterranean with the Red Sea is the most remarkable instance of the kind in ancient times, and the Canal of Languedoc, which connects the bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean; the Caledonian Canal, which joins the Atlantic with the North Sea; the Canals which connect the Liffy with the Shannon; the Baltic with the White; and the Don with the Wolga, by which the communication is formed between the Black and the Caspian Seas, are the most remarkable in modern times.

But the achievement of this kind which would eclipse all others, would be a Canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Its practicability cannot reasonably be doubted. An opinion has prevailed that a chain of mountains runs through the isthmus of Darien, con-

These very mounts, that cheerless thus expand,
To man have bow'd, or 'Time's transforming hand, 480

necting the Andes to the south, with the stony mountains to the north, but this is a fallacy, as an accumulation of evidence proves that to form such a communication there are neither insuperable nor serious obstacles. If an enlightened government were ever to preside over Mexico, a measure so easily to be accomplished as this Canal, and so important in its consequences, would be promptly effected. There is many an English Engineer, who, without looking at an inch of the ground, would undertake to effect the object *by contract*.

A few years ago this measure was earnestly recommended in the *Edinburgh Review*, and its feasibility enforced. From a memorandum made at the time, I find that the writer remarks "The Bay of Mandinga, ten leagues north of Portobello, runs into the land to within five leagues of the Pacific. At the bottom of the Bay is a navigable river, which flows very near the Chepo, a large river which runs into the Gulf of Panama." I have not been able to ascertain exactly on what authority the existence of this Bay of Mandinga rests, although Thomson has introduced it, in his admirable Atlas; but admitting the fact, there is one mode by which perhaps so grand an object might be more unexceptionably effected.

Thomas Gage, the English jesuit, who lived thirteen years in Mexico, and travelled between three and four thousand miles in that country, has incidentally stated several channels by which the communication might be accomplished, and his authority is the more to be respected, as he speaks from his own personal examination. In the first place, the fine river, he says, *Desaguadero* flows westward into the large lake of Nicaragua, the western extremity of which lies within a few leagues of the Pacific. The city of Granada lies on the westward shore of the lake, and what places the importance of the *Desaguadero* in the highest light, is, that by this river the Spanish frigates were *in the custom* of proceeding annually to Granada by means of the preceding river and lake, to carry the Mexican treasure to the Havannah, where it was shipped off for Spain. When at Granada, Thomas Gage saw these frigates, and, had the time of their sailing suited, he would have proceeded by them on his return to Europe. (Page 422.)

For here, of old, oaks, sweeping tempests braved, ⁴⁸
 The deep gloom hung, the wood impervious waved ;

The way, however, by which this Traveller absolutely crossed the Isthmus, suggests perhaps the most unexceptionable line of communication between the two seas. He was at Panama, on the Pacific, and had "his choice," he says, to proceed to Portobello by "*land or water*," when he determined to follow the same track by which the rich merchandize of Peru was uniformly forwarded to Portobello. He proceeded from Panama, over a "*flat country*," to the town of *Venta de Cruces*, (ten leagues from Panama,) from which place the *Rio Chagre* is navigable "to the North Sea," emptying itself to the north of Portobello, and by the means of this river he proceeded to Portobello, and ultimately to Europe. Gage was a man of learning and observation. His narrative is given with much simplicity, and bears all the marks of credibility. On his arrival in England, he formally recanted, at St. Paul's Cross, the errors of the Romish Faith, and assigned at that place, (as he does in his book,) the cause of his altered sentiments, to the circumstance of a *Mouse* having once run away with his "Wafer God," while he was officiating at the Communion! and the reflecting on this circumstance, first convinced him of the errors of Transubstantiation.

Robertson represents the intervening space between the Gulf of Tecoautepec, on the Pacific, and the Gulf of Mexico, as only about eighty miles ; and as the River Guaxacalco penetrates a considerable way westward from the latter gulf, if all other channels of communication were attended with insuperable impediments, a practical junction between the two Oceans might possibly be effected at this place.

The circumstance which first suggested to Sir Francis Drake, the idea of circumnavigating the earth, was, his having been directed, (while in Mexico,) to ascend a particular *Tree*, when, from one spot, the glorious spectacle was presented to him of "Earth's two master Oceans."

This is the "Great Western Passage," (not problematical,) which *will* bless a future generation, and might be the glory of this. Since the preceding was written, the present Mexican Government has entertained some intention of effecting this object.

And, *soon* their ancient glory to restore,
Mildew and death may triumph here no more. 49

(47) In this line a reference is more particularly made to the Plymouth Breakwater. The naming of this stupendous work of human art naturally suggests the *Fossil Remains* that have recently been discovered in the Oreston Quarry, which supplies the Breakwater with stone. As I happened to spend two months at Plymouth, just when the discovery of those Animal Remains was made, (1822, with part of the year 1823, when other Animal Remains were found,) and having possessed myself of the largest proportion of them, as well as devoted a great deal of attention to many of the circumstances connected with the discovery, the reader may not be displeased with a few general remarks on so extraordinary a subject, and which he will find detailed, (it is hoped with a *pardonable* length,) at the end of the volume.

(48) Dartmoor, in all the old writings, is denominated a "Forest." and the name "Forest of Dartmoor" is retained to our own day. It is generally believed that this vast and desolate tract was once, in the strictest sense, a Forest. The opinion derives some support from the large trees which are often found submerged in the boggy parts of the Moor. As Dartmoor was one of the principal seats of the *Druids*, a collateral confirmation of the existence of Dartmoor, as a Forest, may be deduced from the circumstance, that the Druidical rites were always performed amid dark foliage which contributed to augment the effect of their preceptive dogmas and sanguinary deeds.

From having recently visited, for the first time, the Druids' Temple, at Stanton-drew, Somersetshire, I may be permitted cursorily to remark, that its position is singularly well calculated to give to superstition every impression which could arise from exterior accompaniments.

It stands on a level spot, skirted by a small river, and is surrounded by a vast amphitheatre of hills. The principal range is called Dundry, and which, in earlier ages, was doubtless covered with wood, as Collinson derives the name from "Dun" and

Must fancy still, with ever-varying dye, 485
Obtrude her airy shadows, flitting by?

“Draegh,” two Erse or Celtic words, signifying a “Hill of Oaks.” The numerous and gigantic stones of Stanton-drew are grey with time, erecting their heads in apparent mockery of the juvenile trees, and orchards, and quickset hedges around them, which have arisen and decayed, to the hundredth time, whilst these vestiges of remote generations, sustaining alone the imperishable stamp of immortality, impress the beholder’s mind with a feeling of indescribable *incongruity*, such as would suggest itself to a man who beheld a Tom-Tit perched on a pinnacle of the Alps.

(49) A more desirable object than the cultivation of Dartmoor can hardly be projected. When the spectator surveys so extensive a range of mountains, rising out of trackless morasses, in the centre of the most fertile lands in the kingdom, the question spontaneously arises, what fatal spell operates on these hills and downs, which excludes them from the hand of the cultivator?

The impediments, however, to cultivation are great; but the chief is, the inauspicious nature of the climate. It may first appear extraordinary that Dartmoor should be so barren, when the surrounding country is proverbially mild and temperate. It cannot arise from its elevation. Rippin Torr, supposed to be one thousand five hundred and forty-nine feet above the level of the sea, is not higher than Dundry-hill, near Bristol, (according to Backwell,) with this difference, that Rippin Torr is a conical point, while Dundry-hill is the name given to an extensive range, the whole extent of which exhibits nearly the same altitude; and yet the latter is cultivated uniformly to the very summit, whilst Dartmoor is a desolate wilderness. This is not the place for entering upon a dissertation on the causes which are favourable or hostile to cultivation, although it may be remarked, that the laws of nature are uniform, and the presumption is, that what has been accomplished in the one case might be effected in the other.

About forty years since, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood, a Mr. Gullett and a Mr. Bray, commenced cultivating some parts of

Can Dartmoor breathe a spirit not her own,
 Where tyrant Desolation broods alone ?
 Can scenes like these, to penury resign'd,
 Bursting the sleep of ages, teem with *mind* ? 490
 These arid wastes submit to Ceres' reign,
 Hills wave with corn, and flocks adorn the plain ?
 No idle vision, changing with the sun,
 Behold the work, with blessings fraught, begun !
 View the first vict'ry fair of human toil ! 495
 See the young team invade the virgin soil !
 There houses long and large, unseen till now,
 Smile like the firs on some Norwegian brow,
 Th' inspiring pledge of that auspicious day,
 When Dartmoor's reeds and fens shall pass away ; 500

the Forest. The former built and enclosed at *Prince Hall*, and the latter at *Bear Down*, now called *Bardmont*. Some years after, Sir T. Tyrwhitt built his house at *Torr Royal*. *Prince Hall* was purchased of Mr. Gullett, by the late Judge Buller, the house and demesne of which he greatly improved. The Rev. James Mason, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Hullett, Mr. Crawford, and Dr. Brown, have also commenced the cultivating of particular districts on the verge of the Forest, and with the promise of success.

One great impediment, however, to the cultivation of Dartmoor will arise from the immense number of large stones, with which nearly the whole surface of the land is closely covered. To remove them wholly, or to gather them into heaps, (like the stones in a common field after manure,) would be almost impracticable. The thought occurred to me on the spot, that the most frugal and effectual way to get rid of these stones, would be by digging deep holes immediately adjoining, and then by *burying them*. — Dr. Stukely may have suggested the idea, by the supposition he has given that the stupendous upright stones at Stonehenge were forced up an inclined plane, by the power of the lever, and then dropped down, by the gravity of the foremost half, into holes prepared to receive them.

Summer's deep-foliage clothe her mountains bare,
And harvest-home reward the reaper's care.

Are there some men, amid a world so vile,
Upon whose paths admiring angels smile ?
Some spirits who to earth have found their way, 505
Some souls ethereal, form'd of purer clay,
Who love to break the child of sorrow's chain,
To whom the orphan never pleads in vain ?—
The stay of lonely widowhood opprest,
On whom ten thousand beams of blessing rest ?— 510
Whose "*light*," diffuses round a "*ray serene*."
Yet whose *best* deeds by Heaven alone are seen ?
My country ! many such in thee are found,
Whose unbought praise both hemispheres resound ;
Who prove for Britain (not to *sight* reveal'd !) 515
Her strongest bulwark, and her firmest shield !
And who, at length, at the last trumpet's call,
Will hear "*Well done !*" from God, the Judge of all.
These, pondering with divine benignity
On lisping outcasts, London ! own'd by thee, 520
Deserted, naked, destitute, forlorn,
No hand to guide, no Mentor to forewarn,
Projected plans of mercy, when the place
*Where lonely captives pined, or brave, or base,*50

(50) One, who has not visited Dartmoor, cannot be aware of the singular effect which the first appearance of the *Prison* produces. The eye of the spectator has long been accustomed to the deprivation of every thing which reminds him of humanity, when, on looking in a particular direction, he descries, with great violence to his feelings, and half doubting the reality, long, formal houses, displaying pantile and slate roofs, with a profusion of little win-

Expands her hundred doors, and Dartmoor yields 525
Her blasted heaths to labour, fruits, and fields !

dows and chimneys, and a few adjacent enclosures, *looking green from cultivation*. Wildness is between, and beyond, and on either side. The want of symmetry arises from the *little* interfering with the *vast*. May the spade and the plough soon produce such effects on Dartmoor, that the only want of symmetry may arise from the incorrigible stony hill-tops, peering above districts, intersected with the beautiful *English* hedge rows, and all other accompaniments of prosperous cultivation !

Sir T. Tyrwhitt, from the crowded and unhealthy state of the Plymouth dépôt, suggested, during the late war, the plan of building this prison on Dartmoor. The chief objection to the plan, was the severity of the season ; but to counterbalance this circumstance, the air was bracing, the water pure, and the situation such as to preclude the probability of escape. This prison is understood to be the completest in Europe. An external wall encloses a space of thirty acres. A second interior wall encloses the area, in which the different wards of the prison stand. The prisons are five large rectangular buildings, each capable of containing fifteen hundred men. Each building has two floors, in each of which is arranged a double tier of hammocks, slung on cast-iron pillars ; and there is a third floor in the roof, which is used as a promenade, or place of diversion, in wet weather. There are besides two other spacious buildings, one of which is appropriated to the hospital, and the other to the petty officers. The space between the two external walls forms a fine military road round the whole, where the soldiers on duty parade. The sentinels are, or rather *were*, posted on platforms overlooking the inner wall, and thus they had a complete command of the prison, without intermingling with the prisoners. A segment is cut off from the inner circle which contains the Governor's house, and the other buildings necessary for the civil establishment, and to this spot the country people were admitted to sell fruit and vegetables. The barracks for the troops form a detached building, and is distant from the prison about a quarter of a mile.

Here is the promise verified, e'en here,
 The plough and sickle form'd from sword and spear!
 Oh, spot! on which our anxious hopes repose;
 Here let the desert "blossom like the rose!" 530
 To age mature, may Heaven's especial care
 Watch o'er thy charge! protect from ev'ry snare!
 And on *their* heads, to friendless want the friend,
 His choicest gifts, in copious showers, descend.

Visions before me burst, in long array, 535
 Bright as the winged harbingers of day.
 Here, blooming like some palm on Lybia's waste,
 Among these wilds, (half from the earth erased,
 So spurn'd of man, scarce seen but by the skies,)
 I mark the *Infant Town* progressive rise, 540
 Destined, perchance, nor distant far, to throw
 Her stately shadow o'er the plain below:—
 I view the smiling hamlet lift her head;
 Expanded meads, in vest luxuriant, spread;
 Trees flourish where so late huge torrs were found, 545
 Whilst many a church casts sanctity around.
 Haste on to eminence, like some pure spring,
 Small at its source, at length, a lord, a king,
 Pouring his mass of waters to the sea,
 And gathering, as he flows, fresh royalty.⁵¹ 550

During the war, these parts of Dartmoor presented a busy scene, and rapidly advanced both in cultivation and in private building; it has subsequently reverted to silence and solitude, but it may soon be enlivened again with a more interesting population.

(51) This reference to the Prison on Dartmoor was made under the full impression that a large number of the Pauper Children of

While thus, to thee, the passing note I raise,
 Oh, Dartmoor shall thy *Parent* find no praise ?
 DEVON ! whose beauties prove, from flattery free,
The happy theme where wranglers all agree !
 When troubles press, or health, that blessing, fails, 555
 What joy to range thy renovating vales ;
 “ England’s Montpelier ! ” o’er thy downs to stray,
 Thy logans, camps,⁵² and cromlechs, huge, survey ;

London were about to be transferred there for the purpose of colonization. The plan, however, has been relinquished.

(52) Some future inquirer may perhaps be obliged by the following intimation.

The writer, in the year 1800, visited the Roman Camp, lying on the brow of the hill, near Westbury, in Wiltshire, of which Camden has given the following notice. “ Near the middle of the camp is a large oblong Barrow, under which have been found many human skulls and bones, mixed with stags’ horns and pieces of iron weapons, and mill-stones, sixteen and eighteen inches in diameter.” On viewing the external appearance of the Barrow, there was no indication of its ever having been examined, and as Camden has not accompanied his remark with any authority which might satisfy the reader that he spake either from the evidence of another, or his own personal observation, the writer thought it possible that he might have spoken from tradition, and that it might not have been examined, or otherwise have been examined superficially, and therefore having obtained the permission and concurrence of the proprietor and the worthy clergyman of the parish, he had the Barrow opened, of which the following is briefly the result. The workmen cut a trench in the longest direction, and afterwards two transverse trenches. When they had descended about ten or twelve feet, they came to a thin layer of charcoal, (some of which has been preserved, and which, though small, is as dry and as perfect as though but recently burnt.) Immediately under the charcoal were found a great number of *human bones*, possessing nearly their natural solidity. It is to

Thy rivers to their mountain source explore,
 Or roam refresh'd beside thy craggy shore ; 560
 To track thy brooks, that, to the passer by,
 Babble their airs of liquid melody,
 Winding through glens, where seldom suns have shone,
 Like life, through all obstructions, gliding on ;
 Thy distant offspring with th' enthusiast's zest, 565
 Extol thee still, in charms perennial drest ;
 Trace, and retrace each haunt of childhood sweet,
 And, " Oh, my country : " in their dreams repeat.
 And, if at length, when years are on their wane,
 Surmounting bars, and bursting every chain, 570

be observed, that after the workmen had cut through the thin layer of decayed vegetable mould, they came to successive strata of flint, (embedded in chalk, their usual accompaniment,) clay, and a marly kind of earth. The strata were about a foot thick ; regular in their divisions, and all *horizontal*. This appearance, in an artificial mound, was unexpected, and so similar were the strata to the natural undisturbed state of the earth, that after the men had descended several feet, the writer was almost discouraged from proceeding further ; a perseverance, however, for two or three more feet, disclosed the few particulars before named. After descending below the level of the adjacent ground, and in different directions, and it not being likely that any thing more would be observed, the excavations were again filled up.

The various Barrows which Dr. Stukely examined on the Downs of Wiltshire, were all covered with a regular layer of flint, partly decomposed, from the action of the atmosphere, into chalk. The sanctity attached to such mounds always preserves them from wanton dilapidation, whilst the sod, with which Nature soon invests them, from its vivifying and incorruptible property, seems to confer as much stability on these simple Cemeteries, as any thing human can boast. Sir R. C. Hoare's researches, in this way, are well known.

To their “ dear Devon ” they return once more,
 What pleasure to renew the joys of yore,
 (Now mellow’d down, by time, to calm delight,
 Like eve’s broad orb, retiring from the sight ;)
 To mount thy wood-crown’d hills, and there to stand,
 Creation blooming round , a *Tempe* land !
 Shrubs, rocks, and flowers, voluptuous in attire,
 Whatever eye can charm, or heart desire,
 And in the distance, through some opening seen,
 Old ocean, in his vast expanse of green. 580

Nor Devon, must thy honours linger here ;
 Though thou wast made to wake the rapturous tear,
 And grant thy children, down to life’s last close,
 Forms fair on which their spirits might repose,
 Yet higher claims are thine, in which the heart, 585
 The germ eternal, bears conspicuous part ;
 Thine is the region large, the pale renown’d,
 Where “ *Worthies* ” dwelt of old, and still abound ;
 In thee, congenial element, we find
 The great ! the liberal ! the ennobling mind ! 590
 Virtues retired, that shrink from public gaze,
 And genius, which demands a nation’s praise.

Dartmoor ! at length, the parting word to thee !
 I leave thy borders not from sorrow free ;
 But all things here, successive, pass away 595
 In storm, or sun-shine, like an April day :
 Heaven’s gorgeous clouds the night advancing tell,
 “ Mother of many rivers,” now, farewell,⁵³

PRINCE LEE BOO.

ARGUMENT.

LEE BOO, and his Father ABBA THULE conversing. TIME, the evening before the PRINCE departed with the ENGLISH.—Scene, the sea shore.

[The melancholy story of Prince *Lee Boo*, like that of *Naimbanna*, the African Prince, is not now generally remembered; although many must recollect the *deep interest* which was excited in the public mind by the publication of “Keate’s History of the Pelew Islands.” 1788.

The following brief narrative may not be unacceptable, at least to the readers of the Poem, in which the same privileges of *elevated converse* are claimed for the characters introduced, that are so readily conceded to the *Heroes of Fable*.

In August, 1783, the East India Ship, *Antelope*, foundered, in traversing the Eastern Archipelago, on an unknown Island, belonging to a cluster, called the ‘Pelew Islands.’ It did not appear that the inhabitants of these Islands had ever before seen an *European*, and the whole population were, consequently, overwhelmed with admiration, at the superior knowledge of the English, as well as at their skill in constructing a small vessel, with which to sail to some adjacent settlement.

This circumstance of total exclusion from all who were superior to himself, very naturally gives an almost ludicrous *self-importance* to the language of Abba Thule, in estimating his advantages.

Yet notwithstanding this assumed dignity, Abba Thule was perhaps the most remarkable Savage on record, and manifested much of the true character of the *Patriot*. His intellects were far above the ordinary standard, and he appeared desirous of improving his subjects in every possible way. His sense enabled him to perceive the superiority of the *Strangers*, and, after due deliberation, he even proposed to entrust his son and heir, Prince Leé Boo, to the care of Captain Wilson, in order that he might store his mind with European knowledge, and become thereby the better qualified to reign as his successor.

The young Prince, Leé Boo, manifested a superiority equal to that of his father. His mind became deeply impressed with the importance of acquiring the arts of the English, and he heroically determined to entrust himself with Capt. W. regardless of every personal sacrifice, so that he might benefit his country.

When the small vessel was completed, and principally through the assistance of Abba Thule, Prince Leé Boo, with great effort, broke through every domestic obstruction, and set sail with Capt. Wilson, while his Father and all the inhabitants of the islands followed him with their prayers, and tears, and blessings. Abba Thule, just before the departure of his son, told him that he should reckon the moons till his return.

If Cowper was interested in witnessing the effect of introducing a dog that had never seen a hare, to a hare that had never seen a dog, the spectacle of Leé Boo being introduced to a New World, is an incident of far higher importance. The following are two or three anecdotes of Prince Leé Boo : for many of which, see Keate.

When Leé Boo arrived at Canton, he darted his bewildered eyes on every side, like a new creature introduced to a strange state of existence. He was not only observant, but inquisitive, and even desirous of knowing the name and country of every ship he met at sea, and, on receiving an answer to that, or any other question, he made a knot on his line, and used to amuse those around him, by often recounting the incidents of his journal. He now zealously began to learn to read, that he might be *as wise as his companions*.

Upon seeing a *looking glass* for the first time, he knew nothing of personal identity, and very naturally looked behind the glass, to see the figure, which was *himself*.

He had never seen a quadruped till his arrival at China, except a Newfoundland dog, and when he first saw a *horse*, he requested that one of the *large* dogs, called a *horse*, might be sent to his uncle.

When he arrived at Portsmouth, he was lost in astonishment at the ships, the houses, and the people. He travelled in the stage to London, when he told Capt. Wilson, (who had gone with the despatches, the day before,) that they had put him into a little house, which was run away with by horses; that while he went one way, the fields, houses, and trees, all went another.

He seemed pleased with every thing about him, and said, "All fine country, fine street, fine coach, and house upon house, up to sky," putting alternately one hand above another.

When *aged* beggars solicited alms, he said, "Must give poor old man — old man no able to work." His benevolence, good sense, as well as the gracefulness of his deportment, struck all persons.

At the hour of rest, he was shown by Mr. Wilson up to his chamber, where, for the first time, he saw a four-post bed: he could scarce conceive what it meant. He jumped in, and jumped out again; felt and pulled aside the curtains, got into bed, and then got out again, to admire its exterior form. At length, having become acquainted with its use and convenience, he laid himself down to sleep, saying, 'that in *England* there was a house for every thing.'

Prince Leé Boo was now seized with the *small pox*. He said to Mr. Sharp, his kind attendant, "Good friend, tell Abba Thule, that Leé Boo take much drink to make small pox go away, but he die. Captain, and Mother, (Mrs. Wilson,) very kind. All Englishmen very good men."

The complaint having proved fatal, the East India Company had him buried in Rotherhithe Churchyard, with the following inscription:—

To the memory
of Prince LEE BOO,
a native of the Pelew, or Palos Islands,
and Son to ABBA THULE, Rupack, or King of the Island
of Coroora,
who departed this life on the 27th of December, 1784,
aged 20 years.

In his illness, he had requested his friend Mr. Sharp, to distribute amongst his relatives, should he ever visit Pelew, all the presents which he had received during his residence in England; and in particular, he requested him to be careful of his "blue glass barrel, on pedestals." After his decease, there were found the stones or seeds of the various fruits he had tasted in this country, carefully and separately put up, to take with him, when he returned home!

Incidents, in many respects, equally striking, and bearing similitude in dissimilitude, might have been collected of the interesting young Prince, Naimbanna, (two of whose autograph letters are in my possession.)

My late brother had been spending a fortnight at Clapham, with the late Mr. Henry Thornton, Member for Southwark, when Naimbanna arrived in England, and was invited to take up his residence under the same roof. My brother felt a happiness in showing the young Prince, London, and its principal edifices, of which he retained a grateful recollection, and when he was sent to *Rothley*, to pursue his studies, he addressed to him his *first* English letter, in which he grapples, rather ineffectually, with his new language, although a touch of nature appears in the postscript. The reader may be pleased with a transcript.

" Dear Sir

I hope you are well as I am this present and how you go on and how you do in England and how your family do Cottle in London

I am humble Savent

Naimbanna

April 15, 1792.

Sierra Leone Sierra Leone is only one million miles from England."

In the course of a few months, Naimbanna's faculties had become developed, and he authorized, in those around him, the most encouraging hopes, that when he returned to his native Africa, he would become powerfully instrumental in promoting religion and civilization. He died, however, of the same complaint as Prince Lee Boo, just as he arrived within sight of his native land. His second letter to my brother, manifested a greater familiarity with the language.

Rothley Dec 5th 1792

Dear Sir

I wrote to you by Mr. Thornton before if you remember and I said that I like this place very much the gentleman who teaches me here takes very great pains to instruct me I hope you are well and all your friends If you hear any news from Sierra Leone you will be so good as to let me know it I want my universal Traveller which is ——— and as Mr. Babington will be in town soon if he or his servant can bring it pray send it by them You told me that the Pilgrims Progress is a very entertaining book and it is remarkable that Mr. Matthew Babington said just before I came that he wished me to read it We have begun it and I like it very much

I am

Dear Sir

Your sincere and obliged friend

H. G. Naimbanna.]

“GO ! dauntless, go !” the Sire of Pèlew cried,
 “ These gallant Strangers be thy guard and guide !
 “ Long have I rear’d thee with unsleeping care,
 “ Child of thy Father’s love ! but now prepare
 “ To leave these arms, and, o’er the billows green, 5
 “ Sail on secure, while oceans roll between.
 “ For know, my son, beyond the isles I sway,
 “ Of Oroolong, and Keth, and Coroora,
 “ Nations there are, invincible as wise,
 “ And other oceans sweep reclining skies. — 10
 “ I see thy young eye sparkle at the tale !
 “ Yes, with these daring ENGLISH thou shalt sail ;
 “ With them direct the Bark of towering form,
 “ And ride, like them, triumphant through the storm.

“ King of these isles, a long and glorious reign ! 15
 “ Has ABBA THULE liv'd, nor liv'd in vain !
 “ His envying foes behold his empire vast,
 “ And from his arm uplifted — shrink aghast.
 “ The wisdom which his far-famed Sires possess
 “ Has long and amply ABBA THULE blest ; 20
 “ None better know the Plantain grove to rear ;
 “ To cleave the tree, or launch the massy spear ;
 “ Yet from thē lore these unknown Whites display,
 “ Your father's high-prized wisdom dies away !”

Th' astonish'd youth awhile his thoughts supprest ;
 Then, roused by wonder, thus his Sire addrest :
 “ What ! does the world a distant land contain,
 “ That has not learn'd great ABBA THULE's reign ?
 “ Methought, for *thee*, the Sun resplendent shone,
 “ And that the stars were form'd for *us* alone : 30
 “ Hadst thou not told me other parts there were,
 “ With seas as spacious, and with lands as fair,
 “ Viewing these blue-vein'd strangers on our earth,
 “ I should have judged the waves had giv'n them birth !
 “ But though no Bones, like ours, their arms array, 35
 “ Nor healthful brown their sickly forms display ;
 “ Yet why should *colour* change the feeling mind ?
 “ In being men, I love my fellow-kind : —
 “ Fearless, and calm, I quit my father's throne
 “ To brave the dangers of a world unknown. — 40
 “ But, to my DORACK, now the news I bear,
 “ Receive her blessing, and her gladness share.”

And now the youth, enraptured, urged his way
 To where the Damsel's distant dwelling lay ;

When thus he cried, "DORACK ! I tidings bear, 45
 " Which thou, best friend, with bounding heart wilt hear,
 " Soon shall I ocean's furthest waves explore,
 " And search, untired, the world's remotest shore !
 " And when, returning to my native isle,
 " Wearied with toil, I seek thy cheering smile, 50
 " Whilst all I have lies prostrate at thy feet,
 " Transport will mark the moment when we meet."

" When dost thou go ? and how ?" the maiden cries ;
 Pale turn her cheeks, and wildly beam her eyes.

When thus the youth, " E'en now I wait to share
 " Thy fervent blessing, and thy parting prayer."
 DORACK replied, " What phantom of the brain
 " Lures thee to death ? Thy wandering steps restrain !
 " Do not, hereafter, for thy rashness weep !
 " Nor seek to taste the perils of the deep ! 60
 " Let these strange white men from our coast retire,
 " And thou, contented, sojourn with thy sire."
 (She paused, when from the tumult of her soul
 Adown her cheek the tear unconscious stole.)

To her the youth, " O cease that bitter woe, 65
 " Not for myself, but Pèlew's realms I go."

The maiden thus preferr'd her soft reply ;
 " Live with thy friends, nor from thy DORACK fly.
 " Ah ! why desire to leave thy peaceful home,
 " And through the world with pale-faced strangers roam ?
 " Who, like thy race, such ponderous spears can throw ?
 " Where can such YAMS regale, or CHINHAM grow ?

“ What clime, like ours, her plantain grove can boast ?
 “ Her palm-tree forest, and her shell-lined coast ?
 “ To cure the restless wanderings of thy mind, 75
 “ Thou seek'st on distant shores that peace to find,
 “ Which only thrives by Friendship's hallowed side ;
 “ Where souls, congenial, stem misfortune's tide.”

The Prince replies, “ Ere long, I thee shall meet,
 “ And lay my humble offerings at thy feet.” 80

Faintly, and slow, the drooping maiden cried,
 “ Flower of thy race ! I would, but cannot chide ;
 “ Yet, should'st thou hence, with vain delusion roam,
 “ And chance conduct thy storm-beat vessel home,
 “ No DORACK's eye shall live to see the hour, 85
 “ And faded wreaths shall deck thy favourite bower !”

“ Forbear that thought !” the shivering youth replied,
 “ Nay ! more I tell thee,” urged the promised bride,
 “ If, sway'd by folly, thou these counsels spurn,
 “ Never, ah never, shall *thy* feet return ! 90
 “ When, wand'ring on the beach, mid evening's gloom,
 “ Must not conflicting cares my heart consume,
 “ Thinking how thou thy little bark shalt save,
 “ Amid the driving blast, and mountain wave ?
 “ I mark thy grief ! I hear thy bursting sigh 95
 “ I see thy cold corse float before mine eye !”

After a pause, to sacred feeling dear,
 The Prince replied, “ My DORACK, dry thy tear !
 “ What though thy Leé Boo wander far away,
 “ And thou, awhile, deplore his long delay, 100

“ Think, for what cause, he leaves a love like thine,
 “ And, for thy country, meaner thoughts resign !”

“ Vain are thy words,” replied the weeping maid,
 “ We want no stranger’s artificial aid ;
 “ What though no barks, like theirs, protect our coast,
 “ Nor Thule’s sons their varying knowledge boast ;
 “ Yet, humbler arts our humbler minds possess ;
 “ Yet, still we know enough for happiness.
 “ Ah ! little thinks the youth, who leaves his friends,
 “ And, far from home, his heedless footstep bends,
 “ What deep conflicting pangs his heart may know ;
 “ What tears, unnumber’d, from repentance flow !
 “ Then shall he learn his rash resolves to mourn,
 “ And bear the pressing anguish they have borne.”

When thus the Prince. “ I must thy smiles deplore,
 “ Though thee I love, I love my country more !”

“ Then ! if to please thee in an evil hour,”
 The maiden cried, “ thou brave the ocean’s power ;
 “ If, heedless of thy drooping DORACK’s pain,
 “ Thou spurn her counsels, and her tears disdain, 120
 “ Talk of delights thy search shall never find,
 “ And boast of honours, fleeting as the wind !
 “ Go ! heedless, go ! this heart can nurse its care,
 “ Silent in woe, and calm amid despair,
 “ And, when its friends enquire the reason why, 125
 “ Tell with a tear, and answer with a sigh !”
 She said, and, slow retiring, in amaze,
 Left the desponding youth awhile to gaze ;
 When, starting from a dream, he smote his breast,
 And, downward pondering, sought the tent of rest. G 2

Now, on the eastern verge of earth, arose
 Morn's doubtful light ; and now it feebly glows
 With solitary beam ; extending far,
 The rising glories veil the morning star :
 Cloud heap'd on sapphire cloud, the gazer cheers, 135
 Till, in his pride, the Lord of Day appears.

DORACK, upstarting from her short repose,
 Beheld that sun his earliest beam disclose,
 Wont to inspire, but now, whose cheerless light
 Sent back her heart to solitude and night. 140

Upon the shore a numerous host appear ;
 Chieftains and Rupacks to the bark draw near,
 Far o'er the watery waste who cast their eyes,
 While hopes, and fears, for Leé Boo's safety rise.
 When Pélew's king, firm-hearted, near them drew 145
 To hail his friends, and bid the last adieu.

Though far removed from Learning's fostering sway,
 Pass'd ABBA THULE's circling years away ;
 Though nursed in realms where Science never shone,
 And of mankind unknowing and unknown, 150
 Yet, Heaven enrich'd him with a princely mind,
 Her noblest gift — the milk of human kind.
 He lived his country's pride, her evening star,
 Whose cheering ray descended wide and far ;
 Spread o'er his land a little stream of light, 155
 Though twinkling, constant ; and though humble, bright.

Ah ! now his son, with pensive look, draws near ;
 Solemn his step, and on his cheek a tear.

“ Why weep’st thou thus ?” the father, anxious, cried,
 “ My DORACK mourns,” the downcast youth replied.
 “ ‘Torn is my bosom, and my purpose wild,
 “ Must love, or duty, triumph o’er thy child ?”
 To him the monarch, “ Thee, my son, I prize !
 “ Yet I repress the thoughts that fain would rise.
 “ Haste with these strangers ; toils should but invite,
 “ While visions, glorious, dance before the sight.
 “ The grandest principle on man bestow’d,
 “ The noblest journey, though the roughest road,
 “ Is — to toil onward in our country’s good ;
 “ So much profess’d ! so little understood ! 170
 “ Be this thy task. If not one cross arise,
 “ One fond hope blasted, or one sacrifice,
 “ Where is the patriot’s praise ? Prepare thy mind
 “ Conjuncture dark, the storm-vex’d sky to find ;
 “ Tempests, though fierce, will leave the brighter day,
 “ And toils, surmounted, pass, like clouds, away.
 “ The vessel waits — one last glance dart around —
 “ Leap to the bark, and be with glory crown’d.
 “ Suppress that tear — thy native valour show —
 “ Men should disdain to deal in women’s woe.” 180

Firmness may worlds subdue ! but still, ’tis hard
 To keep, for ever keep, o’er Nature, guard ;
 The monarch’s eyes the soft infection caught,
 And what his tongue condemn’d, his actions taught.
 Faltering he cried, striving to hide his pain, 185
 “ I count the moons till we do meet again !”

The youth, o’erpower’d, in silence bow’d his head,
 Then waved his hand, and to the vessel sped.

When, from the deck, he spied his DORACK's form,
 Bending, in calm submission, to the storm ; 190
 Casting a look to Heaven, whose glimmering light
 Scarce forced a passage through her flooded sight.
 The sails were raised, when swift the maiden ran
 Down to the Ocean's brink, and thus began.
 " Go, youth, beloved ! impelled by Folly's sway ! 195
 " Go, voyage safe, and prosperous be thy way !
 " But, as these eyes no more with joy must shine,
 " And never meet the answering glance of thine ;
 " Let not this last fond moment from us glide,
 " And the stern bark our kindred souls divide, 200
 " Without *one* word, our souls with joy to fill,
 " One fix'd resolve, that *Love* shall triumph still.
 " The mutual wish, oh, let contention cease !
 " And, if thou must depart — depart in peace !"

Scarce had she said, and as the youth arose 205
 To lull the maiden's anguish to repose ;
 The lifted canvas courts the rising gale,
 And from her aching eye conveys the lingering sail.

Ah ! never more to Pèlew's happy isle,
 Returning with a fond and artless smile, 210
 While crowds receive thee from the ocean green,
 Shalt thou recount the wonders thou hast seen ! —
 Ask for thy DORACK, prove her groundless fear,
 And wipe, with conscious pride, Affection's tear !
 Ah ! hapless youth, soon shall thy race be run ! 215
 Thy light withdrawn, untimely set thy sun !
 And, when at last the mortal debt thou pay,
 Far from thy home, poor blossom of a day !

Thy bursting heart shall on thy DORACK dwell,
And parting with the world, exclaim, "Farewell!"


The little toys which pleased thy opening mind,
Ere o'er thee pass'd distemper's ruthless wind,
And which thou fondly hopedst to display,
When back returning to thy COROORAA,
These shalt thou leave behind! The poet's eye 225
Weeps, as he writes, to think that thou should'st die!

Thy kindred sad shall deem their Lée Boo slain!
Thy sorrowing sire call after thee in vain!
And, when perceiving at the promised time,
No son returning to his native clime; 230
Days of unceasing pain his heart shall know,
And gloomy nights of still-augmenting woe;
Till Grief shall dash him with her poison'd wave,
And his grey hairs go sorrowing to the grave.

Thy DORACK too shall o'er her Leé Boo pore! 235
Each evening wander on the lonely shore!
Each morning roam with heart-corroding pain,
And count the crags so often pass'd in vain!
Still, maiden, still, thy hapless path pursue;
Still, to affection, prove thy spirit true; 240
And dwell with all a lover's fond delight,
When the proud bark shall crowd upon thy sight;
But never more shall Leé Boo call thee dear,
And never more his voice thy bosom cheer!
The bond of death his once-loved corse detains;
A foreign country holds his cold remains! 245
Ah! why that sudden start? that heaving sigh?
Didst thou, in fancy, see thy Lée Boo nigh?

No ! 'twas the wind, at which thou stood'st aghast,
The fearful howling of the midnight blast.
Poor maiden, grieve not ! he shall ne'er complain, 250
Though storms and tempests heave the raging main ;
Peaceful, his bones beneath the valley lie,
Whilst the fierce whirlwind sweeps unheeded by !

WAR, A FRAGMENT.



IF the whole tract of WAR dense ills afford,
What are your crimes, ye guardians of the sword !
At whose dread summons countless scabbards fly,
While murders fill the earth, and shrieks; the sky !
What are your crimes, ye lords of wealth and power !
Who loose your "war-dogs" in Ambition's hour,
And, heedless, view your subjects bleed and groan
To add some bauble to a burden'd throne !
The searching hour shall come, nor slowly creep,
When Justice, starting from her couch of sleep, 10
Shall seize the long-neglected sword of fate,
And call to vengeance earth's mistitled Great !

Amid the brave, the generous, and the pure,
Thy name, O Kosciusko ! shall endure :
And, though to gain a people equal laws, 15
Thy weary limb a clanking fetter draws,
Yet, what sustains the good man's suffering breast,
Shall, though endungeon'd, give thy spirits rest.
Still smile, undaunted smile, though tempests lour ;
Still, in thy greatness, scorn HER boasted power, 20

Whom neither laws of God or man can bind !
 Who wars, as interest serves, on all mankind.
 For thee shall sound Compassion's softest dirge,
 Thy name descend to Time's remotest verge
 With growing honours crown'd ; and o'er thy grave 25
 The bay shall bloom, the verdant laurel, wave.*

Why in our annals shines the hero's name ?
 What are his claims to greatness and to fame ? —
 The wasters' rude of Chili's happy land —
 The blood-drunk conquerors of Indostan's strand — 30
 And all the train of warriors, as they rose,
 Feasting, from age to age, on human woes ?
 What the fierce rival's of Moscovian Czar ?
 Or His, who tore Darius from his car ? —
 Scourgers of earth ! and heralds of dismay ! 35
 Pests of mankind ! and whirlwinds of their day !
 From whose example blushing History rakes
 Her nest of scorpions, and her brood of snakes !

What countless pangs to such have owed their birth !
 What blood, and sweeping rapine, fill'd our earth ! 40
 To grant these tyrants unexplored domain,
 How many a fruitful clime has desert lain !
 And to delight these monsters' lordly pride,
 How many an eye hath wept, and bosom sigh'd !

The hostile chief, in conquest's honours drest, 45
 Sporting the trophy'd car, and nodding crest,

* It is a gratifying circumstance, that these lines met the eye of Kosciusko, and that he addressed, to the writer, a letter of thanks.

But little thinks, or, thinking, little cares
 How hard the inmate of the cottage fares ;
 How many widows mourn, with sorrow vain ;
 How many orphans weep their fathers slain : 50
 He heeds not that, where slaughter'd thousands lie,
 Each left a friend sincere to heave the sigh ;
 That each, while crush'd by Ruin's ponderous car,
 Cast a fond glance on relatives afar,
 And, as he dropp'd the tear for those behind, 55
 Curst, in his pangs, the murderers of mankind! —
 E'en while his limbs look ghastly in their wounds,
 And victory's shout, from hill to hill, resounds,
 He faintly hears a daughter's frantic cry !
 A son's pale image swims before his eye ! 60
 Ah, fond delusion ! these shall live to tell
 The far-off country where their father fell ; —
 What blazon'd warrior led him to his doom,
 To gain, he knew not what, to fight, he knew not whom !

Amid the scenes, we hear, but to abhor, 65
 Which follow still the gory heels of War,
 Who shall recount the tales that once inspired
 The heart with pity, or the bosom fired
 With indignation ? Many a Winter's snow
 And many a lengthen'd Summer's sultry glow 70
 Have pass'd between ! No more they move the breast,
 Lost in the lapse of time, with Heaven they rest ! —

Perchance, of maiden o'er the hostile plain,
 Seeking her lover, mid the ghastly slain,
 Till, in the slaughter'd heap, she views his face, 75
 And, dying, clasps him in her last embrace.

Or, of the youth, from peaceful home who stray'd
 To learn in evil hour the warrior's trade.—
 Stretch'd, wounded, on the field, behold him there!—
 Heaving, in agony, the fervent prayer, 80
 Whilst, with faint-glimmering eye, and visage pale,
 He marks the screaming vulture round him sail.
 Or, of the cottage-child that pines for bread,
 And lisping calls upon his father—dead!
 At whose approach, when eve her shadows threw, 85
 To meet his sire, he oft with gladness flew;
 Saw with delight the loaf his arm sustain'd,
 And shared the meal his honest toil had gain'd;
 Now, in the wars laid low, mid hunger's pain
 He sobs to see his father's face again, 90
 Whilst the rack'd mother hides her anguish deep,
 And, weeping, bids her baby cease to weep.

Methinks I hear some frowning WARRIOR cry,
 ' We live inglorious, or we nobly die.
 ' Let WOMEN thus their timid spirits goad, 95
 ' And weep o'er EMMETS crush'd in GLORY'S road;
 ' Men love the sound of arms; the tale of war;
 ' To hear its bold achievements from afar;
 ' To see the martial ranks retire, advance;
 ' Now view with furious rage the charger prance; 100
 ' Now hear rich music fill the ambient air,
 ' And now behold the sun-bright falchion's glare;
 ' And though, mid conflict dire, by fate decreed,
 ' All cannot triumph, some must bravely bleed,
 ' Yet, in their parting hour, disdaining dread, 105
 ' The hero's pride shall raise their drooping head;
 ' They leave a name, by valour, deathless made;
 ' They leave a nation grateful for their aid;

‘ They dare, with triumphs crown’d, resign their breath,
 ‘ And, mid their country’s glory, smile in death.’* 110

* Most readers will remember that when this country was likely to be hurried into a war, more than half a century ago, on account of the *Falkland Islands*, the then ministry applied to *Dr. Johnson*, to publish a pamphlet to counteract the popular disposition for hostilities. On that occasion, the Dr. after exhausting the colder order of arguments, enlisted the feelings on his side, by depicting the disastrous consequences of war; accompanied with some of his most happy and caustic sarcasms on *Contractors* and *Commissaries*.

It has so happened that the first Prose Writer of our day, the *Rev. Robert Hall*, has referred to the same subject, in his Sermon, entitled “*Reflections on War*,” in which he has manifested all his usual impressive delineation, and felicity of expression. It may serve the cause of humanity, to bring to the reader’s recollection the sentiments on war and warriors, of these two eminent writers.

Dr. JOHNSON.

“ It is wonderful with what coolness and indifference the greater part of mankind see war commenced. Those that hear of it at a distance, or read of it in books, but have never presented its evils to their minds, consider it as little more than a splendid game; a proclamation, an army, a battle, and a triumph. Some indeed, must perish in the most successful field; but they die on the bed of honour! resign their lives amidst the joys of conquest, and filled with England’s glory, smile in death.

“ The life of a modern soldier is ill represented by heroic fiction. War has means of destruction more formidable than the cannon and the sword. Of the thousands and tens of thousands that perished in our late contest with France and Spain, a very small part felt the stroke of an enemy; the rest languished in tents and ships; amidst damps and putrefactions; pale, torpid, spiritless, and helpless; gasping and groaning; unpitied amongst men; made obdurate by a long continuance of hopeless misery; and were at last whelmed in pits, or heaved into the ocean, without notice, and without remembrance. By incommodious encampments and unwholesome stations, where

These senseless words, as baits, to folly thrown,
May charm the multitude, to thought unknown ;

courage is useless, and enterprise impracticable, fleets are silently dispeopled, and armies sluggishly melted away.

“ If he that shared the danger, enjoyed the profit, and after bleeding in the battle, grew rich with the victory, he might shew his gains without envy. But at the conclusion of a ten years’ war, how are we recompensed for the death of multitudes, and the expense of millions, but by contemplating the sudden glories of Paymasters and Agents, Contractors, and Commissaries ; whose equipages shine like meteors, and whose palaces rise like exhalations ! These are the men who, without virtue, labour, or hazard, are growing rich as their country is impoverished : they rejoice when obstinacy or ambition adds another year to slaughter and devastation, and laugh from their desks at bravery and science, while they are adding figure to figure, and cipher to cipher, hoping for a new contract, from a new armament, and computing the profits of a *siege* or a *tempest*.”

Rev. ROBERT HALL.

“ We have heard indeed of the ravages of armies, and the depopulations of countries, but they have merely supplied a topic of discourse, and have occasioned no serious alarm. The military system, so far as it has appeared in England, has been seen only on the side of its gaiety and pomp ; a pleasing show, without imparting any idea of its horrors ; and the rumour of battles and slaughter has rather amused our leisure than disturbed our repose. Real war is a very different thing from that painted image of it which we see on a parade, or at a review. It is the most awful scourge which Providence employs for the chastisement of man. It is the garment of vengeance with which the Almighty arrays himself, when he comes forth to punish the inhabitants of the earth.

“ Though the whole race of man is doomed to dissolution, and we are all hastening to our long home, yet at each successive moment life and death seem to divide betwixt them the dominion of mankind, and life to have the largest share. It is otherwise in war. Death reigns there without a rival, and without control. War is the work,

Yet, with indignant spirit, Truth disdains
To crouch in silence, bound by Falsehood's chains ;

or rather the sport and triumph of death, who glories not only in the extent of his conquest, but the richness of his spoil. But to confine our attention to the number of the slain, would give us a very inadequate idea of the ravages of the sword. The loss of those who perish instantaneously, may be considered, apart from religious prospects, as comparatively happy, since they are exempt from those lingering diseases, and slow torments to which survivors are exposed. We cannot see an *individual* expire, though a stranger or an enemy, without being sensibly moved, and prompted by compassion to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment vanishes in a moment : every other emotion gives way to pity and terror. In these last extremities we remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature. What a scene then must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, whilst the blood, congealing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amidst the trampling of horses, and the insults of an enraged foe. If they are spared by the humanity of the enemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of torment. Far from their home ; no tender assiduities of friendship ; no well-known voice ; no wife, or mother, or sister, is near to soothe their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death.

“ We have hitherto adverted only to the sufferings of those who are engaged in the profession of arms, without taking into account the situation of the countries which are the scenes of hostilities. How dreadful to hold every thing at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon dependent on the sword ! How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire, where the issues of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles, or customs, and no conjecture can be formed of our destiny, except as it is dimly deciphered in characters of blood ; the dictates of revenge ; and the caprices of power. Conceive but for a moment the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages of this neighbourhood. When you have placed

The poet, in such numbers as he may, 115
 The spoils of war, unshrinking, dares display.
 Where are the thousands, and ten thousands slain ?
 How, in fame's annals, do *they* live again,
 Who, following some proud captain to the chase
 Of man and murder, closed their mortal race ? 120
 The victors perish with the ranks o'erthrown !
 The slayer and the slain are both unknown !

yourself for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathize with those unhappy countries, which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give an idea of these horrors ? Here you behold rich harvests, the bounty of Heaven, and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There the cottages of peasants given up to the flames ; mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves, but their infants : the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes ; miserable fugitives on their native soil ! In other parts, opulent cities are taken by storm ; the streets where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood ; resounding with the cries of the pursuing, and the pursued ; every age, sex, and rank, mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin !

“ If we consider the maxims of war which prevailed in the ancient world, and which still prevail in many barbarous nations, we perceive that those who survived the fury of battle, and the insolence of victory, were only reserved for more durable calamities ; swept into hopeless captivity ; exposed in markets, or plunged in mines ; with the melancholy distinction bestowed on princes and warriors, after appearing in the triumphal procession of the conquerors, of being conducted to instant death. The contemplation of such scenes as these, forces on us this awful reflection, that neither the fury of wild beasts ; the concussions of the earth ; nor the violence of tempests, are to be compared to the ravages of arms ; and, that Nature, in her utmost extent, or, more properly, Divine Justice, in its utmost severity, has supplied no enemy to man, so terrible as man.”

The peaceful peasant, lured by War away,
 Weeps through the night, and sorrows through the day.
 He little dreams, whilst number'd with the brave, 125
 What dangers lurk to sink him to the grave !
 He little knows what fierce opponents wait
 To hand the chalice at the hour of fate !
 Few are the favour'd breasts who sudden feel
 The gun's swift ruin, or the murderous steel ; 130
 Too often, wounds, the sinking frame, oppress,
 Torpid and pale, with hopeless wretchedness :
 Or, if from wounds protected he remain,
 Distemper's venom swells his burning vein :
 A foe's damp prison bounds his feeble view, 135
 Whilst on his brow sits Death's untimely dew :
 Or, in the bark that bore him to the fight,
 He breathes the air of pestilence and night ;
 Upon his scanty hammock, rests his arm,
 And, sighing, asks for WAR's seductive charm, 140
 For which he left a father's house, alone,
 To pine unnoticed, and to die unknown ;
 Whilst, thick around, expiring veterans lie ;
 His sad participants in misery !
 These are no scenes, in Fancy's clothing, drest, 145
 Framed with strange cares to pierce the feeling breast ;
 But true, too true, for, ere they bade farewell,
 Thus, oh, ye mothers ! thus your children fell !

On foreign soil, while conflict raged around,
 These ears have heard the martial clangor's sound ; 150
 These eyes have witness'd Briton's sons deform'd,
 From field ensanguined, or from fortress storm'd ;
 Beheld the villagers, with pallid cheek,
Wait for the news, their hearts too full to speak ;

The mother, clasp her baby to her breast, 155
 Crying, " Ere long, we both in peace shall rest."
 These feet have strayed, some office kind to pay,
 Where the brave soldier on his pallet lay ;
 Explored War's *Hospitals*, by pity led,
 Where the maim'd veteran lean'd his aching head ! 160
 No spirit loved, to hear his parting vow !
 No friend, to wipe the dew-drop from his brow !
 Cold, damp, and dark the place, dismember'd, mean,
 And the long range, the same *funereal* scene !
 Where silence reign'd, companion of despair, 165
 Save, when some groan disturb'd the sleeping air !
 The vacant glance, proclaiming woe supreme,
 The haggard look, still haunts my midnight dream :
 Still, some I see, with supplicating eye,
 Implore compassion from the passer-by ; 170
 While e'en Humanity, to love awake,
 Stood doubtful where her earliest choice to make !

* * * * *

MARKOFF.

A SIBERIAN ECLOGUE.

AMID Siberian wastes and trackless ways,
 The Cossack,* Markoff, pass'd his happy days :
 No rapturous hope or rankling care he knew,
 His means were simple, as his wants were few.
 When summer clothed the hill, and deck'd the plain, 5
 He well prepared for winter's cheerless reign ;
 And, when the wintry snows the scene o'ercast,
 He thought of summer, and endured the blast.
 Thus life roll'd on, and thus he soothed his breast,
 Freedom his guide, and cheerfulness his guest ; 10
 Till restless thoughts, and vain desires, arose
 To break his calm and long-enjoy'd repose.

Musing, beside his hut, the Cossack stood,
 And listen'd to the sound of neighbouring wood,
 Whose slow and solemn murmurs fill'd his ear, 15
 Through all the changeful seasons of the year.
 The dark Uralian hills † before him rose ;
 December's wind, around, impetuous blows :
 Dreary the view ! the frost o'erspreads the ground,
 And the loud brook with fetters fast is bound. 20
 He mark'd the clouds, from Arctic mountains roll'd,
 He call'd to mind the tale by traveller told ;

* Though the Cossacks chiefly reside about the Nieper and the Don, bordering on the Black Sea, yet tribes of them have spread over many parts of Siberia. A body of Cossacks dwell at the mouth of the Jana, in latitude 71. It is well known that Siberia became subject to Russia in the 17th century, through the means of Yermac, a Cossack warrior.

† The loftiest in Siberia.

He thought of distant scenes, of realms unknown,
 Where, through all ages, tempests held their throne,
 Sounding their ceaseless wrath, whose awful reign 25
 No mortal foot had ever dared profane. —
 'The fix'd resolve is made ! aloud he cried,
 " These feet shall dare yon wilds, whate'er betide ;
 " These eyes explore th' extent yon regions spread,
 " Where the young North-wind dwells, the Storm is bred.
 " I, who in caves of ice have oft reclined,
 " And braced my sinews in the fiercest wind,
 " May smile at danger ! dangers but invite,
 " And storms and tempests were my first delight.
 " But if no bound appear, and as I go, 35
 " Wild rocks increase, and mountains veil'd in snow ;
 " On all sides round more gloomy wastes prevail,
 " And, as I journey, bleaker gusts assail ;
 " Still, shall I learn to brave the polar storm,
 " And gaze on Nature in her rudest form." 40

Through the thick mists no cheering sun-beams shone ;
 His sledge prepared, his winter garb put on,
 Heedless, he cried " Adieu !" and urged his deer ; —
 The mother and her children dropp'd the tear !
 Now the bold Cossack many a hill had past, 45
 Though each appear'd more threat'ning than the last ;
 Whilst all before, far as his eye could strain,
 Seem'd Ruin's ancient unexplored domain.

With heart too proud to temporize with fear,
 The hardy MARKOFF pass'd each mountain drear ; 50
 He cross'd the long continuous waste of plain,
 He reach'd each distant summit, but, in vain ;
 Beyond him still, bounding his utmost sight,
 Hills rise o'er hills, clad in eternal white.

And now he came where not a guide was nigh, 55
 Save (mid the valley bare, or crag on high,
 From certain death the wanderer's step to warn)
 Some solitary Pine* by tempests shorn.
 He stood, and mark'd the desolation wide ;
 His mild companions tremble by his side ! 60
 And whilst he strives the chilling blast to bear,
 And hears the whirlwind thund'ring through the air ;
 Fear shakes at length his frame, he dreads his fate,
 He sees his rashness, but, alas, too late !
 With resolution warring with dismay, 65
 Back he returns to trace his devious way ;
 But, now the scene seems wilder than before,
 The Smoke-frosts rise, the cracking† Iceburgs roar !
 Weary, the patient deer their path pursue,
 Where never man abode, or herbage grew. 70
 The prospect round appear'd one yawning grave,
 And, mid each pause the fitful tempest gave,

* The chief forests in Siberia consist of the Norway and Silver Firs. It is understood by the northern travellers, that men may venture wherever forests are found, without much danger from the cold ; but in the higher latitudes forests wholly disappear, and single trees only are found of stunted growth. Here the cold is often too intense for animal life : whilst in the most northerly regions, vegetation never appears. The only trees that grow in Spitzbergen, and some parts bordering on the Icy-Sea, are the Dwarf Willows, said to be from two to four inches only in height.

† In the most northern parts, the hills are always covered with snow, and the valleys filled with ice, which are called *Ice-Burgs*. When the atmosphere becomes warmer or colder, in any considerable degree, than at the point when the congelation took place, the ice either expands or contracts, which occasions it to crack, with a noise, which some travellers have compared to the roaring of cannon. Through these fissures in the ice, a white smoke is often observed to arise, which is called *Smoke-frost*, of great opacity and so intensely cold as to peel the skin of any person who comes in contact with it.

No howl from starving wolf invades his ear,
To soothe him with the thought that — *Life* is near.

Now, thicker shadows gather o'er his head ; 75
New terrors rise, till hope itself is fled ;
And, to augment Despair's o'erwhelming tide,
His faithful beasts fall frozen by his side !
From succour far, chain'd to the icy ground,
With phrensied look the Cossack gazes round ; 80
Longs on the clouds that southward take their flight
To seek again his dwelling of delight ;
“ Ah, vain desire !” he cries, “ no more mine eye
“ Shall mark that calm abode, that tranquil sky !
“ The wrathful elements around me rave ; 85
“ No friend to comfort me ! no power to save !
“ Why did I seek mid wilds, like these, to stray ?
“ And why forget the perils of the way ?
“ My children now shall mourn no father near !
“ My wife shall drop the unavailing tear ! 90
“ Cold chills of death creep through my shivering form !
“ MARKOFF, thy hour is come ! thou ruthless storm,
“ Spare me one moment ! keep thy wrath above !
“ 'Tis hard to die, far from the friends we love !”
Once more he thought upon his home, and sigh'd ! 95
Once more he cast a look — on every side ! —

What forms are those, which, through the plain below,
Speed undiverted, scattering wide the snow ?
It is a band of SABLE HUNTERS,* bold !
Rise ! MARKOFF, rise ! shout, ere thy heart be cold !

* The hunting of the Sable is attended with great danger, as the animal is found only in the most northern latitudes ; and the instances which have occurred of individuals, and even companies, who have been frozen to death, are insufficient to deter others from

He calls ! they heed him not ! again he calls !
 They hear a voice ! the sound each breast appals !
 They pause ! they look around ! they see his face !
 They haste the lonely wanderer to embrace !
 Safe in their sledge he seeks his native vale, 105
 And warns each venturous traveller by his tale !

following the same hazardous occupation. The hunters set forward in summer, in bands of, from five, to forty, dragging their boats up the great rivers as far as possible ; when they wait for the setting-in of the frost, before they can use their sledges and penetrate further north in quest of the Sables. (Their only guides on these occasions are the single trees, alluded to in a former part of the poem.) The chief danger arises in not returning from these inhospitable regions before the extremity of winter, as the cold is then intolerable, and which avarice often prevents them from doing ; when their bodies are not unfrequently discovered by the hunters of the following autumn. See *Pennant's Arctic Zoologia*.

THE HOME-SICK SHEPHERD.

A PASTORAL.

Young Shepherd.

WIND and Rain, your fury hot
 Makes the tall Larch round me bow ;
 Wind and Rain, I heed you not,
 I am hastening homeward now.

Old Shepherd.

Stranger, from the driving storm,
 To my friendly cot repair ;
 With a British welcome warm,
 Rest and food await thee there.

Young Shepherd.

I have travell'd wide and long
 Through gloomy skies and lonely ways ;
 And a sickness, deep and strong,
 Now upon my spirit preys.

Old Shepherd.

Poor youth ! thy sorrows, half, I share,
 I'll call the Doctress, old and grey ;
 With her simples, cull'd with care,
 She shall chase thy pains away.

Young Shepherd.

Nothing here can ease my ailing,
 Forest simples will not heal ;
 Know the cause of my complaining,
 'Tis HOME-SICKNESS which I feel.

Old Shepherd.

Home! what home is half so sweet
 As my cot, and field, and fold?
 Hear the lambkins, how they bleat!
 This clear babbling brook behold!

Young Shepherd.

My father's home, my father's tillage,
 His fields, his flocks, his herds I see;
 And the brook of my own village
 Is the sweetest brook to me.

Old Shepherd.

View yon hill, so bleak, and bare,
 Oft it mounts above the sky;
 Whilst, around, the clouds of air
 Float in silver majesty.

Young Shepherd.

We have clouds and mountains too,
 Lovely clouds and mountains steep,
 And from our door the evening view
 Oft makes me on my pillow weep.

Old Shepherd.

This cottage, deck'd with flowers so gay,
 My home from youth to age hath been;
 Nor would I quit, for princely sway,
 The loveliest spot that sun hath seen.

Young Shepherd.

Around *my* cot, with breath serener,
 The winds their bowers of perfume leave;
 The very leaves and lawns are greener,
 And richer is the blush of eve.

Old Shepherd.

Ardent Shepherd, thee believing,
 Thy home must breathe celestial spice ;
 To call it Earth is but deceiving,
 'Tis a Rosy Paradise.

Young Shepherd.

Oh ! 'tis Earth, the more I love it !
Thy brook is sweet, *thy* cot is fair,
 But *my* home is far above it,
 Joy is here, but transport there.

Old Shepherd.

Tell me ! art thou near thy door,
 Where first thou heard'st the torrent's sound,
 And, with intemperate joy, didst pore
 On forms, thy heart, with cords, that bound ?

Young Shepherd.

A few more hills, my steps impelling,
 A few more vales, O rapturous dream !
 And I shall rush into my dwelling,
 Mine own dear cot, beside the stream !

Old Shepherd.

Thy transports rise above all measure ;
 The sun must there perpetual shine ;
 What else can give such boundless pleasure,
 To this wond'rous home of thine ?

Young Shepherd.

Sweet it is beyond expression,
 There I laugh'd in infancy ;
 There I lived to man's discretion,
 And my home is dear to me.

Old Shepherd.

Hast thou those (their wish obeying)
 Whom to greet, thy heart doth burn ?
 Hast thou those who chide thy staying,
 And, round their hearth, thy absence mourn ?

Young Shepherd.

I have a father, good and tender,
 Brothers prized, and sisters kind ;
 I have a mother, heaven defend her !
 And *one* other love behind.

Old Shepherd.

Ah ! thy *sickness* I discover !
 Shepherd Youth, my blessing take ;
 And may happiness, for ever,
 In thy breast her dwelling make !

THE AFFECTIONATE HEART.

LET the great man, his treasures possessing,
 Pomp and splendour for ever attend ;
 I prize not the shadowy blessing,
 I ask — the affectionate friend.

Though foibles may sometimes o'ertake him, —
 His footstep from wisdom depart ;
 Yet my spirit shall never forsake him,
 If he own the affectionate heart.

Affection ! thou soother of care,
 Without thee unfriended we rove ;
 Thou canst make e'en the desert look fair,
 And thy voice is the voice of the dove.

Mid the anguish that preys on the breast,
 And the storms of mortality's state ;
 What shall lull the afflicted to rest,
 But the joys that on sympathy wait ?

What is fame, bidding envy defiance,
 The idol and bane of mankind ;
 What is wit, what is learning, or science,
 To the heart that is steadfast and kind ?

Even genius may weary the sight,
 By too fierce, and too constant a blaze ;
 But affection, mild planet of night !
 Grows lovelier the longer we gaze.

It shall thrive, when the flattering forms
 Which encircle creation decay ;
 It shall live mid the wide-wasting storms
 That bear all, undistinguish'd, away.

When Time, at the end of his race,
 Shall expire with expiring mankind ;
 It shall stand on its permanent base !
 It shall last till the wreck of the mind !



THE WINTER ROBIN.

SWEET Robin ! I hail thy appearance once more,
 Come sing in my garden, or peck at my door ;
 Though an ingrate for favours so often conferr'd,
 I still view with pleasure my favourite bird.

When the last winter's tempest rushed down from the sky,
 Thou appear'dst at my window with pitiful eye !
 The bread from my table unsparing I cast,
 And thought that *one* friend might be faithful at last.

Thy contemplative look, 'twas my joy to behold,
 Thy flight, long repressed, and thy plumage of gold ;
 And the oftener thou cam'st from thy dwelling unknown,
 The more welcome thou wast to the crumbs I had thrown.

The mild breath of spring, from their covert profound,
 Call'd the leaves into light, and bespangled the ground,
 Ah ! then, mid the blaze of prosperity's reign,
 I sought for my Robin, but sought him in vain !

Now that summer is pass'd, and the forest is bare,
 At my window thou stand'st, a sad spectacle there ;
 Cold and shivering my pardon thou seem'st to implore,
 And to ask for the hand that once fed thee before.

Come, banish thy grief, nor past folly bewail,
 My love is a store-house that never shall fail ;
 At evening, at morning, at noon, and at night,
 To feed my sweet bird shall still give me delight.

Ah ! why should I thus thine inconstancy chide ?
 Have *I* no conviction of crimes deeper dyed ?
 Though of reason possess'd and instruction divine,
My spirit is far more ungrateful than thine !

From the moment since first I this vital air drew,
One friend has preserved and supported me too ;
 Yet how often have I, while I sumptuously fared,
 Forgotten the *hand* that my banquet prepared !

WRITTEN, (1793) WITH A PENCIL, ON THE WALL OF THE ROOM IN

BRISTOL NEWGATE, WHERE
SAVAGE DIED.

HERE Savage linger'd long, and here expired !
The mean — the proud — the censured — the admired !

If, wandering o'er misfortune's sad retreat,
Stranger ! these lines arrest thy passing feet,
And recollection urge the deeds of shame
That tarnish'd once an unblest Poet's fame ;
Judge not another till thyself art free,
And hear the gentle voice of charity.
“ No friend received him, and no mother's care
“ Shelter'd his infant innocence with prayer ;
“ No father's guardian hand his youth maintain'd,
“ Call'd forth his virtues, or from vice restrain'd.”

Reader ! hadst thou been to neglect consign'd,
And cast upon the mercy of mankind ;
Through the wide world, like Savage, forced to stray,
And find, like him, one long and stormy day ;
Objects less noble might thy soul have sway'd,
Or crimes, around thee, cast a deeper shade.
Whilst poring o'er another's mad career,
Drop for thyself the penitential tear :
Though prized by friends, and nurs'd in innocence,
How oft has folly wrong'd thy better sense !
But if some virtues in thy breast there be,
Ask, if they sprang from *circumstance*, or *thee* !
And ever to thy heart the precept bear,
When thine own conscience smites, a wayward brother
spare !

EMMA.

(JUVENILE.)

EMMA ! thou art a peerless maid,
 To every virtue plighted ;
 And, in each winning grace array'd,
 That fancy e'er delighted.

Thou hast a dimple on thy cheek,
 Of white, and blushing roses ;
 And, in thine eyes, that pleasure speak,
 The Soul of Love reposes.

Thou hast a *smile*, the whole to crown,
 Which fills all hearts with gladness ;
 But, Oh ! sometimes thou hast a *frown*,
 Which turns our joy to sadness.

Dear maid ! one boon I ask of thee,
 Whose voice deceived never ;—
 It is, that thou wilt smile on me,
 And banish frowns for ever !

 THE WELCOME SUMMONS.

THE SONG OF MONTALTO THE BRAVE, ADDRESSED TO
 MATILDA.*

COME Matilda, blooming fair,
 Hear thine own Montalto call ;
 With the lark will we repair,
 To the loud rough waterfall.

* An attempt has here been made to produce a few English stanzas, as soft as the Italian.

Who can view the woodbine wreath,
 Lovely guardian, round the bower ;
 Who the early perfume breathe,
 And not hail the balmy hour.

Now, wandering through the meadow wide,
 With the wood-note warbling loud ;
 Now, by the clear meandering tide,
 Gliding, like a monarch proud.

Oh ! who can view the yellow corn,
 To the reaper bending low,
 Or the ruby cloud of morn,
 Nor the grateful heart o'erflow !

What with Nature may compare,
 To awake the lofty thought ?
 Nature, ever new and fair,
 Now to pomp of glory wrought.

Before the fervid noon-tide ray,
 Mark the air with quiet deep ;
 While yet the ruddy dawn delay,
 And with dew the flowret weep ;

All alone will we retreat,
 Far from every prying eye ;
 And beguile the moment fleet,
 With delightful colloquy.

Come ! improve the happy time,
 While we think, the whole may fade ;
 In the morning hour of prime,
 Come, Matilda, blooming maid !

ELLEN AND EDWARD.

(JUVENILE.)

REGARDLESS of the boisterous scene,
 Upon the cold and rocky shore ;
 The wretched Ellen stood serene,
 Nor heard the troubled Ocean's roar.
 She look'd upon the evening star,
 And, whilst the waves approach'd, she cried,
 " Oh Edward ! Edward ! why so far
 " From me, thy sad, and plighted bride ?"
 She look'd upon the twilight ray,
 That linger'd in the western sky,
 And cried, " Oh Edward ! wherefore, say,
 " That slighted Ellen thus should sigh ?
 " Dost thou now thy promise rue ?
 " Art *thou* false, as *I* am true ?

" Chief of all on earth I prize !
 " What should keep thee from my arms ?
 " Hast thou found, mid other skies,
 " Fonder maid, or brighter charms ?
 " Brighter charms thou may'st have found,
 " Where thy roving feet have strayed ;
 " But never, never, earth around,
 " Wilt thou find a fonder maid.
 " Cruel Edward ! why deride me ?
 " Why forget thy vows sincere ?
 " Cruel Edward ! I could chide thee,
 " But, though false, thou yet art dear !
 " Heart, be still ! thy anguish smother ! —
 " He is wedded to another !"

Upon a rock the maiden stood,
 And to the Ocean told her tale ;
 She saw not the advancing flood ;
 She heard not the tempestuous gale.
 And now the foaming waters rise !
 They swell ! they reach the maiden's feet !
 She gazes round with startled eyes !
 She looks, but there is no retreat !
 She calls for aid ! the waves reply !
 Her shriek is mingled with the storm ! —
 She saw a Spirit beck'ning nigh !
 'Twas her own True Lover's form !
 " Ellen, to my arms !" he cried,
 " Cease to sorrow ! cease to chide !"
 While the howling tempests rave,
 See ! they sink beneath the wave !

DESTINY.

I.

WAS it for a few short hours
 Of fancied joys, but real pain,
 That man was giv'n his lofty powers,
 And made to drag affliction's chain ?
 Man ! who with a daring eye
 Can count the etherial worlds of fire,
 Or, gazing at earth's tempests, cry,
 I heed you not ! — can then retire —
 To his own Mind, and there converse
 With himself, an universe !

II.

Vain and impotent conceit,
 Which Vice may cherish, Virtue dread !
 A low and gentle whisper sweet,
 Bids us raise our drooping head ;
 Bids us prize our highest boast,
 A future hope, that friend to care,
 And respect ourselves the most
 Of all in earth, or sea, or air ;
 Striving for a prize so high,
 Our immortal destiny.

III.

Fair and tranquil is the scene,
 The shadowy wood, the meadow gay :
 The azure sky, the ocean green ;
 But these will quickly fade away :
 For, like the sun, that, in the morn,
 Rises full and fair to view,
 Man with flattering hope is born,
 And all is bright, as all is new :
 But soon the fairy landscape flies,
 And the whirlwind sweeps the skies.

IV.

If life be but an April day,
 Where pleasure at a distance sings ;
 If manhood, and if youth display
 But airy forms, and shadowy things ;
 Yet let us, whilst the clouds o'ercast
 Our prospect, think with rapture true
 That if our joys a moment last,
 Fleeting are our sorrows too ;
 Joys and sorrows soon will lie,
 In oblivion silently !

V.

Why was consciousness bestow'd,
 Of the beautiful and chaste ?
 Why, beside life's rugged road,
 Fruit, to charm, but not to taste ?
 Why have feelings fired the breast
 Of purity, and worth refined,
 By Fancy in her dreams carest,
 Which we may seek, but never find ?
 Faith, in silence, casts her eye
 To man's future destiny.

VI.

Then let the storms of sorrow rave,
 Let the lurid lightnings blaze,
 Let Dismay her banners wave,
 And few and sad be mortal days !
 Soaring on Religion's pinion,
 This shall chase misfortune's night ;
 And, whilst we grope through earth's dominion,
 Yield a pure, and constant light.
 Fill'd with transport we may cry,
 Speed, oh speed our destiny !

SORDID AGE AND ARTLESS YOUTH.

AGE.

TALK not thus, unthinking youth,
 Darting the enthusiast eyes,
 Of your justice, and your truth,
 And the liberty you prize ;

You are now to manhood risen,
 Cast your cloister'd dreams away ;
 You must burst your mental prison,
 And endure the light of day.

YOUTH.

Must I ever bid adieu
 To the hopes I long have known,
 And in sorrow find, like you,
 That the dreams of youth are flown ?
 Must I check the glow of anguish
 For a world so lost and blind ?
 And, beholding virtue languish,
 Heap my praises on mankind ?

AGE.

What is virtue but a name ?
 Phantom of the hermit's cell !
 Those who covet wealth and fame,
 Must with other beings dwell ;
 For the God whom men adore,
 And whose laws alone can chain ;
 INTEREST is, as was before,
 And for ever will remain.

YOUTH.

I will never meanly swerve
 From the deed my heart allow'd,
 I will never interest serve,
 God of the ambitious crowd !
 Wealth and fame, if these forsake me
 For the loves my heart beguile ;
 Though at eve the storm o'ertake me,
 In the morning I shall smile.

AGE.

What an infantine decision !

Think how all men will despise ;
 Can you bear the world's derision ?
 Can you meet their scornful eyes ?
 You may talk and you may blame,
 Till with talking you are old ;
 In a world so dead to shame,
 Virtue *must* be bought and sold.

YOUTH.

Never, never, ancient father !
 Virtue must not stoop so low ;
 Truth and freedom I would rather
 Honor, than all forms below ;
 These the spring of life shall nourish
 When the wintry tempests sound ;
 Like the bay-tree, these shall flourish
 Greener for the waste around.

AGE.

Thoughtless youth ! you little know
 What delusions round you throng ;
 You may feel your bosom glow,
 At the sound of freedom's song ;
 You the rainbow tints may cast
 O'er the forms that please your eye ;
 But, experience will at last
 Show that all was vanity.

YOUTH.

Can it be that scenes so fair,
 Marshall'd in their proud array,
 Like the gorgeous glories are,
 That follow on the parting day ?

Must the youth whose heart aspires
 To the beautiful and good,
 Quench his first and best desires,
 In Corruption's deadly flood ?

AGE.

Yes, the youth must in the stream,
 Plunge and leave them all behind ;
 Nor in manhood idly dream
 Of friendship true, and justice blind.
 From the first it was the rule
 That strength should hold the sov'reignty,
 All, are either knave or fool,
 Such they were and still will be.

YOUTH.

Let me then awhile enjoy
 Prospects that so soon must fade ;
 Why should gloomy fears annoy ?
 Why, the future, now invade ?
 Why should mariners, who gaze
 At the blue and tranquil sky,
 Looking on to stormy days,
 Lose the pleasure that is nigh ?

AGE.

I am fearful, you are bold,
 And wish perpetual Spring to reign ;
 You are young, but I am old,
 And tell you Winter must remain :
 The fire of youth will soon subside, —
 Its airy castles come to naught ;
 Then will you, with conscious pride,
 Others teach as I have taught.

YOUTH.

Justice, teach, to treat with laughter !
 Virtue, scoff at ! vice pursue !
 I have heard of an hereafter,
 And believe that it is true !
 But, if living, I must free
 My nature from its Spring divine —
 Father ! may I never see
 The Winter of an age like thine !



LINES

WRITTEN IN AN ARBOUR AT TOCKINGTON.

ARBOUR ! form'd for meditation,
 Where I, musing, now recline ;
 Friendship's lays thy walls encircle !
 Fragrant woodbines round thee twine.

Here, the zephyr, gently breathing,
 Wafts its balmy sweets along ;
 Here, the distant wild-note warbling,
 Charms the ear with nature's song.

Life ! thou mystery of creation !
 Whilst we see thy myriads fly ;
 Buzz around, or more aspiring,
 Range the blue expanse of sky.

When we gaze with growing wonder
 On the tall o'erhanging tree ;
 Or behold the nodding flowret
 Robed in humbler majesty ;

Reason asks, perplex'd, revolving,
 Whence they came, in fair array ;
 And if *chance*, for ends uncertain,
 Gave them to the light of day.

Was it a delusive whisper,
 That approach'd me soft and clear ?
 Hark ! again the soothing accent
 Gently steals upon mine ear ;

“ Nature through her wide dominion,
 “ Audible to every mind,
 “ Calls on man to praise his Maker,
 “ Ever bounteous, ever kind.

“ He, the universe upholding,
 “ Smiles when spirits upward tend ;
 “ In the varied works around thee,
 “ Read thy Father ! see thy Friend !”

LINES

ON RE-VISITING THE SAME ARBOUR.

IS this the arbour, this the place,
 Which twenty years ago I view'd ;
 And left upon its walls some trace
 Inspired by thoughtful solitude ?

Is this domain the magic region
 Which oft in youth I paused to bless ;
 And deem'd the rose-encircled dwelling,
 The home of earthly happiness ?

The lays which friendship strew'd are vanish'd,
 The flowers are dead, the walls decay'd ;
 And on this spot, most spots excelling,
 Her wasting hand hath ruin laid !

The garden now hath lost its beauty,
 The orchard near its dainty store :
 The thistle triumphs o'er the lilly,
 And all that charm'd now charms no more !

Shall I again yon mansion enter,
 Where smiles so oft the welcome told ?
 Ah no ! its hospitable owner
 These eyes must never more behold !

The loveliest form of human nature,
 There ran her angel-like career ;
 But she hath pass'd to joys unfading,
 And fragrant is her memory here !

Receive, my soul, the solemn warning !
 Gird up thy loins, prepare to go !
 Friend follows friend in quick succession,
 For resting-place hath none below !



THE MISANTHROPE.

AND are there men, with hate oppress'd,
 Self-centred, lonely, stern, forlorn ;
 Who gaze around, from east to west,
 With eyes that only look to scorn ?

Who hates his race must hateful be,
 A *thing* of Saturn, wandering here !
 This is a world of sympathy ;
 Back to thine own benighted sphere!

EPITAPH

FOR A PROPOSED MONUMENT TO CHATTERTON,* AT BRISTOL.

PAUSE, Stranger ! this recording marble bears
 'The name of Chatterton ! Few sons of woe
 E'er past Life's sojourn, press'd with heavier cares,
 Or felt, more oft, the tear, in darkness, flow.

Though *Genius* nursed him as her darling child,
 And, round his brow, her choicest wreaths entwined,
Neglect turn'd, heedless, from his warblings wild,
 And, far from friend and home, with *want* he pined !

Sighs now avail not ! yet, a grateful age
 Bestows the last poor *meed* that still remains,
 This Tablet, less enduring than his page,
 And gives him *back* his own transcendent strains.

* A year or two ago, it was the writer's wish, by means of a Public Subscription, to raise a monument to Chatterton. Upon applying, however, to the Dean of Bristol for his sanction, he informed him (through a friend) that the circumstances of Chatterton's *death* would operate as an effectual bar to any such monument being placed in the *Cathedral*.

SEVERN,

SUNSET, WRITTEN AT KING'S WESTON POINT, NEAR BRISTOL.

IF hour there be when pleasure fills the breast,
 As Nature, robed in beauty, sleeps profound;
 When woods and streams, in fairy vision round,
 Reflect the peaceful splendours of the west,
 That hour is this.—In pomp austerer drest,
 Now Severn kindles through his ample bound,
 And Cambria's lordly hills in glory lie,
 O'er-canopied by clouds of gorgeous dye;
 Whilst sea-birds sport amid the sapphire wave,
 Rolling the line eternal to the strand;
 And many a distant skiff, and vessel brave,
 Glides glowing on, by fostering zephyrs fann'd.
 Our Empress Isle, profuse of pearl and gem,
 Here wears her proud, and matchless diadem.

SEVERN,

IN A STORM.

SEVERN! thy billows lash the rocky shore,
 Heard, terrible, through midnight reigning round;
 The winds imperious give their loftiest sound,
 While thunders, fierce, from Nature's awful store,
 Traverse wide heaven, with loud and lengthen'd roar,
 Till, crash on crash, convulsive, shakes the ground.
 Voices faint mingle with the troubled sky!
 It is the shipwreck'd crew who aid require!
 In pity to the drowning seaman's cry,
 Clouds! check your fury! Tempests! stay your ire!
 That fervid blast of elemental fire!
 Ah! there the vessel sinks beneath the eye!
 The winds are hush'd, the thunders cease to rave,
 And all is *still*, but the dark-rolling wave!

TO CHARITY.

OH, Charity ! while fame with lightning car,
 Flashes brief splendour o'er the hero's grave,
 Thou sitt'st upon thy rock, amid the wave,
 Calm as the silver moon, and evening star,
 (That o'er the billow throw their image far,)
 Like them, unmoved by storms that round thee rave.
 Ah, from thine eye, I mark the tear descend !
 'Thou thinkest of the woes that man dismay ;
 Upon the crowd, who have no home, or friend ;
 Upon the orphan, worn by want away,
 The lonely widow, lingering out her day ;
 And, though too poor to succour, thou dost send
 The look benign, that oft has care beguiled,
 Soothing, in silence, sorrow's drooping child.

ELEANOR DE MONTFORD'S LAMENT.

ADDRESSED TO LLEWELLYN, THE LAST PRINCE OF CAMBRIA.

Llewellyn was attached to Eleanor, the daughter of Simon de Montford, Earl of Leicester. Eleanor being a guest at the court of Philip, King of France, Llewellyn transmitted to him a request, that Eleanor might be sent to Cambria. "The French King granted his request, and sent the Lady *Eleanor*, under the conduct of her brother *Amoury*, to be conveyed into Wales, to Llewellyn, but ere they approach to Wales, at the Isles of Scilly, both the brother and sister were taken prisoners by some ships from Brystow." *Holinshead*.

The following is addressed, by Eleanor, to Llewellyn, immediately after her captivity, from her prison, at Gloucester.

ELEANOR, thy promised bride,
 From thine arms, is torn away ;
 By old Severn's rapid tide,
 She is sad, who once was gay,
 Desolate as maid may be,
 Yet, Llewellyn ! true to thee.

At the summons Love convey'd,
 To the waiting bark I sped ;
 In the breeze the streamer play'd ;
 The sun, around, his glories shed ;
 Birds chanted loud their carols wild,
 Whilst heaven, and earth, and ocean smiled.

Ah ! little thought I of the fate,
 So soon to overwhelm me in despair ; —
 That I should to my prison grate
 Fly, to breathe the balmy air,
 And ever, mid tumultuous fear,
 Find friend, nor soothing parent near !

Down to the beach my mother came,
 Cheerful, as she strove to be ; —
 I saw her turn, dear sainted name,
 And shed a tear, a tear for me !
 Of her captive daughter's woe,
 May she never, never, know !

O'er the curling billows borne,
 Fast I left the Gallic shore ;
 Thy Eleanor forgot to mourn,
 For Love, inviting, sailed before :
 Joy proclaim'd her jubilee —
 I, Llewellyn, thought of thee !

A sudden cloud o'ercasts the sky !
 At hand, two hostile ships appear ! —
 The scenes are past, and I will try
 To check the unavailing tear !
 Born to grief, and sorrow's heir,
 I, alone, my portion bear !

The best of brothers, good, and kind,
 From my side, nor succour near,
 He, by war, with fury blind,
 Was dragg'd to dungeon, dark, and drear :
 His frantic grief, his last adieu,
 Still, with shuddering heart, I view !

Amoury ! thy life is sought ;
 All our promised joys are o'er ;
 I shall see, O piteous thought !
 I shall see thy face no more !
 Yet, thy memory, sweet to me,
 Amoury ! will ever be.

The dearest friend, of many, dear,
 Thus, with me, I call to weep ;
 Yet, while thou drop'st affection's tear,
 Still thy stately tenor keep !
 Wield the sword of Roderi,*
 Till thy foes beneath thee lie !

Wherefore, from a maid like me,
 Should these warlike accents flow ?
 I would not endanger thee,
 For all the choicest gifts below.

* Roderi or Roderic, surnamed "the Great," was the ancestor of Llewellyn, and the most illustrious of the Welsh Princes.

Terrors, that new terrors wake,
Round, and round, their circuit take !

Mourn not, though the piercing blast
O'er my head, unshelter'd, flies ;
May thy evil days be past !

May thy prosperous star arise !
Yet, sometimes, though vain it be,
Wilt thou, sighing, think of me ?

At evening's still and solemn close,
I look toward Cambria's mountain bound ;
And bless the river, as it flows
From meads and hills, where thou art found :
In its waters, hurrying by,
Oft Llewellyn's form I spy.

Must I, from my spirit cold,
Tear the *last* hope glimmering there ?
Must I watch the hours unfold
With the *fixed* eye of despair ?
Amid the bleak and wintry sky,
Expect no joy, no summer nigh ?

Though it be delusion vain,
On which my faithless dreams recline ;
I will banish grief and pain ;
The dawn of fortune still may shine ;
Hope, that glistens through my tear,
Whispers, Happier days are near !

Ah ! I hear, mid Severn's roar,
A voice, as of a seraph mild ;
Which says, that thou wilt never more
See De Montford's sorrowing child !

Farewell, Llewellyn ! round my head,
Still deeper mists and shadows spread !

Yet, as before me, earth declines,
The sun, upon thy brow, appears !
His fairest beam, there, lingering shines !
Thou source of all my hopes and fears,
When I am dead, which soon will be,
I know that thou wilt think of me !



ELEANOR DE MONTFORD's PRISON SONG.

I.

THE sun is up, the air is still,
The firmament is fair and glowing ;
All things with joy their chalice fill,
And softly Severn now is flowing ;
But what to me can joyance bear,
While bolts, and prison bars surround me ?
Forms of delight, so sweet that were,
Like ghosts of long-lost friends, confound me.

II.

The captive in a foreign clime,
Who on the breeze may waft his ditty ;
Who chants, to soothe the tedious time,
The song which rocks might move to pity ;
What are his cares compared with mine ?
The sad, deserted, child of sorrow !
His prospects, with the morn, may shine,
But I expect no glad to-morrow.

III.

The joys which once I call'd my own,
 Like happy spirits, pass before me ;
 From anguish and the ceaseles moan,
 Their fairy smiles again restore me ;
 Once more the sportive maid I seem,
 Which late, thy groves, Montargis ! found me ;
 Till, starting from the faithless dream,
 A thousand terrors rise around me.

IV.

Thy daughter, best of friends, and true !
 Couldst thou behold her, O my Mother !
 Oh ! couldst thou now thy sister view,
 Brave Amoury, my noble brother ;
 Alas ! withhold your grief for me,
 Oh ! precious names ! the one, the other,
 I have a tear to shed for ye,
 My Amoury ! my wretched mother !

V.

And, O Llewellyn ! brave as free,
 Above all spirits proudly soaring ;
 Shall I forget thy cause, and thee,
 When other gifts, devout, imploring ?
 While 'tiring from the mortal fray,
 Or on thy foes vindictive pressing ;
 My heart, O Prince ! shall earnest pray
 That thou may'st share heaven's choicest blessing !

THE SONG OF THE PATRIOT,

BY LHYRARCH, A CAMBRIAN BARD, SUNG, WITH THE HARP,
BEFORE ILEWELLYN.

I.

LHYRARCH's harp, unknown to guile,
In the Patriot's praise shall swell.
Every kingdom, every isle,
On the planet where we dwell,
Boasts its lords, in long array,
With titles high, and trappings gay,
But the proudest man is he,
Who, in slavery's evil hour,
Grapples with the tyrant's power,
And would set his country free.

II.

The sun, that lights our earth, is fair,
And lovely is creation's face :
Where'er we look, on sea, or air,
Fresh beauties, rising still, we trace,
Whilst flowers, with their transcendent dyes,
On every side, spontaneous, rise !
Ah ! who, when laughing life began,
E'er deem'd this world, so sweet, so mild,
The element of tempests wild,
Where man the torment is of man !

III.

The strong, who should delight to bless,
Wring, from the weak, the bitter tear ;
No little nook of quietness,
Where wrong and outrage disappear !
If, on the soil we call our own,
No blood-drunk despot fill the throne,

Some monster in the human form,
 From far, with his ferocious band,
 To strew with wrecks the happy land,
 Advances, like the winter storm.

IV.

High heaven, for all the ills that are,
 Provides some cure, our Father kind !
 He saw Oppression mount his car,
 Vengeance before, and death behind ;
 And, to resist his baneful sway,
 Call'd the Patriot into day !
 He, warring with corruption's brood,
 Heedless of calumny the while,
 Moves on, with a disdainful smile,
 And thinks, and speaks, and acts, for others' good.

V.

The health and strength of every land
 Are they whom truth and justice guide :
 A small, but an intrepid band,
 By frown, nor interest, turn'd aside ;
 Through mists, who, with an eagle's eye,
 Their country's friend, or foe, descry ;
 And, oft as base-born sons appear,
 With strenuous and effectual might,
 Drag forth their victims to the light,
 Scorning all perils in their great career.

VI.

What gratitude to those we owe,
 Who dared the roughest road to tread ; —
 Our valiant sires ! — now mouldering low !
 In many a strife, their blood who shed,

That we, their offspring, might be free,
 And taste the sweets of liberty.
 That gift, the purchase of the brave,
 To all our children we will send ;
 Their heritage till time doth end ! —
 The blessings which their fathers gave !

VII.

If men, in humbler station born,
 Thus strew with gems their mortal way ;
 What clouds, refulgent, *him* adorn,
 Who rises like the orb of day —
 The Patriot Prince ! — with liberal hand,
 Who scatters blessings round his land ; —
 On equity who rears his throne ; —
 Disdains each low, each sordid end,
 Proclaims himself his people's friend,
 And from *their* happiness derives his own.

VIII.

O prince ! if I my ardour chide,
 And curb what every string would tell ;
 It is, that thou art satisfied
 In planning right, in doing well.
 To fire thy spirit, nerve thy hand,
 The noble dead before thee stand !
 In elder days, when men arose
 To quench old Cambria's hope in night,
 Thy ancestors, in glory bright,
 Triumphant scatter'd all her foes !

IX.

Impetuous, as our torrents, rise !
 Llewellyn ! guardian of our name !

'The Saxon, and his threat, despise,
 And strengthen still our tower of fame !
 Whilst England's slaves pollute our soil,
 Thou scornest danger, scornest toil !
 I see, aloft, thy scabbard thrown !
 August, let Cambria yet appear,
 Bulwark'd with the hero's spear,
 Her genius, Thou ; and all her praise, thy own !



SONG OF THE OCEAN.

I.

BENEATH this crag, that, huge and high,
 Forms a proud rampart to the tide ;
 Serene, I mark the evening sky,
 And sky-encircled waters wide.
 The heavens, in all their pomp, recline,
 Now, on the bosom of the sea,
 And Nature wears the form divine
 Of beauty in its sanctity.
 While viewing thus the flood of fire,
 Unearthly dreams my soul inspire ;
 I drink strange life, and, in amaze,
 Round, with delirious rapture, gaze,
 Till, rising, soaring, borne away —
 I spurn this manacle of clay.
 What crowds of every hue, and dye,
 Now upon the waters lie ! —
 Amid the glow of radiance round,
 A lordly line of light is found :

There the young waves, with lightning glance,
 In their hour of pastime, dance
 O'er their sleeping parents' breast,
 Too light to break their peaceful rest.
 Again as I look, it seems to be
 A column of fire, that rises high,
 From the fathomless depths of sea —
 Faith-like, pointing to the sky !
 O path of loveliness ! O fair highway !
 Through which, methinks, celestial beings run,
 When they, in earnestness, and bright array,
 Would overtake the fast-declining sun.

II.

Descending from the airy car,
 Now, other objects fill my sight ;
 I view the first faint trembling star,
 Leading on the train of night.
 To charm the eye, to soothe the ear,
 New sounds are heard ; new forms appear.
 To this inhospitable shore —
 Whose dark-brow'd caverns ceaseless roar,
 To the stately trees on high,
 Waving endless melody ;
 Whilst the billows at their feet,
 Still the answering note repeat :
 To this shore, the waves are bound,
 (With foam, or floating sea-weeds, crown'd,)

Through the night, and through the day,
 In an undisturb'd array :
 Far as the aching eye can trace,
 On they come, with solemn pace ;
 Wanderers wild from sea to sea,
 Strangers to tranquillity.

For everlasting, doom'd to roam —
 To seek, but never find, a home.
 Here, with earnest course they throng,
 And bear their buoyant spoils along,
 Where, having cast them, with disdain,
 Again they plunge into the main,
 Till they rise, with vigour new,
 And their ancient course pursue.

III.

Upon the utmost verge of ocean,
 A homeward-destined bark appears ;
 Though sailing fast — so slow its motion —
 It emblems life's departing years !
 What transport in yon vessel dwells !
 While gazing on his native shore,
 The seaman's ardent bosom swells
 With happiness unknown before. —
 Exultant, still, he lifts his hand ;
 Still bids the friendly gale arise ;
 And bear him swifter to the land
 Which he has ever call'd the pride
 Of earth, in her dominion wide,
 But which, by absence taught, he now doth idolize !
 Whilst the strain'd canvass courts the breeze,
 His bosom labours with delight,
 And pleasures dance before his sight,
 As the long line of purple coast he sees :
 Though sailing o'er the ocean green,
 With many a rolling surge between ;
 Disdaining space, he sees ! he hears !
 No shape of fancy it appears !
 He presses to his heart, the maid,
 Who, bashful, to salute her lover flies !

Or, rushes through the geeen-wood shade,
 Where his low cot of comfort lies !
 The faithful wife, with triumph proud,
 The hearty welcome pours aloud,
 Whilst his young children clasp his knee,
 And weep and smile, and smile and weep,
 That from the dangers of the deep,
 Their long lost sire they see !

IV.

Orb of glory ! to the west,
 Thou speedest fast thy stately form ;
 In robes of pearl, and sapphire, drest,
 Whilst, starting from their bed of rest,
 Th' imperious winds arouse the slumbering storm :
 Yet, as Night erects her throne,
 In one dark corner of the sky,
 And voices, with portentous moan,
 Sound on the gale that sweeps impetuous by ;
 O'er the vex'd and boundless tide,
 Far-scatter'd sun-beams still delight to play,
 And the fair departing day,
 In silent grandeur, sends its lustre wide.
 Earthly pageants ! veil your head !
 Here, behold, mid floods of light,
 Heaven his gorgeous vesture spread !
 Streaming fire, and liquid gold,
 That, as they change beneath the sight,
 New, and nobler forms unfold.

V.

Ah ! what a change is here !
 Fill'd with terror and amaze,
 The scene grows darker as I gaze,
 The vengeance of the deep is near !

While dark-blue clouds the heavens o'ercast,
 The sun hath left the western sky ;
 And, sailing on the stormy blast,
 The venturous sea-birds, hurrying, homeward fly.
 The waves, that late disporting play'd,
 Are now in ten-fold wrath array'd,
 Darting quick flashes from their thousand eyes ;
 With anger, heighten'd by the WIND,
 Which fain their giant limbs would bind,
 When, to fierce strife, the HEAVENS and OCEAN rise !
 Lo ! sounding their defiance far,
 The ancient rivals rush to war !
 Each, with fearful strength attired !
 Each, with maddening fury fired ! —
 Dreadful, in unavailing ire,
 Th' indignant WINDS awhile retire !
 Whilst the proud victor gazes round
 For some new foe, on whom to pour his rage !
 That other foe he now hath found !
 See the combatants engage !
 OCEAN, collecting all his might,
 With EARTH proclaims a baneful fight,
 And with inebriate reel, assaults the shore !
 EARTH, that many a shock hath stood
 From wrathful sky and stormy flood,
 Smiles in her granite strength, and braves his deafening
 roar !

VI.

No friendly moon, no stars appear !
 From dreams of death, roused by the stormy tide,
 The demons of the tempest ride
 Triumphant, through the dark and troubled air ;
 Or, hand in hand,
 A ghastly band,

Whilst the sinking wretch they spy,
 With their songs of ecstasy
 Pace the ocean-beaten strand.
 To swell the horrors of the night,
 Lightnings flash their forked light,
 Quenching their fervour in the boisterous main !
 Again ! again !
 And, what a sound,
 Bursts in lengthen'd peal around !
 Though fears, that spring from Nature, move my soul,
 Terrific pleasures on that voice await !
 Ye unseen powers, prolong the strain sublime,
 Allied to neither earth nor time,
 Which raise within me, as through heaven they roll,
 The thought, in shadows dress'd, unutterably great !
 When the elements conspire
 To sweep their deep and awful lyre,
 The rattling thunders, as they fly,
 Complete the dreadful harmony !

VII.

PITY ! whither art thou fled ?
 Hast thou left this stormy scene
 For rivers smooth, and meadows green,
 Where Peace reclines upon her roseate bed ?
 From thy haunt, wheree'er it be,
 Darling child of sympathy !
 Haste ! th' afflicted heart to cheer !
 Lo ! a moving sight is here !
 In this shuddering hour of need,
 On thy swiftest pinion speed !
 The bark, that long hath borne the beating wave,
 And now beholds her haven near,
 Trembles o'er the yawning grave !
 Fly to succour ! fly to save !

Amid the ravings of the main,
 Thou oft art call'd, though call'd in vain !
 Whilst " Help ! " faint heard, that doleful sound !
 Floats on the darken'd air, till with the tempest drown'd !

VIII.

The storm increases ! by the light
 Of heaven's fierce splendours, I behold
 The mariners, late brave and bold,
 Chain'd, steadfast, to the deck, in wild affright.
 Through distraction's starting tear,
 They view their wives and children dear,
 Whom they had fondly hoped, ere long, to greet
 With all a husband's, all a father's joy,
 And feel domestic comforts sweet,
 The end of all their toil, without alloy ;
 But now, (while those they love rejoice
 In the bless'd interview at hand,
 And every heart, and every voice,
 Already hails them to their native land,)
 They mark th' unruly sails disdain
 The weak control of mortal rein ;
 Dissever'd, on the winds they ride,
 Rent by ocean in his pride !
 Whilst languid hope points to one glimmering star,
 Forebodings dread, disclose their wretched state,
 They view the sails, plung'd in the wave afar,
 And read their own inevitable fate !
 The lightnings, as they flash, display
 The rocky shore, to which they onward drive !
 In vain with destiny they strive,
 Whilst ocean, bellowing loud, demands his prey.
 Now swifter borne before the hurrying blast,
 (Their last brave anchor vainly cast !)

They view, dismay'd, the white waves glare at hand,
Roaring o'er the rocky strand!

To the near cliffs their course they urge,
In dark funereal terrors drest! —
Ere long, and in the wrathful surge,
Each palpitating heart shall rest!
Still nearer, now, the vessel draws!
Fear suspends their labouring breath!
A horrid pause!

One moment more!
The strife is o'er!
Heard you that shriek? It was the shriek of Death!

THE SONG OF THE CAMBRIAN PROPHETESS.

ADDRESSED TO THE ENGLISH ARMY, UPON THEIR ENTRANCE
INTO WALES.

I.

“VENTUROUS Saxon! Tell me where
Edward, his proud falchion rears!
I have a song for him alone,
Which shall shake his reins on his iron throne.
Point thou the road
To thy King's abode,
Or I will call, with winged fears,
A thousand lightning-barbed spears,
One flash of which might, through the air,
Thy soul to the realms of Tophet bear.

II.

Ah! 'tis Edward! Thou shalt know
Ere long the weight of Cambria's ire;

And, in thy last and great o'erthrow,
 Whilst gallant men inflict the blow,
 Crown'd with faded wreaths, expire.
 Whilst mad furies dance,
 No longer advance,
 To the bleak hills, where Freedom sits laughing at Care,
 Haste! Haste! Or, too late,
 Thou shalt grapple with fate,
 And leave to thy country disgrace and despair!

III.

Edward! Edward! Back return,
 Swifter than the passing ray;
 A flaming cauldron now doth burn!
 And my eyes devour the funeral urn,
 Preparing for thy dying day!
 Soon Arthur shall haste,*
 And, his country (laid waste)

* An opinion very generally prevailed in Cambria, (founded on a prophecy of Merlin) that Arthur was still living, and would yet appear to redeem his country. To correct this prejudice, Edward, subsequently, in the presence of several Cambrians, caused the tomb of Arthur, at Glastonbury Abbey, to be opened, where his remains were still visible.

The exploits of Arthur, which have been handed down to us, by the old Historians, almost surpass the feats of the Scandinavian giants, Starchaterus, Harthin, Horldam, Arverod, &c. described by Olaus Magnus, as will be perceived by a reference to Geoffery of Monmouth's account of Arthur's combat with the Spanish giant.

The feats of Arthur have been extolled more than those of any other British Hero. Arthur's contest with Colgrin and Pandulf, is thus described. "Before the battle with the Saxons, Arthur put on a coat of mail suitable to the grandeur of so potent a King; he fits his golden helmet on his head, on which was engraven the figure of a Dragon, on his shoulders his shield called **PRIWEN**; then gird-

Redeem from the Saxons, who vanquish'd retire ;
 Thou, Edward ! shalt fly
 At the glance of his eye,
 And his sword, beaming vengeance, consume thee like
 fire.

IV.

Arthur still doth being share,
 Though none his warrior form may see ;
 Oft mid moonlight evening fair,
 When the leaf hangs listless in the air,
 He whispers solemn truths to me.
 The moment hastes on ;
 The sun-beam hath shone
 Of the morning, which lights him to glory anew ;
 The noon is at hand,
 When from Cambria's land,
 To destruction, his sword shall proud Edward pursue.

V.

Other words, O Prince, attend !
 Truths unwelcome thou must hear,
 Before thy mortal course shall end,
 And earth-worms hail their royal friend,
 Crown'd, mid London, shall appear,

ing on his sword CALIBURN, he graced his right hand with his sword, named ROSE, which was hard, broad, and fit for slaughter. This done, he rushed on to the fight, nor did he give over his fury before he had with his CALIBURN alone killed *four hundred and seventy men*. The Britons, seeing this, follow their Leader in great crowds, and make slaughter on all sides, so that Colgrin, and Pandulf his brother, and many thousand more, fell before them."

Lyttelton, in his history of Henry II. says, that at an interview of Richard I. with Tancred, King of Sicily, Richard presented

Like a ghost from his grave,
 Llewellyn the brave,
 Whilst crowds, thronging round, shall exult at the sight.
 Fly ! Fly ! Or, too late,
 Thou shalt grapple with fate,
 And thy name, and thy glory, expire in night.*

THE WELCOME.

CARADOC'S ADDRESS TO THE ENGLISH WARRIORS, UPON
 THEIR APPROACHING MONA.

HAIL ! Ye sons of valour, hail !
 Come, and learn our mystic lore ;
 Welcome to this forest pale,
 Where the Druid dwelt of yore.
 Mona's bards,† with harp and song,
 Here have found a peaceful home ;
 And, mid concords, loud and long,
 Nightly watch the planets roam.

him with the above noted sword CALIBURN, which had effected such prodigies by the British Arthur.

* When Llewellyn commenced his contest with Edward, (consistently with the superstition of the age) he consulted an old woman, who was regarded as a prophetess, respecting the consequences of the war. She encouraged him to persist, and assured him that in the result he would triumphantly ride through Cheapside in London, with a crown on his head.

†“ The Bards were originally a constitutional appendage of the Druidical Hierarchy, which was divided into three classes, priests, philosophers, and poets. At Llanidan in Anglesea, formerly inhabited by the Druidical conventual societies, we at this day find vestiges of *Tre'r Dryw*, the Arch Druid's mansion ; and near it, of *Tre'r Beirdd*, the hamlet of the bards.” — *Jones's History of the Bards*.

They have here a compact made,
With the harp and woodland shade.*

Heroes ! long to glory known,
Late, in the tumultuous hour ;
Though not to idol terrors prone,
We saw our tranquil zenith lower ;
Now, disdaining fears that *were*,
We the peaceful olive wave ;
In the moment of despair,
We forgot that you were brave !
Welcome to this forest pale !
Sons of war, and valour, hail !

THE WARNING.

LHYRARCH, THE CAMBRIAN BARD'S ADDRESS TO THE ENGLISH
CHIEFTAIN, EARL TALBOT, WHEN, SCATTERING DESTRUCTION
AROUND HIM, HE HAD PENETRATED TO THE SACRED GROVES
OF MONA.†

WHENCE, O Warriors, clad in mail,
Thus our happy land assail ?
Have we, witless, done you wrong ?
Do you war with harp and song ?

* The remains still exist, in the Island of Anglesea, of the Great Grove, with the *Tre'r Dryw*, or Arch Druid's mansion. Rowlands represents this chief residence of the Druids, and ultimately of the Bards, as having originally consisted of a large circle, comprising the *Cirque*, or place of judicature ; the *Carnedd*, or place of sacrifice ; and the *Sacraria*, or places of worship : the whole encompassed with a thick grove of stupendous oaks.

† Mona was the ancient name for the Island of Anglesea ; separated from North Wales, by a channel, called the Waters of Menai. The Scotch and Welsh antiquarians have respectively stated the Isle

Or, have those who are no more,
 Prostrate on the bloody shore,
 Call'd you from your homes afar,
 Thus to drive Destruction's car ?
 We are few, and peaceful, here,
 And our hearths and homes are dear !

Know, O Warriors ! clad in mail,
 Where the stars through ether sail,
 There is ONE, who looks below,
 Greater than our mightiest foe !—
 There is One, whom *you* should fear,
 Wielding an Almighty spear !
 Should you traverse Mona more,
 Tracking thus your path with gore,
 List, O Warriors, clad in mail !
 Hear the threat, which cannot fail !
 He who bids the thunders roll—
 He whose lightnings scare the soul,
 He, for Mona's children slain,
 Will blast you with his fierce disdain.

of Anglesea and the Isle of Man, to be the ancient Mona : but in opposition to Boetius, Humphry Lhwyd has substantiated the superior claim of Anglesea. The Isle of Man, (as well as Anglesea,) was often however called Mona, to which its name bears a close affinity. Hypothesis has been carried to a ludicrous extent in the opinion which some have entertained that the two Monas were the Fortunate Islands of the Ancients. Ramus, however, in his history of Norway, proceeds rather further in absurdity, by gravely advancing the sentiment, that the Scylla and Charybdis, to which Ulysses was driven, lay “ betwixt Helseggen and Moshoe, on the coast of Norway.” No person writes on a subject, which, to himself at least, is not of importance, and if Ramus, in describing the wild rocks of Scandinavia, which then lay under his eye, magnified some of them into undue consequence, it is a prejudice not more natural than it is easy to pardon.

You are men, though clad in mail ;
 Shall the voice of mercy fail ?
 Have you not, on Albion's shore,
 Whom you prize, and whom adore ?
 Have you not, in order fair,
 Father, mother, brother, there ?
 Do you not, while far you roam,
 Oft, turning, linger round your home,
 And homage pay, with bended knees,
 To Nature's tender charities ?
 Do not your rosy offspring rise,
 Nightly to a father's eyes ?
 By the love to these you bear,
 Mona's happy children spare !

I see the tiger in your eye,
 Slay me ! I disdain to fly !
 Did I talk, O Men ! to you
 Of peaceful joys you never knew ?—
 With sweet words that move the tear,
 Father, mother, brother, dear ;
 Did I hope to make you feel,
 Whose blood is ice, whose hearts are steel ?
 Hence ! The milder word I scorn !
 Demons, hence, of darkness born !
 Lift once more the bloody spear !
 See my breast ! O plunge it here !
 Infuriate, I will head the train,
 The ghosts of thousands you have slain :
 Swords of proof, and glittering mail,
 What, O Men, shall then avail ?
 Our happiness shall be delay'd
 To meet you in the land of shade !”

THE DISTRACTED MINSTREL.

THE SONG OF A SURVIVING BARD, AFTER THE SLAUGHTER OF HIS
BRETHREN AT MONA.

LIKE a watch-tower, I stand, on the verge of the sea,
Whilst the tempest aroused in his vehemence raves ;
The deep tones of ocean, how fearful they be,
When the storm wraps in darkness the mountainous
waves !

What transports are these ! like myself, in despair,
The white-headed billows dash madly the shore :
I love the rude tumult, the rocking of air,
And music to me is this perilous roar.

Behold ! the red thunderbolt ranges the sky !
Beside, rides a Spirit ! Ere beheld, he is past !
Ah ! seize in thine anger the bolts as they fly,
And crush me, an atom, upwhirl'd on the blast.

I once dwelt with men ; I have laugh'd o'er their tomb,
Ah, no, I have wept, and fresh tears I will shed.
What shadow is that — which still deepens the gloom ?
I see it ! It speaks ! ah, the vision is fled !

Ye lightnings burst round me ! your terrors I hail !
Come, drest in fresh vengeance, thou torrent of fire !
With destruction, o'erwhelming, all Nature assail,
And let the last gleam of existence expire.

The earth with foul spells hence to Demons is bound,
If I look to the sky, their dread legions appear ;
If I mark the wide waters conflicting around,
Each wave is a car for the beings I fear.

My Harp ! is it thou ? hast thou seen me forlorn ? —

In his anguish, *one* friend cheers old Caradoc's sight.
Thou art dearer to me than the blush of the morn
To the mariner wreck'd in the blackness of night.*

Oppress'd, and forsaken, thy sympathies bear ;

O come, whilst I lean on thy joys as I go,

I will strive to forget a vile world with its care,

And pluck from my heart the deep arrow of woe.

* About a hundred sail of vessels proceeded from England for the West Indies in the August of 1809. Their course was for some time favourable, and all on board with undoubting confidence anticipated a prosperous voyage. One evening the sun descended with a yellow lustre. The air was mild, the wind fair, and every heart experienced felicity on beholding the regular progress of so large a fleet, all securely and tranquilly forcing their way through the illuminated and playful billows. One vessel in particular, a large and new ship, all eyes surveyed with admiration. The distant seaman recognized her as the “ pride of the fleet ;” as sailing on “ like a Commodore.” At length the dark clouds of an encumbered sky concealed all objects from the sight. In the midst of darkness, a storm came on, without warning, as severe as ever visited poor mariners on the shelterless sea. In a moment, a *gush* of the elements laid one vessel (from the Captain of which, this account was received) permanently on her side. For one hour and a half, in this perilous state she lay, her sails level with the water, darkness on every side, whilst the still-augmented roaring of the winds and the waves told every heart that its hour was near. In the midst of such convictions, “ a speck of light” arose in the east, like a gem set in a sky of ebony. It was the first dawn of the morning ! in the face of death, hope kindled afresh. Encouraged by the imperfect glimmering, which many would still have called night, the reviving crew zealously advanced to cut away the masts, which, when accomplished, the vessel *righted*. The winds now gradually subsided, and when the morning appeared, with heart-rending dismay, they saw the white heads of the huge billows strewed with *wrecks* ! Of this gallant fleet, eleven ships, (including *her* which was the “ pride of the fleet,” “ which sailed on like a Commodore,”) all perished utterly !

Off! Off! fiends accursed! In confounding array,
 They have seized my sweet harp! From the clouds,
 dark and dread,
 Lo! a whirlwind advances! O, bear me away
 On thy wild wing of fury to rest with the dead.

CARADOC'S SONG OVER THE SLAUGHTERED BARDS.

Scene, the Druid's Circle in the Island of Mona.

I.

GATHER fast, ye clouds of night!
 Let no star this deed behold!
 Be it blotted from the light!
 Be it but to demons told!
 Thy honor'd Bards, O Cambria fair!
 Whose harps, so oft, have lull'd thy care,
 And taught thy sons, to pity prone,
 To make another's pang their own,
 O friends revered! O brethren dear!
 For you I shed the fervent tear!
 In the hour supreme of woe,
 Iron war hath laid you low!—
 While I am left, forlorn, alone,
 To heave the sigh, and pour the groan!

II.

Masters of the sacred lyre!
 Spirits bathed in Fancy's fire!
 On daring pinion born to ride;
 Who only sojourn'd here awhile
 Sorrow's children to beguile
 With the songs to heaven allied:

When shall I again withdraw
 My jarring chords to learn of ye ?
 When listen, lost in silent awe,
 To your towering harmony ?
 In happier days, for ever gone !
 Which memory loves to linger on,
 Mid glittering hopes, and sunny dreams,
 We haunted oft the dashing streams ;
 Or, wilds remote from human eye,
 When lightnings flash'd athwart the sky,
 And thunders, with long-lengthen'd sound,
 In ghastly dread, the fearful bound :
 Or the soul-enchancing mountains,
 Stately rivers, hallow'd fountains,
 While night, in panoply and prime,
 Marshall'd her starry hosts sublime :
 Hoary fathers ! spirits pure !

To heaven's selectest treasures free,
 Earth your like shall never see,
 While the sun and moon endure !
 Meads, and hills, and torrents rude,
 Mourn your widow'd solitude !
 Who shall now your praises tell !
 They are dead who loved you well !
 O my country ! Cambria dear !
 In deep silence drop the tear,
 For never more at closing eve
 Shall thy ancient woods receive,
 While radiance lingers in the sky,
 Thy loved, thy bards' sweet melody !
 On the lonely willow-tree,
 Shall their drooping harps be found ;
 And the winds that round them flee,
 Wake, unheard, the solemn sound !

III.

O, that in Oblivion's tide,
 I could plunge, and wash away
 The memory of this evil day,
 And its deeds of darkness hide.

Though the mortal groan hath past ;
 Though is hush'd the raging blast ;
 Though my brethren all are slain,
 Still, upon my burning brain,
 The image rests ! the shrieks arise !
 The beaming spear affrights my eyes !
 The hand is raised ! the knee is bent !
 And " Mercy !" throngs the firmament.
 Why, in this vindictive hour,
 Was I spared, a wretched end !
 To behold the bloody shower
 Thus, on Mona's Bards, descend !

IV.

Sons of innocence and song !
 Shall o'er your fate no lofty spirits weep ? —
 Cambria shall bewail you long
 When these weary eye-balls sleep !
 While succeeding ages roll,
 You shall move the feeling soul !
 To this spot, thus holy made,
 To this lone, and peaceful shade,
 From a callous world, and proud,
 Cambria's better sons shall crowd ; —
 They, upon this mound, shall stand,
 And, whilst their labouring hearts expand,
 They shall drop a tear for you,
 And, faltering, cry, — " Sweet bards, adieu !"

V.

Grey my lock, and dim mine eye,
 On another state I gaze !
 The end of time, with me, is nigh,
 Yet, in these my parting days,
 Bitter is the cup of woe,
 Which I must drink before I go !
 The world, to me, is blank and dead,
 All its vagrant joys are fled ;
 False and fleeting lights they gave,
 Brief as the sun-illumined wave.
 Confusion thickens ! mists abound !
 Forms, mysterious, gather round !
 Like the stars that seem to fly,
 When the clouds are sailing by,
 All things swim before my sight !
 Dreams of dread ! and visions bright !
 Oh ! what lawless revels reign
 In my strain'd, and labouring brain !
 I see no home beneath the sky !
 I hear no harp's sweet minstrelsy !
 I view no bard a brother made,
 All beneath the turf are laid ! —
 I am left, and left alone,
 To heave the sigh, and pour the groan !
 Hence, of happiness bereaved,
 Still pursuing, still deceived ! —
 From the storms that round me rave,
 There is a refuge in the grave !

VI.

Ah ! a foe, for mortal fray,
 Starts forth, in terrible array !
 All must die ! our earthly span
 Oppress'd with ample grief is found ;

But tenfold wretched is the man

Who dies with none but strangers round.

No friend to bid his anguish cease ;

When terrors rise, to whisper peace ;

To hang upon his parting breath,

And smooth the rugged road to death :

Whose head is laid, where all must lie,

Without a tear, without a sigh.

Pity near, when we complain,

Sorrow loses half its pain ;

The feeling heart is not for me ;

Mine is lonely misery !

They who would have rush'd to share

All my joy, and all my care,

(Their memory blessings rest upon !)

To their long, long home are gone !

VII.

Hope, farewell ! thine end I view !

Pleasure ! take my last adieu !

I, where tempests rave around,

In a lonely bark am bound :

From care to care, with none to save,

Toss'd, like a locust, on the wave.

As fix'd as repose, and as earnest as fear,

I will gaze at the sky, till the planets appear ;

As passive my spirit, as dreary and chill

As the cloud, which December drives whither he will.

The past recedes, new prospects shine ;

Farewell, O earth ! O harp divine !

Soon must I attune my ear

To other cadence, soft and clear,

To songs that suit the upper sky,

To strains of immortality !

VIII.

God of majesty, and might !
 Let thy winged lightning fly !
 Let thy thunder-bolts alight
 On the monster chieftains nigh !
 At this hour of tears and sighs,
 Hark ! their horrid *laughters* rise !
 Scorn'd of every heart and clime,
 May they wither in their prime !
 Hope, the balm of human care,
 May they barter for despair !
 May thy mercy, Judge of all !
 Never to their souls extend,
 But confusion on them fall !
 And perdition, without end !
 Anguish, like a flaming dart,
 Deeper let it pierce their heart !
 And, when on life's tempestuous brink,
 Whilst her wormwood dregs they drink,
 Let them pass the torrent wild,
 Not like Virtue's peaceful child, —
 By their own uplifted hand,
 May they perish from the land !
 Or, Justice, with remorseless fang,
 Tear them from these happy skies,
 And the still-increasing pang
 Be their worm, that never dies ! —
 Oh ! I err ! the storm within
 My heart hath hurried on to sin ! —
 This sudden tumult in my vein
 Hath dragg'd me back to earth again.
 Anger ! child of hell ! away !
 I will look to heaven, and say,
 God of mercy ! o'er the past,
 Thy forgiving mantle cast ! —

Now let me to the forests fly —
There to sorrow — there to die !

THE WARRIOR'S GRAVE ON SNOWDON.

LHYRARCH'S SONG OVER THE GRAVE OF PRINCE DAVID, AND
HIS FRIEND, THE GALLANT EDWALL.

I.

THOUGH sorrow mark no cheek but mine ;
Though hostile spears around me shine ;
Shall the *Bard* his thoughts dissemble,
Or at danger deign to tremble,
Whose presence (freedom-like) alone
Shakes the despot on his throne ? —
Bard ! who holds the sacred lyre,
Prodigal of earth's applause,
To whom, in Truth and Virtue's cause,
The Highest delegates his fire ?
Shall he to idols lift his hands —
He, flattery to the abject breathe,
Who, mid the humble, humblest stands,
And on the proudest looks beneath ?
Pretenders vile may touch the string,
And incense to the tyrant raise,
Who buys, for gold, his worthless praise ;
But who, at Inspiration's spring,
Drinks deep, and feels the power within,
Mines, in vain, might strive to win.
Like the sun-shine and the sun,
LIBERTY and BARD are one.
He, while cowards feel despair,
The pinnacle of right shall dare.

If ever slavery should maintain
 An empire, boundless as the main,
 To *his* breast, no fortress higher,
 Independence shall retire,
 And, to a threatening world, reply
 But with the disdainful eye.

II.

O Scorn ! no more deform my brow,
 Milder thoughts oppress me now.
 This day hath closed the mortal span
 Of a great, a gallant man ;
 Old in fame, though young in years,
 For whom a thousand sighs arise,
 Faithful, generous, valiant, wise,
 For whom are shed a thousand tears.
 Hark ! the spirits of the air,
 They, who weep o'er human woe,
 With the hurrying hand or slow,
 Wake by turns the note of care ;
 Now declining, now ascending,
 With the gale of midnight blending,
 For David is dead ;
 On the bier lies his head,
 And his corse we convey to the home of the dead.

III.

Whilst on earth our friends we bear,
 Whose sun below no more shall rise ;
 What so soothing, and so fair,
 As the planet-spangled skies ?
 When, as the deepening shade prevails,
 Night, her sister Silence, hails,
 And Heaven's verge, in sober grey,
 Lengthens long the closing day.

Such scenes profound instructions yield,
 Deep truths are to our hearts reveal'd —
 Soften'd, mellow'd, taught to feel
 That Nature, Nature's wounds can heal.

While glows the concave, calm, and clear,
 Our little mole-hills disappear ;
 We forget affliction's wave,
 The worm, the mattock, and the grave.
 Amid the hour, to mourning due,
 A gentle joy the heart beguiles ;
 As around she scatters rue,
 Sorrow, for a moment, smiles.

IV.

Tell me, men ! who roam to see
 Sights renown'd of majesty,
 What so grand as here to bow,
 Thus on Snowdon's awful brow,
 Raised so high, scarce knowing where,
 Suspended, like a lamp, in air,
 When no forms arrest the sight,
 But the sailing clouds of night,
 Or, the countless orbs that shine
 Through the canopy divine ; —
 Here some lonely planet fair,
 Many a well-known cluster there :
 Gems that stud the heavenly throne,
 (Which speak of worlds beyond our own ;)
 View'd with rapture, oft of yore,
 Yet now lovelier than before ; —
 Awe-inspiring as we gaze ; —
 While oft the vagrant *meteors* blaze, ;
 Some, darting far their lines of fire,
 Which, ere we look, in night expire ;

Some, like monarchs in their car,
 Gliding, slow, from star to star,
 To the subjects of their mind,
 Paying visitations kind,
 Downward then to cast our eye,
 From our stand amid the sky,
 And view the misty vale below,
 Through which peaceful rivers flow,
 Whilst upon the winding streams,
 Day, expiring, faintly beams.
 Fill'd with thoughts of amplest sweep,
 We, a holy silence, keep,
 And half, to our own selves, appear,
 Beings of another sphere,
 As we to Death had bent the knee,
 And quaff'd our immortality.

V.

Roving Fancy, I abjure thee !
 Now substantial tears shall flow ;
 O prince ! before the grave immure thee,
 I will pour the song of woe.
 In her strength, for David's sake,
 The bold, the trembling harp shall wake.
 Why should friend the truth withhold,
 The praise which from affection springs ?
 Thou art fallen, thou art cold,
 Heir, and hope, of mighty kings !
 When last the sun arose sublime,
 We David saw, a mountain strong,
 Beneath his shade we march'd along,
 Nor fear'd the wasting hand of Time,
 Him we thought ordain'd for praise,
 Cambria, drooping, born to raise

To some eminence of power,
 Great as when our Roderic reign'd ;
 That unwreath'd, immortal hour,
 When we the loftiest foe disdain'd ;
 But our hero is fled,
 On the bier lies his head,
 And his corse we now bear to the home of the dead.

VI.

Earth hath still her charms to boast,
 Some, abiding, short-lived, most ;
 Such as to the soul pertain,
 Spurn at life's contracted chain,
 Ocean, narrow'd to a span,
 Germ of heaven abides in man —
 One little light to cheer his cell,
 One spark of his primeval mind ;
 Not all was lost when Adam fell,
 For FRIENDSHIP linger'd yet behind.
 Edwall ! in the prosperous day,
 Thou didst well thy truth display ;
 And the adverse hour, for thee,
 Was to shew thy constancy.
 Thou, in battle fierce, wast torn
 From the man whom now we mourn.
 Here, friend from friend must be divided,
 Like the sands on the sea-beat shore ;
 But in a world, far off provided,
 They shall meet, to part no more !
 O, hear and rejoice,
 With your heart and your voice !
 Blessings, and great,
 For the good await,
 After the storms of this mortal state !

VII.

Generous youth! so true, so brave,
 We consign thee to the grave,
 While the stifled groans reveal
 That even foes for *thee* can feel. —
 These are honours due to none,
 But to high-born Valour's son.
 Upon the bud that low doth lie,
 We bestow the passing sigh;
 But the youth, like morning red,
 Adorn'd with virtue's choicest bloom,
 Hurried to the silent tomb,
 Who beholds, nor droops the head?
 On the mound where he is laid,
 The glow-worm, calm, and constant, shines,
 The broken bull-rush slow declines; —
 O'er the spot, so precious made,
 The star of evening lingers long,
 Whilst from the ancient yew-tree's shade,
 Through the stillness, warbling clear,
 Till the first faint dawn appear,
 The bird of sorrow pours his song.
 Village maidens, chaste, as fair,
 Often bow in silence there;
 And let fall, memento true,
 Some sweet flower of tender hue.
 E'en the old sexton, whom no common fate
 Stops in his road, and leads to contemplate,
 Here pauses sad — feels for a father's woe,
 And wipes the tear that will, unbidden, flow.

VIII.

Bear the rich remains away!
 As we march with solemn tread,

We will think upon the dead,
 And for their souls devoutly pray.
 Lo ! the hallowed spot we reach !
 The grave is deep ! the grave is wide !
 This lonely sepulchre might teach
 Lesson stern to human pride.
 Lay the heroes side by side !
 They, in life, were friends sincere !
 They, in death, are joined here !
 Now place the sod beneath their head !
 Whilst each restrains the faintest word,
 While not a breath profane is heard,
 Gently earth upon them spread !
 Then, as the clods descending sound,
 One by one, in order slow ;
 Let the warriors, crowding round,
 With no idle pomp of woe,
 While I mourn, securely feel
 In their courage, and their steel,
 For David is dead !
 Oh ! his spirit is fled !
 And here, on the turf, rests his peaceable head !

IX.

What a bubble all things are,
 Between this clod, and yonder star !
 From youth to age we toil along,
 Against a thousand currents strong,
 Fierce to gain some gaudy prize,
 Which the world doth idolize ;—
 Power — the source of killing care ;
 Fame — a column raised on air ;
 Wealth — at best, a golden chain,
 Soon resign'd to men as vain ;

Dear-bought honour ; things which be
 Weigh'd by wisdom — vanity !
 Whilst our moments swifter fly
 Than the cloud of jagged form,
 Hurried fast before the storm,
 Through the warring wintry sky !
 Like the pageants of a day,
 All earth's glories pass away !
 Rode there not upon the wind
 Warning notes, as mercy kind ?
 Again the utterance ! Whispers mild,
 Sent to Folly's thoughtless child !—
 The tower on which the sun hath shone,
 The restless vapour sailing on,
 The falling leaf, the winged dart,
 The friend who cheers us soon to part,
 The blush of eve, the shadowy dream,
 The reed that floats upon the stream,
 The wave, rough foaming up the shore,
 The voice of music heard no more ;—
 The lightning fierce, the thunder dread,
 Of which remembrance long has fled ;
 The thought that once disturb'd the mind,
 Now in the robe of twilight drest,
 Calm as ocean sunk to rest ;
 The wind that leaves no trace behind,—
 These have a voice ! Where now are found
 Names and nations once renown'd ?
 These emblem life — these all impress,
 (In the hour of thoughtfulness)
 The spirit, with mysterious force,
 Like the unbound tempest hoarse,
 Wrapp'd in midnight ! — these declare
 How frail is man, what grass we are,

Flowers, at morn, which charm the eye,
 And, at even, fade and die.
 Lo ! to rouse our hopes and fears
 For things, of small concernment, never,
 Now secured, or lost for ever,
 A silent monitor appears !
 From the tomb, a *hand* I spy,
 Pointing to Eternity !

X.

One leaf of cypress more I strew,
 And then the long, the last adieu.
 Sons of promise, your career
 Terminates in darkness here ;
 Your rapturous joy, and your distress
 In the grave's deep quietness !
 If my heart might cease to swell,
 For the cause in which you fell,
 From life, its cares, its thorny bed,
 Could I mourn that you are fled ?
 Brief is sorrow ! brief is pleasure !
 You have had your destined measure,
 And to nobler life are born !—
 Till the Resurrection Morn,
 When our friendships we renew,
 Take my long, my last adieu !

THE CAMBRIAN WAR SONG.

SUNG BY LHYRARCH, BEFORE LLEWELLYN, AND THE CAMBRIAN ARMY, AT THE MOMENT OF THEIR LAST CONFLICT WITH EDWARD.

TOO long the yoke hath Cambria* borne ;
 Now, in patriot strength mature,
 She wakes from grief ! She scorns to mourn
 What the warrior's sword may cure !
 From our slumbers, lo ! we rise !—
 We will lay the lofty low ;
 And with our lightning-armed eyes,
 Scare the iron-hearted foe !
 Sons of valour ! Sons of fame !
 Roused from her abased state,
 Cambria now shall vindicate
 The honors of her ancient name.

In the days which are no more,
 Cambria, oft her might display'd ;

* *Cambria* has now merged its name in that of *Wales*.

Percy Enderbie gives the following origin to the name of *Wales*.

“ Because the name of the country is changed, or rather mistaken by the inhabitants of England, and not by them called *Cambry*, but *Wales*, I think it necessary to declare the occasion thereof, which is, that whereas the Saxons, a people of Germany, were the first that after the Britains inhabited and ruled the greatest part of this island, and drove the Britains into that corner, which according to the manner of their country they called *VVales*, and the countrymen *VVelshmen*, and the tongue *VVelsh*, that is to say, *strange*, or not of them understood ; for at this day, the inhabitants of the Low Countries call all their next neighbours' language, *Honegaw*, or others that speak French, *VValsh*, as a language to them unknown. Likewise the inhabitants of the Tyroll do name the *Italian*, their next neighbour, a *VValshman*, and his language *VVelsh*.”

She reveal'd her glittering blade,
 And from her rock-encircled shore,
 Thick-cover'd with the vanquish'd slain,
 Drove the Norman and the Dane.
 Spake I, of the days — no more ?
 Manes of the mighty dead,
 Pardon ye the word I said !
 Till the rounds of time are o'er,
 Like the planet of the sky,
 Your glorious days shall never die !

What the nation of the earth,
 That, in all her pride, hath given,
 Like our Cambria, heroes birth,
 Sent and sanctified of heaven ?
 From the realms of dazzling light,
 Souls august, and ever dear ;
 From your empyrean height,
 See ! we march to launch the spear !
 Arthur ! we thy prowess own ;
 Thy sons, aspiring, think of thee ;
 Bulwarks of their father's throne,
 Ten thousand Arthurs now I see !

Great and valiant were our sires ;
 Noble in the rolls of fame ;
 Whose memory, Cambria still inspires
 To triumph, or to die the same.
 Burst not from your marble rest,
 With the fierce upbraiding eye !
 We are now in vengeance drest,
 And the hour of strife is nigh !
 Foes, and great, before us rise !
 Edward's daring hordes I see ! —

Lo ! the frightened lion flies,
 Whelm'd in scorn and infamy !

Beneath the banners of the brave !
 Fast, our valiant hosts advance,
 To wield the sword and hurl the lance,
 Whilst hovering wolves their banquet crave ;
 Dainty food they soon shall share,
 With the carrion birds of air !
 The day, so long'd for, now is nigh,
 When, mid the rage of clashing shield,
 To us the palm shall Edward yield ! —
 He, before our wrath, shall fly,
 With wither'd hope, and blasted fame,
 Sunk in everlasting shame !

O ye spirits of the brave !
 High in valour's annals hoary,
 While the beaming lances wave,
 On, your children march to glory !
 Warriors ! — view your mortal foe !
 Yonder see him pressing near !
 He hastens to his last o'erthrow !
 He comes to feel Llewellyn's spear !
 Let the bloody pennon wave !
 Now, the awful hour is nigh,
 Cambria ! when, thy all to save,
 Thou must vanquish, or must die !

THE SONG OF THE UNION.

BY A CAMBRIAN BARD.

After the complete subjugation of Cambria, by Edward, the Bard, in noble triumph over prejudice, acquiesces in the inevitable event, so lately deprecated, and, while he weeps for his country, anticipates the blessings of peace; the extinction of war; and the prosperity of his native land, when the names of Cambrian and English were to be lost in the grander designation of “ Briton.”

There are two cases in which the extension of territory may be of advantage, and to both parties. The first is, where an empire thereby reaches to the *natural boundaries* which divide it from the rest of the world. Thus we account the British Channel the natural boundary which separates the nations of England and France: and if France possessed any counties on this, or England any cities or provinces on that side of the sea, the recovery of such towns and districts to what may be called their natural sovereign, though it may not be a just reason for commencing war, would be a proper use to make of victory. The other case is, where neighbouring states, being severally too small and weak to defend themselves against the dangers that surround them, can only be safe by a strict and constant junction of their strength: here conquest will effect the purposes of confederation and alliance; and the *union* which it produces is often more close and permanent, than that which results from voluntary association. Thus, if the Heptarchy had continued in England, the different kingdoms of it might have separately fallen a prey to foreign invasion; and although the interest and danger of one part of the island were in truth common to every other part, it might have been difficult to have circulated this persuasion amongst independent nations; or to have united them in any regular or steady opposition to their continental enemies, had not the valour and fortune of an enterprising prince incorporated the whole into a single monarchy. *Paley.*

I.

ENDLESS changes, great, and small,
Time, on rapid pinion, brings!
Empires rise, and empires fall,
In the round of human things!

O, Cambria! Parent of the good and great,
 Thy hour, so long protracted, now is nigh!
 And whilst dim sorrow trembles in my eye,
 I bid a last adieu, for shadows round thee wait:

Can I, from the light of day,
 Thee behold, my mother dear!
 Borne by hostile bands away,
 Nor drop the fond, and filial tear?
 When I forget thee, flower of earth!
 Thou loveliest blossom in this world of blast,
 Where innocence and playful mirth,
 Have o'er thy scenes, so long, a lustre cast,
 May the harp which still hath been
 My solace, in the hour of care,
 Hence, with its softest note, serene,
 Plunge this my faithless heart, in horror and despair!

II.

Cambria! thou declin'st thy head,
 Not like the sons of infamy and scorn!
 They, for the abject fate, were born,
 And sink, unwept, to their dishonor'd bed.
 But when thou sought'st the land of shade,
 And on the turf thy head was laid,
 Whilst SORROW, sad, upheld thy bier,
 PITY dropp'd the pearly tear;
 VALOUR, for thy braided hair,
 Wove a chaplet, fresh and fair,
 And all the VIRTUES, in a train,
 Sigh'd around their Champion, slain.

III.

What voice is that of joyful measure? —
 Bounding sport, and tuneful pleasure?

Not from earth the cadence springs ; —
 Heaven unlocks her stately treasure !
 Hark ! again the concave rings !
 Roused by the immortal strain,
 I will list, and list again.
 In sounds that melt the ravish'd soul,
 Around, the wild-notes, warbling, roll.
 Now, in lulling airs, they die ;
 Now, they wake bold harmony ;
 Now, to awful grandeur, rise,
 Shaking the eternal skies !
 While now, by gentler themes beguiled,
 All again is soft and mild.
 Music, Spirits bless'd, employ,
 To tell their plenitude of joy, —
 In this heart-inspiring hour,
 They behold the demon, War,
 From his pinnacle of power,
 Chain'd to Discord's fiery car,
 Both plunged in dark Oblivion's tide ;
 They swell the concord of the spheres,
 Audible to mortal ears,
 And, with ambrosial songs, thro' Heaven, exultant, ride.

II. — 1.

Fairer than the evening ray,
 Who is she, with dove-like wing,
 Rising from the ocean spray,
 Whilst attendant angels sing ?
 To new delight and ardent joyance born,
 With eyes, that pleasure beam, she mounts on high ;
 And by her side, whom starry robes adorn,
 A kindred shape sublime, illumines the laughing sky.
 By her lofty port, and mien,
 I see a parent's image there ! —

E'en Cambria, earth's transcendent queen !
 With the noble England fair !
 No more their eye-balls dart around,
 Envy, and wrath, and killing scorn, and hate,
 In bonds of holy friendship bound,
 Each visage wears the smile of love sedate.
 May they, to the verge of time,
 'Traverse, hand in hand, along ;
 And Bards of every age and clime,
 Inspired with Albion's praise, chant the immortal song.

II. — 2.

While scenes, august, before my vision play,
 And Cambria's new-born star of glory shines ;
 My spirit faints, my head declines,
 And dark the hue of this auspicious day ! —
 Can I, from my memory tear,
 The image, graven deepest there !
 Llewellyn, and his bitter fate,
 Brave, but fallen potentate !
 His soul, so high ! his heart, so true !
 Where generous thoughts, luxuriant, grew !
 'Till in dust I lay my head,
 I will weep Llewellyn, dead !

II. — 3.

Ye heroes, pride of future story !
 Ye who fell, or young, or hoary,
 I will *not* bewail you dead.
 The blood that left your falchions gory,
 In a noble cause, was shed !
 O, earth ! what higher praise below
 Can thy loftiest children know,

Than, how to guard their fathers' laws,
 Than, how to die in freedom's cause.
 What fearful vision fills my eyes ?
 The murder'd Bards before me rise !
 Borne from earth, and mortal care,
 Their looks, their happier state declare ;
 Whilst each the golden lyre sustains,
 Form'd for heaven, and heavenly strains !
 From clouds they come ! — a long array !
 With the cloud, they pass away !
 While sordid spirits leave behind
 Names that perish but for scorn,
 Your brows shall living garlands bind,
 Fragrant, as the blushing morn.
 Though never more your concords sweet
 Shall raise the soul to ecstasy,
 Precious shall your memory be,
 Whilst, at the voice of song, a Cambrian's heart shall
 beat.

III. — 1.

O Eleanor ! for thee I sigh !
 Must I not thy tomb adorn ? —
 Fair as a wanderer from the sky,
 That just beheld her natal morn !
 While feeling holds dominion o'er the heart,
 And sympathy the spirit bears along ;
 Thy fate shall bid the tear of pity start ;
 And sorrow oft, for thee, awake her tenderest song !
 David ! though thy crimes were great,*

* “ David, the Brother of Llewellyn, fled into England, and joined his interest with that of Edward. Though levity of temper, and a turbulent spirit for a long time influenced this prince, a ray of returning virtue brightened the declining period of his life.”
Warrington.

I, for thee, a sigh will yield ; —
 Rising from thy traitor state,
 Thou, the patriot's sword didst wield.
 Edwall, too, shall have his fame ! —
 Through life's brief morn, fair did thy planet shine,
 Thy heart was warm'd with friendship's flame,
 And David's dust shall mingle now with thine.
 Llewellyn ! yet a last adieu,
 I bid to thee, thy country's pride !
 Cambria, o'er thy grave shall strew
 Her first, and latest flowers, striving the tear to hide !

III. — 2.

Although the Eternal Fiat, thus ordains
 That Cambria's towering head, in dust should lie ;
 Ere long, and she shall lift her lofty eye,
 Whilst her OWN PRINCE, again, triumphant, reigns !
 Let our ardent spirits glow !
 Noble is our Victor Foe !
 Not to alien power and pride,
 We the island-helm confide !
 Vanquish'd in the hard-fought field,
 Not to coward arm we yield !
 But to Edward ! — dear to Fame,
 England's hope, nor Cambria's shame ! *

* “ King Edward, in his journey from the Holy Land, through Italy and France, gave notable prooffe of his great prowesse and strength, at a tournament, or rather battel, against the Earl of Chabloun, and his Burgundians: for the said Count, being a gallant man at arms, after many blowes with the sword betweene King Edward and him, throwing away his weapon, graspt the King about the gorget, and hung upon him with the weight of his massie body, in hope to cast him to the earth, but the King sitting upright, without any bending, put spurs to his lusty horse, and lifted

III. — 3.

Ah ! check the tear, unbidden, flowing !
 Favouring winds around are blowing !
 Soon will joy our prospects crown ;
 Heaven is richer gifts bestowing,
 Though, awhile, he seems to frown !
 England bold, and Cambria fair !
 Now are join'd, a happy pair !
 Whilst their progeny shall rise,
 Great, as good, and brave, as wise !
 Far off I gaze ! as years advance,
 Gallia wields the bloody lance !
 The base she raises to renown,
 Or tramples thrones, and sceptres, down.
 I see her, in her rebel pride,
 O'er plains of waste, and carnage, stride !
 With one, her lord, deform'd with crimes,
 (The Attila of after times)
 Dealing, wide, his treacherous smile,
 Who, ere he stabs, his victim blinds !
 While, in this wave-sequester'd isle,
 Affrighted Freedom refuge finds.
 New visions burst ! Mid rude alarms,
 Firm in their strength, our children stand ;
 Proud spectacle, a Spartan band,
 And, with the smiles of Heaven, defy a world in arms.*

the Count, so hanging about his necke, quite from the saddle,
 carrying him away, till hee had forceably shooke him off to the
 ground." *Speed.*

* In the first edition of the *Fall of Cambria*, I had rather inju-
 diciously ascribed the preceding "Song of the Union" to *Lhyrarch*.
 Now, he is exempted from this inconsistency, and the song given to
 a nameless bard, although, in a cool philosophical view, such as

AN EXPOSTULATORY EPISTLE TO LORD BYRON.

THE reader will remember that this "*Epistle*" was published in Lord Byron's life time, with the author's name affixed. Had it not been so printed, it would never have appeared. I further remark, that, Lord B's. attack on myself would have obtained no notice, but, when I saw in his works, undisguised hostility to, as well as masked insinuations against, all that is *sacred*, I mused "till the fire burned." But this could not have arisen from any wish to come into collision with so powerful an adversary as Lord Byron. It arose rather from a deliberate conviction, that there

Paley took, Lhyrarch might have adopted all the favourable anticipations which the lines express. This sudden transition, however, in the bard's sentiments is not sufficiently in accordance with his national predilections, from which consideration, I was induced to exclude the poem altogether from the Second Edition, although I have given it a place in the present volume; (biased, perhaps, from the recollection that this was the only instance of my having attempted the *Regular Pindaric Ode*.)

It would have been better in me to have given, in the first instance, this "Song of the Union" (duly modified) to Edward's own *Minstrel*, for we are told by *Hector Boethius*, that Edward the first was attended in his wars by the minstrel, *Robert Baston*, that he might celebrate his victories; and which he did, Boethius tells us, "to great admiration!" This Robert Baston was a Carmelite Friar of Scarborough. Wharton says that he *also* accompanied *Edward II.* on his expedition into Scotland, to immortalize *his* victories, but, being by some means taken prisoner, and the Scots having unfortunately learned his profession, and the intention of his visit, with a witty kind of revenge, they refused to grant him his liberation, till he had written a *panegyric* on the foe whom he had come to traduce! Baston was our *first* Laureat.

Stow speaks of one *Robert Brune*, perhaps the same person.

rested an imperative duty on each who regarded religion and virtue, and stood in no awe of his Lordship's frown, to present to him, *in no covert, anonymous form*, the firm, and uncompromising language of *remonstrance*, and fearlessly to expose both his principles, and the injurious tendency of his writings. The following lines emanated from feelings, thus excited, and breathe, it is feared, occasionally, a *severity* of expression, which nothing could have produced, or would justify, but a solicitude to uphold, at all hazards, the cause of insulted virtue. Of the legitimacy of this endeavour, as well as of its success, different estimates will be formed, in accordance with the different views of the reader.

Some individuals, who allow their feelings to precede their understandings, may adopt the opinion, that from the death of Lord Byron, the following epistle should not have been re-printed, but such persons do not reflect on two things: first, that the same motives which prompted the address are still in existence; and secondly, that a man *lives in his works*. If both sank together, the reasoning would be correct, but while one retires, the other remains; and the advantage which the decease of *one party* derives from the amiable feeling of *forbearance*, is of a temporary character. In that particular, the accuser, and the accused, *soon stand on a par*, and where principles are vitally implicated, a resolute adherence to the convictions of right, should triumph over subordinate and local considerations.

Although the wish existed to suppress this epistle, the object would be impracticable, from its *having been published*: and I should now dissent from the expediency of its withdrawal. The "Address" in question, originated in no personal hostility to Lord B. but from a desire to counteract, (in some imperfect way,) the poison

which pervades his writings. The antidote may be inadequate to the bane, yet, every testimony against corrupt practices, or sentiments, is productive of some good. It directs, and often stimulates others, and what is inefficient in the detail, may be successful in the aggregate. I consider Lord B. *as still living in the spirit which pervades his works*, and this is not the moment to relax, or temporize, amidst the widest dissemination of pernicious influences.

I might subjoin, that it was my intention, in the following Epistle, to manifest *earnestness*, but not *acrimony*; and if any part should bear that aspect, I can only disclaim its reality, and express a regret that the execution should not have been more conformable with the design. To this I am compelled to add, that if the subjoined Expostulatory Address had been written at *the present time*, it *might* have been improved in the argument, but *would* have displayed a more *subdued feeling*, independently of that moderated tone which is befitting in a reference to one who has passed into the *Economy*, where motives and actions are weighed!

In looking over my papers, I find a *commentary* on the lines which Lord B. directed against myself, written under a perusal of what was deemed, a harsh, and an unprovoked assault. My first impression was, to throw it aside, but, on further consideration, I determined on prefixing it to this "Address:" not from a wish to depreciate one, now no more, and he, a *foe*, but to notice his *living writings*, which, (unaffected by casualties,) are circulating, fresh and green. The response must be ineffectual, but, as the spirit of the rejoinder is not bad, though the provocation was great, some readers may give it a passing glance.

COMMENTARY.

“ *Bæotian Cottle, rich Bristowa’s boast,
Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast.*”

1. The epithet, *Bæotian*, is so hackneyed, and has been applied to so many of my superiors, that it has now lost all its vituperative charm.

2. “ *Bristowa’s boast!*” This intelligence is perfectly new to me! I could have informed Lord B. that the inhabitants of this ancient and loyal city, (for the most part) are far more *profitably* employed than in boasting of, or concerning themselves about, what *I* may have written, or even his *Lordship!* A poet, with his peddling wares, (ycleped “ *Imports*”) would cut but a sorry figure, in the presence of *real* merchants, on the Bristol Exchange!

3. The Sons of Bristol are calumniated in its being affirmed of them, that “ *Commerce clogs their brain,*” while they testify too strong a partiality for “ *rack*” and “ *turtle.*” The Bristol Merchants, without professing themselves, like the *De Medici*, to be patrons of literature, have long superadded to their high responsibility, a moral and intellectual character, which shrinks not from a comparison with any body of commercial men in the three kingdoms; and with respect to “ *rack*” and “ *turtle,*” their moderation, like their credit, has never before been impeached, although it may be presumed, like Lord B. and their neighbours, when such things fairly come in their way, they do not look around for superstitious objections. In opposition to Lord Byron’s sarcasms on *Bristol*, no place exhibits a nobler predominance of charitable, and liberal institutions, or presents a more animating array of private worth, or public virtue.

Those who know nothing of Bristol, and the general dissemination of knowledge, literary and scientific,

which so honourably distinguishes its inhabitants, may expatiate on the anti-intellectual nature of commerce: they may continue to descant on the deficiency of public spirit, and disinterested conduct, manifested by the influential characters of this second city of the state; but to overwhelm with confusion such calumniators, one example, out of many, shall be adduced.

The lovers of natural beauty had often noticed a particular coombe, in St. Vincent's Rocks, leading from the subjacent Avon to Clifton Down, and, without cherishing so extravagant a *hope*, merely indulged the *thought*, that, with a liberal expenditure of money, the most picturesque road, probably, in the kingdom, might be formed in this singularly beautiful spot. The public body of *Bristol Merchants*, noticed also, the feasibility, and advantages of a road, in this place, and, without being deterred by the cost, or magnitude of the undertaking, boldly determined on effecting the object, unassisted, out of their own funds!

This road has now been completed some years, in effecting which, rocks were levelled, and valleys filled up, and notwithstanding the vast sums expended, the *Bristol Merchants* disclaimed all remuneration, not allowing even a *Toll* to obstruct the road, and presented the whole as a munificent donation to the Public! This is an instance of splendid generosity in the highest class of *Bristol's Citizens*, which absolutely stands *unparalleled*, and will reflect on them imperishable honour.

It would be culpable not to notice, also, the correct *taste* discovered in the *boundaries* of the road. Vulgar Projectors would have erected, stiff walls, or planted formal hedges, but by allowing the natural rock to appear on one side, and an earthy parapet on the other, surmounted, as it is, by the acanthus-looking herbage of

the district, complete *harmony* is preserved with the adjacent scenery, and this miniature, of an *Alpine Pass*, thereby presented, perfect, to the eye of the enraptured spectator.

On this occasion, the Commissioners of the Roads, not to be surpassed in liberality, removed the turnpike from Clifton Down so as to give an easy communication between the Hotwells, and Clifton. Such instances of noble liberality in public bodies, deserve the most lasting commemoration. — I rejoice in the opportunity, thus incidently offered, of vindicating, from unjust aspersions, the Place of my Nativity.

4. The line, “Condemn’d to make the books which once he sold,” to common understandings, is rather *inexplicable*, as, ordinarily, books are made *before* they are sold.

5. The sarcastic, and *aristocratic* charge of my using pen and ink for profit, is, happily, untrue, and which, if otherwise, would have been no disgrace: at least, so *Johnson*, and *Burke*, once thought.

6. To the question, “Who will peruse my reams?” Time alone can reply, although I hope no writings of *mine* will ever obtain circulation, either while I live, or after my death, which do not, in some form, inculcate truth, or amuse without *corrupting*.

7. In one place I am represented as “*Striking the Lyre in vain*,” and in another as being “*Bristowa’s boast*,” This, in an inferior mind, would be deemed a little incongruous!

8. Where Lord B. says, that if Cottle had

“*Plough’d, delv’d, or plied the oar, with lusty limb,*
“*He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him.*”

the lines exhibit the *horns of a dilemma*! They are either *illogical*, or contain a *truism*. I might have both *delved* and *written*, (as Burns has proved,) so that they are

illogical, from exhibiting a discrepancy between the postulate and the deduction: or, otherwise, they present a *truism*, for, if the gratuitous adjunct be made, of, “*alone*,” as an ellipsis, the sentiment would stand thus: “If I had delved, &c. *alone*, I should not have written,” which would have been equivalent to the sage declaration; “If Sir Isaac Newton had never existed, he would never have written his *Principia*, nor should I, consequently, (with *truistical* accuracy,) have ‘sung’ the praises of Sir Isaac!”

9. Lord Byron was at a loss, (so he professes,) to know whether the “*Fall of Cambria*” was written by *Amos*, or *Joseph*, Cottle, which proves that he never *saw* the work which he has traduced, for the *title* would have told him. But what is *consistency* to one who regards *effect* so much more than *truth*!

10. Lord B’s indignation seems to have arisen from as ignoble a source as ever swayed the breast of a plebeian; namely, that I, as a bookseller, should dare to invade the sacred mount, where his Lordship, on the loftiest pinnacle, conceived himself to sit, as a Sub-Jupiter, in lonely sovereignty, dispensing his distant smiles, or, with the “*awful nod*,” holding subordinate spirits at bay! To associate “*great things with small*,” how would poor *Chatterton*, (an attorney’s clerk!) have been paralysed at so lordly a presence, (perhaps not!) and even *Milton* himself, “*that old schoolmaster*!” have been repelled, and levelled with the very dust, by so super-human a *scowl*! At the time, however, which Lord B. selected for this ungenerous attack, I had ceased to be a bookseller for more than ten years; but had it been otherwise, it would have been no discredit, for where the man degrades not the profession, the profession disgraces not the man. The quality of the

writing, it appears, was less a consideration with Lord B. than the grade of the writer.

11. When the charge was applied to me of “*Pen perverted*” and “*paper misapplied*,” the *moral world* will determine to which of us this *mis-application* most rigidly belongs. Yet there is an ulterior *Tribunal* to which both will be amenable !

12. But the only part of Lord Byron’s assault which really wounded my mind, was the contemptuous introduction of the name of my late lamented brother *Amos*, eight or ten years *after he had lain in his grave* ! My late estimable and ever-to-be deplored brother was eminently a *scholar*. He had been, for seven years, the classical pupil of that modern prodigy of attainments, *John Henderson* ; after which, he resided three years, for instruction, with the Rev. Joseph Milner, the learned author of the “*History of the Christian Church* ;” and, subsequently, spent four years, at Cambridge, where he took his degrees, and died soon after he left College, respected by his friends, and beloved by his family ! His Translation of the *EDDA OF SÆMOND* was a work of promise, and on any question of *learning*, Lord B. would have done well to avoid a contest with him ! And yet to this young man, who was the delight of all societies ; as polished in his manners, as he was refined in his sentiments, and distinguished for his diversified attainments, Lord B. applies the *silly line*.

“*Oh ! Amos, Cottle, Phæbus ! what a name !*”

But there may have been more cause for this apostrophe, than at first appears. From the name not being to be found in *Horace*, or *Ovid*, or in his *Gradus*, perhaps Lord B. had never before *seen* or *heard* the

word, Amos! *Amas* would have been clear enough, but *Amos*, doubtless appeared to his Lordship as *bad Latin*!

13. I perceive, some friends of mine have been honourably distinguished, with myself, by Lord Byron's abuse; but his darts fall from them with the same powerless effect, which the shafts of Pope did from the tough bull-hide shield of *Bentley*.

The importance of the subject will be my apology, if I further remark, for the consideration of all immoral writers, that no pungency is so acute to the upright mind in the prospect of *death*, (unassociated with brutish insensibility) as that which arises from the remembrance of *perverted talents*, when in darkness it anticipates (as far even as it concerns only this life) pernicious influences perpetuated, and which no contrition can then atone for, or recall. The Bard, if he find no vivifying impulse to support virtue, might, at least, act a neutral part, and not enter into a world already burdened with evil, still more to augment its deformity. The compunction of Rochester from this cause, is well known, and amongst many similar instances, Dryden, at the close of life, deplored the latitude that, in thoughtless moments, he had given to his pen, the effect of which, his reputation, he recollected, served only wider to disseminate. The Father also of English Verse has left the following memorable lesson to the Poet of all succeeding ages, to warn him of the suffering which he accumulates to himself, on approaching the verge of life, when he remembers writings, which are then only remembered *to be abhorred*. The venerable Bard, (not without impressive instruction) cheers himself with the recollection that *all* was not equally bad, and with a feeling, warm from the heart, rejoices over some insulated parts which might, he hoped, have a happier tendency. "Crist

have mercie of me, and forgeve me my giltes, and namely of myn translations and enditinges of worldly vanitees, the which I revoke in my retractions; as the Boke of Troilus; the Boke also of Fame; the Boke of the Five-and-twenty Ladies; the Boke of the Duchesse; the Boke of Seint Valentines Day of the Parlement of Briddes; the Tales of Canterbury, thilke that sounen (*lead*) unto sinne; the Boke of the Lion, and many an other Bokes, if they were in my remembrance, and many a Song, and many a *Lecherous Lay*. Crist of his grete mercie forgeve me the sinne. But of the translation of Bokes of Consolation, and other Bokes of Saintes, and of Omelies and Moralite and Devotion, that thanke I oure Lord Jesu Crist and his blissful Mother, and all the Saintes in Heven beseking hem that they fro hensforth, unto my lyves end, sende me grace to bewaile my giltes and to stodien to the salvation of my soule; and grant me grace of veray penance, confession and satisfaction to don for this present lif, thorgh the benigne grace of him that is King of Kinges and Preste of all Prestes, that bought us with the precious blode of his herte, so that I mote ben of hem atte the laste day of dome that shullen be saved."

If the solemn idea conveyed in this extract should allow of any meaner impression to arise in the reader's mind, he cannot fail to be struck with its *harmony* (particularly in the latter part.) The prose of the poet is distinguishable in the most barbarous age.

WHAT days are these ! in which the rabble rout,
At once, from Stygian realms, come pouring out,
Truth to subvert, and burst the social chain,
That chaos, and old night, once more might reign !

Amid ephemeral swarms of *graceless things*, 5
 Now scoffing at the Highest, now at kings,
 Who, wisdom, in her sanctity, despise,
 Leagu'd close to do what evil *in them lies*,
 (Seeking to undermine, assault, o'erthrow,
 Whate'er of excellence is found below,— 10
 The goodly Fane our virtuous fathers rear'd ;
 The Book they honour'd, and the God they fear'd,)
 Some foremost stand, though not unknown to fame !
 To wage th' assault on decency and shame !
 Their keenest arrow urged, their stoutest spear 15
 At each who dares the fainting Virtues cheer ;
 Their sworn and deadliest foes, whoe'er may strive
 To keep the vestal spark of Faith alive.

Towering above the abjects, who surpass,
 In size, and feature, all earth's morbid mass, 20
 (Those who confound, *in numbers*, right and wrong,
 And desecrate the sacred gift of song,)
 Is there *one* man, of harsh *plebeian* mind,
 On all his race, who wars with fury blind ?
 Of such perverted principles, and ways, 25
 Whose praise is censure, and whose censure, praise ;
 With human sympathies, who scorns to dwell,
 Proud as was *he*, who chose to rule in hell ;
 Disdaining, born to move in regions higher,
 Whate'er the great, the good, the pure, admire ; 30
 The gaunt, and fearful aspect of whose soul
 Bursts thro' his *Tales*, like peals, that round us roll ?
 One such there is, from Erebus, and Night,
 Whom nobles blush to own, a *waspish* wight !
 With *spleen* and *gall*, from infancy, who grew, 35
 With *henbane* nurtured, not *hymettian* dew :
 Who, though preferring deeds of darker dye,
 Oft sports, in monstrous pastimes, *none knows why* ;

Who, urged by instinct, *follies* to pursue,
 "Exhausts" the old, "and then imagines new." 40
 O, Helicon, thy recreant son bewail !
 O, deed, at which barbarians might turn pale !
 He, spurn'd of Nature, callous more than dull,
 Can quaff libations from his *Father's Skull* !

Would, that to outrage decency and sense, 45
 Shame to deride, and mock at penitence,
 Were all the heart deplored in his career !
 Yet, deeper shades, in long array, appear.
 Impetuous, some in paths of madness run,
 Each crime bewail'd the moment it is done, 50
 But he, with spirit cold, and hard as steel,
 In fostering ill, compunction cannot feel.
 Through *Tomes* up-piled, with poison deep imbued !
 (Advancing to terrific magnitude !)
 He seeks all hallow'd precincts to invade, 55
 Vice to exalt, and virtue to degrade,
 And, whilst a thousand sighs to Heaven are sent,
 Serenely sits in *Moral Banishment* !

Is there a man, how fallen ! still to fall !
 Who bears a dark precedency o'er all :— 60
 Rejected by the land which gave him birth,
 And wandering now an outcast through the earth ;
 A son, dismember'd, and to aliens thrown,
 Corrupting other climes, but, first, his own ?
 One such there is ! whom sires unborn will curse, 65
 Hasting, with giant stride, from *bad* to *worse* ;
 Seeking, untired, to gain the sensual's smile,
 A pander for the profligate and vile !
 His head, rich fraught (like some Bazaar's sly stall,)
 With "lecherous lays" that "*come*" at every call ! 70

Who *still* at sacred things can gibe and jeer,
 Loud-laughing at the nursery bug-bear, fear,
 And, of the Scriptures, *just enough* retain
 To quote them with flagitious heart profane !

Mangling, like some voracious tiger blind, 75
 Whome'er he deems the humbler of his kind,
 He next, for havoc, furious springs on high,
 He *must*, like slander, stigmatize, or die !
 Now, wrathful, he assails *each* letter'd Peer,
 (The oak, to charm, must have no rival near !) 80
 Insulting next — his Prince (by gnats unhurt)
 With all a butcher's coarseness, " blood " and " dirt " ! *
 (The kindred champion, hail'd, with savage smiles,
 By all the bullying H****, and base C***** !)
 Then paints *himself*, with features that appal ! 85
 The least traduced, and most deform'd of all !

There is a man, usurping lordly sway,
 Aiming, alone, to hold a world at bay,
 Who, mean as daring, arrogant as vain,
 Like chaff, regards *opinion* with disdain ; 90
 As if the privilege with *him* were found,
 The laws to spurn by which mankind are bound !
 As if the *arm* which drags a despot down,
 Must palsied fall before a BYRON's frown !—
 That spectre fading fast, that tarnish'd gem, 95
 Which those who most admire, the most condemn !

Spirit of Milton ! and ye bards of old !
 Great minds ! who tinsel ne'er bequeath'd for gold !

* Two of the gross epithets, abounding in Lord B's *discourteous* Satire on the PRINCE REGENT. [Now, our GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN !]

What are his titles, his credentials strong,
 Like you, to *awe*, when years have roll'd along? 100
 With much, for which e'en scribblers will not plead,
 Frothy, and vulgar, worthless as the weed,
Hath he the stately theme, the chaste design,
 The thought that "breathes" and "burns" in classic
 line?

Is his the fabric rear'd for every age; 105
 The intellectual being's heritage?
 Though many a bellowing trumpet swells his fame,
 Some sceptics *will* this "*Liberal Don*" proclaim,—
 Meteor, at first, mistaken for a star,
 A marsh-bred *Ignis* in inflated car! 110
 The flimsy idol of a flimsy day,
 Like monarch *Thespis*, hurrying fast away;
 Predicting, spite of bays and parsley crown,
 That, what *so soon* goes up, will *soon* go down!
 Huns! Vandals! dead to the mellifluous line! 115
 Treason against Parnassus and the Nine!
 Of *his* substantial claims the doubt to raise,
 When profligates pour forth such floods of praise!
 More heterodox than rancorous Jew or Turk,
 Let them peruse his *Everlasting Work*! * 120
 And, when the *twelfth* huge quarto! meets their eyes,
 Their folly own, and, with the mob, be *wise*.

But now the muse on graver theme must dwell,
 Or scorn'd, or not, before the word "farewell,"
 Although the meeting want the courtier's grace, 125
 We must draw near, in converse, face to face,

Receive from *him* the passing apothegm,
 Who would rejoice to *honour*, not *condemn*.—

* The first part of "*Don Juan*," in one volume quarto, to consist, the reader is gravely told, of *twelve* "parts!"

How poor is he, illumined, and yet dark,
 Who trusts his genius to a crazy bark ; 130
 No star to guide, no pharos, helm, or chart,
 Who owns a *head*, but cannot boast a *heart*.
 Learn ! and this trace let memory long retain ;
 The grand, the choicest inmate of thy brain !—
 Worthless is *song*, alike in peer or clown,
 (Doom'd not to wear Time's amaranthine crown) }
 If, on the strain, insulted Virtue frown.

Is there no moment, when, the storm at rest,
 Reflection steals, like twilight, o'er thy breast ?
 No hour, relieved from revelry's loud din, 140
 When chill *misgivings* shake thy towers within ?
 Is *Retrospect* no stern intruder rude ?
 No foe, with pointed dagger, *Solitude* ?
 Canst thou on night, in pomp of glory, gaze,
 Her depths unknown, her congregated blaze, 145
 Her starry voyagers, of high degree,
 Sailing through oceans of infinity,
 While silence holds her universal sway,
 And earth, and man, like atoms, pass away ?
 Canst thou o'er scenes, like these, thy glance extend,
 And hear no voice, which spirits comprehend,
 Telling, in soft celestial cadence clear,
 Of worlds beyond this low sublunar sphere ?
 With destinies before thee, so sublime !
 Why pinion down thy soul to sense, and time ? 155
 Must never *one*, of *all* thy readers, rise,
 Fresh from thy page, more purified ? more wise ?
 No future mind, kindling with virtue's fire,
 Look back on *Harold's Bard*, and bless his lyre ?

From thy compeers in genius wisely learn :— 160
 From which of *Southey's* lines must virtue turn ?

(Who, bold, with Hell's vicegerents war to wage,
 Brands the "*Satanic School*" to every age ;
 His visitings, Herculean, chief descending,
 Upon the "Head and front of the offending")* 165

* The following *noble sentiments* are taken from the Preface to Mr. Southey's "*Vision of Judgment.*" They are reprinted in this place in order to add some little to their circulation ; and gratifying it is, still to find in an early friend, the same high moral feeling for which in youth, he was eminently distinguished.

" Would that literary intolerance in the public were under the influence of a saner judgment, and regarded the morals more than the manner of a composition ; the spirit rather than the form ! Would that it were directed against those monstrous combinations of horrors and mockery, lewdness and impiety, with which English poetry has, in our days, first been polluted. For more than half a century English literature had been distinguished by its moral purity, the effect, and in its turn, the cause of an improvement in national manners. A father might, without apprehension of evil, have put into the hands of his children any book which issued from the press, if it bore the name of a respectable publisher, or was to be procured at any respectable bookseller's. This was particularly the case with regard to our poetry. It is now no longer so ; and woe to those by whom the offence cometh ! The greater the talents of the offender, the greater is his guilt, and the more enduring will be his shame. Whether it be that the laws are in themselves unable to abate an evil of this magnitude, or whether it be that they are remissly administered, and with such injustice, that the celebrity of an offender serves as a privilege whereby he obtains impunity ; individuals are bound to consider that such pernicious works would neither be published nor written, if they were discouraged, as they might, and ought to be, by public feeling ; every person, therefore, who purchases such books, or admits them into his house, promotes the mischief, and thereby, as far as in him lies, becomes an aider and abettor of the crime.

The publication of a lascivious book is one of the worst offences which can be committed against the well being of society. It is a sin, to the consequences of which, no limits can be assigned, and those consequences no after-repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of conscience he may feel when his hour comes,

Which verse shall *Wordsworth* ever blush to own ?
 Or *Coleridge* ? spirit still of height unknown !
 What tongue of *Scotland's Regal Bard* shall say,
 Poison, with pleasure, mingles in his lay ?

(and come it must,) will be of no avail. The poignancy of a death-bed repentance cannot cancel one copy of the thousands which are sent abroad ; and as long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pander of posterity, and so long is he heaping up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation.

These remarks are not more severe than the offence deserves, even when applied to those immoral writers who have not been conscious of any evil intention in their writings ; who would acknowledge a little levity, a little warmth of colouring, and so forth, in that sort of language with which men gloss over their favourite vices, and deceive themselves. What then should be said of those for whom the thoughtlessness and inebriety of wanton youth can no longer be pleaded ; but who have written in sober manhood, and with deliberate purpose ?

Men of diseased hearts and depraved imaginations, who, forming a system of opinions to suit their own unhappy course of conduct, have rebelled against the holiest ordinances of human society, and hating that revealed religion which, with all their efforts and bravados, they are unable entirely to disbelieve, labour to make others as miserable as themselves, by infecting them with a moral virus that eats into the soul ! The school which they have set up may properly be called the SATANIC SCHOOL ; for though their productions breathe the spirit of Belial in their lascivious parts, and the spirit of Moloch in those loathsome images of atrocities and horrors which they delight to represent, they are more especially characterized by a Satanic spirit of pride and audacious impiety, which still betrays the wretched feeling of hopelessness, wherewith it is allied.

No apology is offered for these remarks. The subject led to them, and the occasion of introducing them was willingly taken because it is the duty of every one whose opinion may have any influence, to expose the drift and aim of those writers who are labouring to subvert the foundations of human virtue, and of human happiness."

When shall *Montgomery* baneful lines bewail? 170
 Or *Crabbe*? who haunts us, like the nursery tale;—
Bowles? *Rogers*? *Barton*? rich in native store;
 Or *Campbell*? (“*Little*?” whelm’d in night,) or *Moore*?

Were powers, to stir the passions, such as thine,
 A wit so subtile, fancies so divine, 175
 Entrusted to corrupt, and turn aside
 Whoe’er may take thy *fatuus* for a guide?
 Nor to one age confined, but (wave on wave!)
 Prolong’d, when thou art moulder’d in thy grave!
 As soon the marble crust thy head must hold,— 180
 Eternity! so soon, her gates unfold!
 Canst thou reflect, and stamp with firmer tread,
 Upon that changeless state, so near! so dread!
 Nor feel one rising wish, with those to dwell,
 Who stemm’d the tide of ill, and practised well? 185
 Names sent embalmed to every age and shore,
 Like Howard, Thornton, Wilberforce, and More?
 Prospect, diffusing sun-shine through the breast,—
 To reign with spirits perfected, and blest!

Ah! thought of dread! thine is a shoreless sea! 190
 Such vernal zephyrs never light on thee!
 Climbing to heights the *Gallic Fiend* ne’er trod,
 Thou lift’st thy front against the Throne of God!
 Heading the Atheist crew! and, dost obtrude
 Thy scoff of all that — *moves the multitude*! 195
 Of hope, descrying better worlds afar! —
 Of faith, still fixed upon her “morning star!”
Best Antidote! “which he who runs may read,”
 Thy *LIFE*, the lucid comment on thy creed;
 Thy refuge, the drear trust, some, comfort call! 200
 That endless sleep, ere long, will cover all!

Dost thou aspire, like a Satanic mind,
 With vice, to waste and desolate mankind!—
 Toward every rude, and dark, and dismal deed,
 To see them hurrying on with swifter speed? 205
 To make them, from restraint and conscience free,
 Stretch, fiend-like, at new heights of infamy?

Sunk, but not lost, from dreams of death arise!
 No longer tempt the patience of the skies!
 Confess, with tears of blood, to frowning Heaven, 210
 The foul perversion of *His* talents given!
 Retrace thy footsteps! *Ere the wish be vain,*
 Bring back the erring thousands in thy train!
 Let none, at death, despairing, charge on thee
 Their blasted peace, in shuddering agony! 215
 Their prop, their heart's last solace, rent away,
 That one *long night* might quench their "perfect day!"

Lest *Shelley's* fate be thine, or one more dread,
 (Thy home associate, in one cradle bred!)
 That Being who could raise his ghastly eye; 220
 Encompass'd by the blaze of Deity,
 And utter, whilst his blood serenely flows,—
 "There is no God!"*—whose terrors now he knows!
 Lest in his wrath thy Maker's lifted hand
 Brand *thee*, a spectacle to every land; 225
 Or the portentous moment thou deplore,
 When vengeance wakes, and mercy pleads no more;
 Redeem the *future*! Cleanse the *Augean sty*!
 Learn better how to live! and how to die!

* "Queen Mab."

MALVERN HILLS,

WITH

MINOR POEMS,

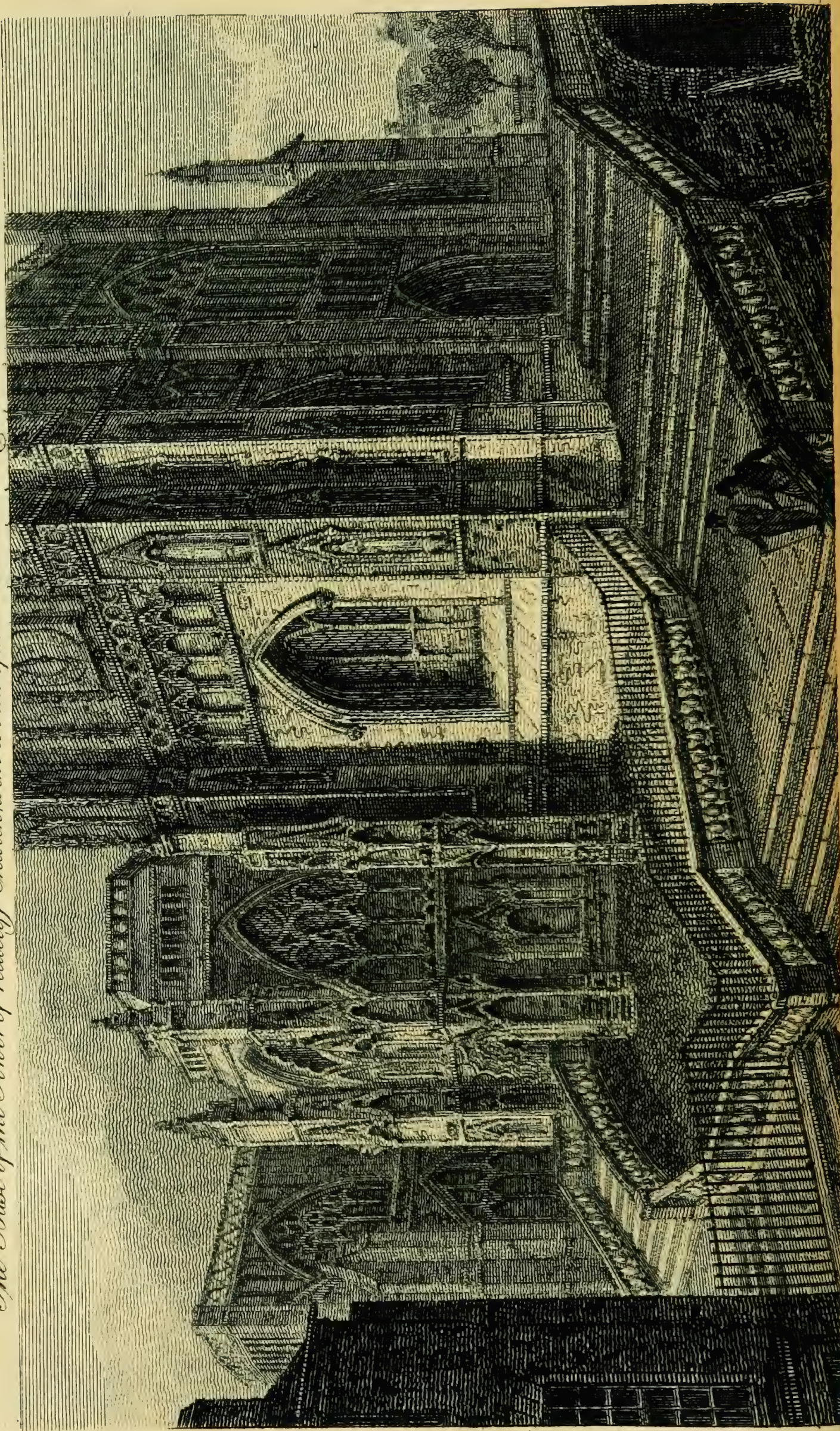
AND

ESSAYS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

PRICE TWELVE SHILLINGS, BOARDS.

The Base of the Tower of Redcliff Church, with a view of the Monument Room over the North Porch.



MALVERN HILLS,

WITH

MINOR POEMS,

AND

ESSAYS.

BY JOSEPH COTTLE.

FOURTH EDITION.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

LONDON:

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1829.

MALVERN HILLS,

&c. &c.

THE MISER'S WILL.

A CONVERSATIONAL POEM, FOUNDED ON FACT.

OLD *Scrape-all*, who had long been ailing,
Was at a trembling debtor railing,
Threatening, if he a mite should fail,
To whelm him in a neighbouring jail,
When *Blunt* drew near, to wish "Good day;" 5
The debtor saw, and slipp'd away.
The Miser, now, with sigh profound,
And wheezing cough, a churchyard sound!
Address'd, with lifted hands, his friend—
" I think my griefs will never end!" 10
" O, yes they will, and quickly too!"
Said *Blunt*. " Now tell me, how d'ye do?"
" Do!" *Scrape-all* cried, " why scarce alive,
" But times may mend, and I revive:
" Your ailing people live the longest, 15
" Though grief will undermine the strongest.

“ Oh ! pity me ! With all my treasure,
 “ My sorrows, language scarce can measure.
 “ The hog that wallows in his sty,
 “ Has thrice more happiness than I ! 20
 “ My thoughts are now, while others sleep,
 “ Not how to gain, but how to keep :—
 “ Securities are bad, or *badly*,
 “ And then the *taxes* grind me sadly.”

Blunt, (firm resolved, through sheer vexation, 25
 To tell the truth on this occasion,
 Nor suffer one, so near his goal,
 To breathe false unction to his soul,)
 Thus cried, “ As usual, still, I see,
 “ Brim full of care and misery ! 30
 “ Pity ! I more than pity you !
 “ Mine is commiseration true !
 “ Nor would I bear your heart’s commotion
 “ For all the mines of earth and ocean.”

“ Good neighbour Blunt,” said Scrape-all, staring, 35
 “ Like me, be patient, and forbearing.”

Blunt answer’d, chafed, and melancholy,
 “ No patience can endure your folly.
 “ Riches, the things which others bless,
 “ To *you* bring naught but wretchedness ! 40
 “ But, though your purse is deep and strong,
 “ You know you cannot hold it long ;
 “ Your years, on years, have so increased,
 “ You must be *four-score*, now, at least.”

“ Speak louder, friend, my ears do fail, 45
 “ I’m grown as deaf as a door-nail.”

“ I say, your years have so increased,
 “ You must be four-score, now, at least.” 30

“ *Hold, hold!*” (he cried) “ *you’re far away!*
 “ I am but *seventy-nine*, this day,
 “ And think, whatever others fear,
 “ I still may reach my hundredth year!”

Said *Blunt*, “ Now make me your confessor!
 “ Pray, whom do you keep your riches for?
 “ That mighty hoard of rusty pelf?” —
 “ *Whom for!*” cried *Scrape-all* — “ *for myself!*
 “ And when, at length, I die — five-score
 “ Or thereabouts, — say, ten years more, 40
 “ My wealth, I do design, shall be
 “ Placed in my coffin, close by me; —
 “ ’Tis right, you know, that friends should lie
 “ Near to each other when they die!”

“ Nay,” answer’d *Blunt*, “ when you are dead,
 “ Authority, you’ll find, is fled;
 “ Some one, no doubt, will still contrive
 “ To keep your slumbering hoards alive. —
 “ *Make, make, your Will!* — Howe’er it grieve,
 “ You must your all, to *some one* leave!” 50

“ *What!* make my *Will!* My *all* bestow
 “ On some one else? No! neighbour, no!
 “ I’ll be, whilst these my hands can hold,
 “ The only keeper of my gold;
 “ From night to morn, from morn to night, 55
 “ I’ll keep it close, and hold it tight!”

“ You rightly speak, you *are* no more
 “ Than — ‘ *keeper*’ to your golden store ;
 “ But, when you die, as soon you *must*,
 “ To whom will you bequeath your trust ? 60
 “ One other word, I just would say,
 “ How will you meet the *Reckoning Day* !
 “ But you, with thousands in your train,
 “ Regard the *Future* with disdain.”

“ Yes, yes,” said *Scrape-all*, “ ’twill not do
 “ Too far, and close, to stretch one’s view.
 “ ’Tis fair enough for *thrifty* people
 “ To bear no liking to the *Steeple*,
 “ But, at the end, we’re sure to meet —
 “ I mean the Sober, Chaste, Discreet ! 70
 “ The *Sacrament*, you know, at last !
 “ And all things then are tight and fast. *

* It cannot excite wonder that a *Miser* should thus deceive himself, when so many instances occur of MURDERERS receiving the *Eucharist* just before they are hanged ; and advancing to the gallows, with, apparently, the same feelings which martyrs did to the stake !

No humane mind would hesitate in administering all *lawful* comfort to a wretched fellow creature, however abased, but in our mistaken sympathy we must take care not to precede the Divine Warrant, and I would ask the injudicious *Spiritual Guides* of such men, what authority they have from Scripture, for allowing *Murderers* to partake of the *Eucharist* ?

It is almost safe to conclude, with *Jeremy Taylor*, that no *mere profession*, in criminals of the worst description, is sufficient to establish, *with us*, the validity of true repentance, from its wanting the corroboration, which alone could be conclusive ; that of “ *subsequent conduct*.” But, to administer the *Sacrament* to such men, without their giving, at least, the most satisfactory *human* indications of contrition and a renewed heart, is an awful infraction on the sanctity of Religion.

“ Talk not of Gifts, Bequests, and Wills ;
 “ The thought, my soul with tumult fills.

The Almighty alone can penetrate into the recesses of the heart, but there are crimes, in the eye of man, not to be *obliterated*, of which *Murder* is one.

Though all but irrevocable exclusion from Heaven appears to be included in these words : “ And ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him ;” yet murderers, with many, have their wounds easily cicatrized. Some even proceed, upon the most equivocal evidences of *natural remorse*, (such as necessarily arises from the retrospect of unprosperous wickedness,) to importune murderers to receive the Eucharist. If they refuse, through any lingering feeling of incongruity, it is deemed a mark of impenitence, and if they comply, from the light in which they are often taught to view the ceremony, they regard it as the indubitable pledge of their reconciliation to God, and ultimate felicity !

The pardon of all crimes is certainly within the pale of the Gospel Promises, if associated with *genuine repentance*, through that *blood* “ which cleanseth from all sin,” but are not the feelings of sobriety, and sound theology, often outraged, when *Murderers* appear to lose all pungency of suffering for their tremendous crimes, and, through the folly, or cruel insincerity of their instructors, adopt the language of *assurance*, and die in a state little short of exultation !

It is not uttered in the spirit of harshness, when I remark, (without restricting the infinite mercy of God, to the vilest of the *truly penitent*) that the well-being of Society depends on the profoundest conviction, that, if there be attainable remission for a *Murderer*, he still passes to the very *verge* of the *Unpardonable Sin* : for a man, prospectively, to deem it possible to commit murder without endangering, in the highest conceivable degree, his eternal happiness, is subversive of the very basis of morality.

If this reasoning be correct, the individuals, on whose judgment rests the estimate of “ fitness for the Sacrament,” will seriously consider whether they do not exceed the bounds of charity, and substantially violate decorum, in so *universally* extending the Eucharist to *Murderers*, whilst, at the same time, they so promptly allay their *salutary* fears, and, exert their most laborious efforts to inspire them with all the loftiest hopes of the christian !

“ My wealth, I never will divide !

75

“ The *whole* I'll in my coffin hide !

No considerate person can doubt for a moment but that a most injurious effect is produced on the minds of a large multitude, when they assemble to behold a *Murderer* paying the penalty of the highest of human crimes, and yet see in him nothing but *overflowing joy*; without *compunction* or any one quality *accordant with his condition*. Drowning as he is, he catches at the first straw, and being told that “ *Faith* is every thing” and the certain passport to Heaven, he is ready enough to utter “ I believe !” and to say “ I repent,” which means, it is to be feared, I repent of *consequences*, but not antecedently of *Sin*, or irrespectively of *Murder*.* As the wretched culprit is alternately singing psalms, and protesting his confidence of the divine pardon, the spectators (while gazing at the man who would have murdered, perhaps, the best of them for a sovereign, if there were a chance of escape,) are liable to be operated upon by false impressions, and to have their *Horror* at the sight of an assassin almost transformed into *Pity*.

If a murderer's own mind were not too callous for such impressions, even if he entertained, on scriptural grounds, a humble hope of pardon, the sincerity of such conviction would prompt him to *keep it to himself*, and not to boast of his *assurance*, which he must be aware would tend to *contaminate* the spirits of all around him. He must know that they *ought* to view him with unmixed *abhorrence*. Whatever moderates that feeling, is incalculably pernicious.

If the most cold-blooded ruffian and murderer of modern times, had not been *criminally tampered with* by his spiritual instructors, could he have received the *Sacrament*, and have expressed his *confidence* of soon sitting down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of Heaven !

* This observation is illustrated by an example that occurred when the late Mr. Ford was Ordinary of Newgate. A man had been cast for death, when Mr. F. gave him several suitable *religious books*, which he read with avidity, and professed himself to be *greatly edified*. Upon his sentence, however, being commuted for transportation, he brought all the books again to Mr. Ford, and significantly said to him, “ *You know, Sir, as my life is spared, I have no occasion for these books now !*”

“ Since Elwes’ dead there’s no one living

“ Who knows the value of a shilling !

To refer to a still more recent instance, — *Corder* ; who was a murderer, under circumstances of almost unprecedented aggravation ! yet such were the *false hopes* which had been *forced upon him* by his well-meaning, but unwise instructors, that, in the strength of his *Faith*, he appears completely to have overlooked his *Guilt* ! Incredible as it might appear, with the composure of an expiring saint, he addressed the following letter to his wife, the evening before he was hanged ; — not in penitently acknowledging, before God and man, the enormity of his transgressions ; not in bewailing the fate of the unfortunate young creature, whom, without preparation, and in the moment of unsuspecting confidence, (from cool premeditation,) he had inhumanly butchered, but, in uttering strains of triumph at his proximity to a Better World ! — declaring, as the fatal morning approached, that, “ in two hours he should be in Heaven,” — whilst, at the very moment, a lie was in his right hand ! How easy, under some circumstances, is the acquisition of *spurious* faith ! He proceeds. “ This is certainly a most severe
“ affliction for you : let us look over a short space of time, and we
“ shall all be no more. Hoping we shall obtain that happy state,
“ where there shall be no more sorrows—no more pain—and where
“ all tears shall be wiped away, for ever, from our eyes. Let us
“ remember our afflictions come from a good and gracious God.
“ Who diligently seek him—yes, my dearest wife, he has assured
“ us, by his prophet Ezekiel—when the wicked man turneth away
“ from his wickedness, and doeth that which is lawful and right,
“ he shall save his soul alive. Oh, what encouragement for us to
“ press forward for the prize with resolution—a crown of glory,
“ incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

“ Your affectionate husband, W. C.”

There is no hazard in affirming, that the mind which does not rise in instant, and instinctive hostility, at the reading of the above letter, has lost its purest, and most discriminating feelings.

From these considerations, it becomes a question, whether the *Episcopacy*, as an effectual bar to such delusions, ought not to exclude from the Sacrament, (utterly and indiscriminately) *all Murderers*. Whilst it is thus, unhesitatingly administered to the most horrible of assassins, infidels will sneer, and, (from its injurious effects, both on the *Criminal* and the *Public*,) the discreetly pious will mourn.

“ Were he alive—(it is my whim)
 “ That noble man ! I’d give it him ; 80
 “ But all, except my honour’d friend,
 “ Believe that money’s made to *spend* !
 “ Therefore, in spite of Folly’s scoffing,
 “ I’ll *put* my money in my coffin ! —
 “ I, who have scraped for fifty years, 85
 “ With ceaseless toil, and hourly fears,
 “ Shall I give all away *at last* ?
 “ No ! neighbour, no ! I’ll hold it fast !
 “ There’s not a soul, not even *you*,
 “ That I would give a penny to.” 90

“ I scorn your pence ! Now full behold me !
 “ In that said *Corn* you lately sold me ;
 “ You served me in a dexterous way,
 “ By stuffing half the sack with *Hay* !
 “ But let that pass, since *Scrape-all* never 95
 “ *Again* will play me trick so clever.
 “ Now, father, mark the words I tell,
 “ And fancy it your funeral knell !
 “ Strive how you will, your wealth to save,
 “ You cannot hold it in the *grave* ! 100
 “ Although, *Old Gripe*, it rend your heart,
 “ Your god and you, at length *must* part !”

Said *Scrape-all*, sorrowful and slow,
 “ Well then ! come twenty years, or so,
 “ And I will think on this affair, 105
 “ And, if needs be, appoint my heir.”

Cried *Blunt*, “ No moment lose ! you now
 “ Your head with age, and palsy, bow !—
 “ I guess, when *Jack*, your wealth has got,
 “ He soon will spend it all ! a sot ! 110

“ And ere you’ve closed your eyes a year,
 “ Behind a prison grate appear !”
 He says “ Though scarce your eye endures him,
 “ One little word, ‘ *I give,*’ secures him.”

“ O, spare me, friend ! that subject frets me ;
 “ The thoughts of *Jack*, in fever sets me :
 “ My spend-thrift nephew, here, I swear,
 “ Shall *never* be rich *Scrape-all*’s heir !”

“ Then make your *Will* ! or, ’twill be so !
 “ He’ll have it *all*, when you are low.” 120

“ *What*, make my *Will*, just past my *prime*,
 “ ’Twould be to die before my time !”

“ Nay,” *Blunt* replied, “ be well content !
 “ You will not die, nor *Jack* lament
 “ The sooner for this instrument :
 “ And I would more in candour say —
 “ Do good, friend *Scrape-all*, while you *may* !
 “ Or else, when dead, your wealth bestow ; —
 “ (You will not see the money *go* ! —)
 “ Erect, and you will gain renown, 130
 “ A school, within your native town ;
 “ Then build a hospital, that fame
 “ May long perpetuate your name ; —
 “ Thus, when has ceased your mortal reign,
 “ In generous deeds, you’ll live again. — 135
 “ For you ’twill be a small bequest,
 “ Your nephew then may *spend* the rest.”

Cried *Scrape-all*, “ Never, whilst I live,
 “ Will I a mite to any give !

“ And having saved so long, can I 140
 “ Give all, *for nothing*, when I *die*? —
 “ Launch out, at Folly’s beck and call! —
 “ ‘Fame!’ ‘generous deeds!’—’Tis nonsense all!
 “ And as *I cannot* give, when dead,
 “ The Law shall give it in my stead! — 145
 “ But, as for Jack, again I swear,
 “ The rogue shall never be my heir!”

One year is past!—Let thirst of gold
 Its *object*, and its *end*, behold!—
 Whilst none their different lots bewail— 150
Scrape-all is dead, and Jack’s in jail!

MR. BODY’S REMONSTRANCE WITH HIS DISSOLUTE MASTER, MR. MIND.

WRITTEN IN WINTER.

WHY dost thou treat me thus, harsh master, say!
 Why, with hard usage, wear me half away?
 Perverse of spirit! thou, a jarring wire,
 Lov’st what I loathe, and hat’st what I admire.
 I like the simple beverage of the spring,
 But east, and west, to thee their poisons bring,
 And I (oh! woe to tell!) of abject state,
 Must ope my mouth and drink, what most I hate.
 Now beer, or burton deep, disturbs my crown,
 Now porter, gross and heavy, weighs me down,
 Now wines, with draught on draught, black, white,
 and red,
 Before my sight a strange confusion spread;
 And now (with grief I tell) comes piping toddy,
 Or punch, to torture me afresh, poor body!

Whilst now, at once to undermine my *lever*,
 Up comes sheer brandy, full of fire and fever,
 I drink, till madness in my brain I feel,
 And to the earth, like lead, instinctive reel !

Now, good my Lord, can I my anguish smother,
 That I should pull one way, and thou the other ?
 While thou dost wrong on wrong regardless heap,
Can I my woes forget, or cease to weep ?
 Full seventy years compose my mortal day,
 But thy *intemperance* steals them half away.
 From good plain beef and solid mutton sent 'e
 Thou turnest, and disdain'st the vulgar plenty,
 While nought but *treble* courses will content 'e ;
 These, to provide, with scout, and busy rover,
 Sea, earth, and heaven itself, are ransack'd over,
 And when they come, the very blind might stare,
 Such loads of fish and fowl, such dainty fare,
 Such game and venison, soups and conserves rare !
 In truth, the groaning board, to fancy's eye,
 Seems piled, like father Atlas, to the sky !

Thou, while my stomach, stretched, spare inch
 contains,
Right on dost make me eat, till naught remains
 But *indigestion*, source of aches and pains.
 Thence sickness I endure, or surfeit, teasing,
 Rheum makes me limp, or asthma sets me wheezing,
 And now, to crown the sum of my deploring,
 With swoln and bolster'd legs (o'er folly poring,)
 Old gout, with horrid twitches, keeps me roaring !
 I love the early hour, and when the sky
 Darkness o'ercasts, in peaceful sleep to lie ;

Thou scornest day, and (fetter'd still to wrong)
 Stunniest dull night with revelry and song,
 When, just as others rise, a goodly number,
 Thou dragg'st me yawning back, like household
 lumber,
 Amid the sun, in some dark nook to slumber!
 Is this the way that we should both agree?
 I, suffering, thou, inflicting misery?
 Alas! my cruel Lord, that this should be!

I had complain'd that I was forced to go
 Without surtout, amid this hour of *snow*,
 But, ere the words I spake, a damsel fair,
 Shivering, drew nigh, her arms, her bosom bare,
 Following the thoughtless crowd (Oh, wisdom brave!
 Who love, with gauze, to dance it to the grave!)
 Stamping, I cried, from fashion's slavish chain,
 Boldly break loose, and clothing *bear* again;
 Let prudence sway, let modesty restrain!
 The damsel, coughing, cried, "Too late I sigh!
 My mother taught me how to DRESS and DIE!"

THE SPIRIT.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"NOW which is the road across the common,
 " Good woman! in pity declare;
 " No path can I trace, for the evening is dark,
 " And I fear me, before the far turnpike I mark,
 " Some grim-visaged Ghost will appear."

"The Ghost never walks till the clock strikes twelve,
 " And this is the first of the night,"

Cried the woman, "Now why dost thou look at me so ?

" And why do thine eye-balls so fearfully glow ?

" Good stranger, forbear thy affright.

" I tell thee that hence across the common,

" This cart-track thy horse must pursue ;

" Till, close by thy feet, two gibbets thou meet,

" Where the rains and the tempests the highwaymen beat,

" That a traveller once murder'd like you."

The horseman thus answered. " I have no terror

" Of men who in midnight plan ;

" But a Ghost that pops on one before or behind,

" And around him sees clearly while mortals are blind,—

" Aye, that tries the heart of the man.

" Must I go *close* to those dancing gibbets ?"

" Quite close, Sir," the woman replied.

" But though with the wind each murderer swings,

" They both of them are harmless things,

" And so are the ravens beside."

" What ! are there ravens there ? — those creatures

" With feathers so glossy blue !

" But are they ravens ? I enquire,

" For I have heard by the winter's fire,

" That phantoms the dead pursue."

The woman replied, " They are night-ravens

" That pick the dead men's eyes ;

" And they cry, qua, with their hollow jaw ;

" Methinks I one this moment saw !

" To the banquet at hand he flies.

“ Now fare thee well !” The traveller silent,
 Whilst terror consumed his soul,
 Went musing on. The night was still,
 And every star had drunk his fill,
 At the brim of oblivion’s bowl.

And now he near to the gibbets approach’d !
 The murderers waved in the air ;
 Though at their black visage he darted a glance,
 He heeded them not, though they both seem’d to dance,
 For he knew that such figures were there.

“ Ah wherefore,” he cried, “ should mortals incline
 “ To fear, where no danger is found !”
 He scarce had thus spoken, when in the dark night,
 Beside him appear’d, a SPIRIT in white !
 He trembled, but could not look round.

He gallop’d away ! the Spirit pursued !
 And the irons of the murderers scream !
 The gibbets are pass’d, and now fast and more fast,
 The horseman and Spirit outstrip the loud blast,
 Though neither has courage to speak.

Now both on the verge of the common arrive,
 Where a gate the free passage denied.
 The horseman his arm outstretch’d to expand
 The gate to admit him, when, cold o’er his hand,
 The *mouth* of the Spirit did glide.

He started ! and swift through the still-darker lane
 Gallop’d fast from the being he fear’d ;
 But yet, as the shadow the substance pursues,
 The Spirit, behind, by a side-glance he views,
 And more luminous now it appear’d !

The turnpike he reach'd ; " Oh tell me," — he cried,
 " I can neither look round, nor go on ;
 " What spirit is this which has follow'd me here
 " From the common ? Good master, I dreadfully fear,
 " Speak ! speak, or my sense will be gone !"

" Ah Jenny," he cried, " thou crafty old jade !
 " Is it thou ? I'll beat thy bones bare.
 " Good gentleman, fear not, no spirit is nigh,
 " Which has follow'd you here from the common hard-by,
 " 'Tis only old Gaffer's Grey Mare !"

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

NOT Spiders only build the *Web*,
 We rear our flimsy structures too ;
 Our follies, *tide-like*, rise, and ebb,
 And vanities we all pursue.

Some, in their fancies, buy and sell,
 And count their profits with amaze !
 While some in *wishing-webs* excel,
 And many a gaudy fabric raise.

Some, Fortune's airy levees throng,
 And court her smile, or dread her frown,
 And weave their *webs*, in dreaming long,
 Of worldly honours, and renown.

Some, with " Accomplishments Divine,"
 Their children *stuff* till " *Help*" they call ;
 So artificial, prim, and fine,
 When *principle* is worth it all.

Some, build the web of lengthen'd life,
 And form the age-extended plan ;
 Forgetful of the toil and strife
 That oft, untimely, withers man.

Some, spin a mighty web indeed,
 By thinking *once*, instead of *twice* ;
 They build *a house* as years *recede*,
 When *six* by *two* will soon suffice.

Some, weave the *webs* that only suit
 This little inch of time below ;
 And waste each rapturous pursuit,
 On objects, fleeting as the snow.

While some, each *Spider's web* abjure,
 And prize the *permanent delight* ;
 They build the *webs* that will endure,
 And seek—" *the country out of sight.*"

In foresight, some are little skill'd,
 Therefore their hearts with folly chime ;
 But the worst *webs* are those which build,
 Not on *Eternity*, but *Time* !

STRAW PICKERS.

A MOTLEY company I see,
 All picking *straws*, and earnestly ;
 The youth, the middle-aged, and grey,
 Make *picking straws* their only play ;
 It has a mystic charm, I ween,
 For such a sight is always seen.

The blast is high, but what to them
 Is oak-tree rifted to its stem ;
 The thunder rattles through the sky ;
 The lightning flashes fearfully ;
 Yet nothing from their sport can take 'em,
 Not storms that drench, nor winds that shake 'em.

A house adjacent now is flaming,
 But trifle this not worth the naming :
 A funeral passes slowly near !
 And there the orphan train appear !
 Yet, dead to each obtruding sight,
 They *pick their straws* from morn to night.

“ Was ever folly so degrading !”
 But cease this spirit of upbraiding.
 Similitudes of fools like these
 Are found in men of all degrees ;
 And few, the polish'd or the rude,
 May scorn this *straw-pleased* multitude.

The hosts who drown in wine their sorrow,
 And think not of *a worse to-morrow* ;
 The *huntsmen* who their necks endanger,
 By following Brash, and Dash, and Ranger,
 Can never laugh, whate'er they say,
 At men more rational than they.

And *gamesters*, whether old or young,
 Concerning *straws*, must hold *their* tongue ;
 For they who stake upon a throw
 Their children's bread, their all below,
 Have lost the very power to feel ;
 Their breasts are stone, their hearts are steel.

The miser, too, whose anger waxes,
 At thought of spendthrifts, cheats, and taxes ;
 Who mourns each penny that he spends,
 (As friends bewail departed friends,)
 Till heirs, impatient, close his eyes,
 He cannot *picking straws* despise.

And can they boast a nobler treasure,
 The men, misnamed, the men of pleasure,
 Who, if aroused to see their state,
 Repentance purchase when too late !
 Can these, with commerce so ungainful,
 Upon *straw-pickers* look disdainful ?

While those who leave their proper calling,
 On names, and thread-bare dogmas, bawling ;
 Who, tippling, rapturous hail the story
 Of chiefs, and high concerns, and glory,—
 With starving wife and child at home,
 For fools, *such* have not far to roam.

Nor wiser they, whose footsteps falter,
 Who built the house, *again to alter*,
 With fifty rooms, where ten might do,
 (Which once a year they scarce can view)
 That ages hence, oh, melancholy !
 Might blaze their riches, and their folly.

What can such restless crowds decoy,
 From home, the seat of every joy,
 Where they, with all a parent's pride,
 Might sit beside their *own* fireside,
 But that they distant realms might see,
 To *pick new straws* in luxury ?

Many there are, of old, as now
 Who weave straw-chaplets for their brow ?
 In quest of food, like roving bird,
 Who migrate where the *lute* is heard ;
 Wasting whole nights, mid catch and glee,
 'Tween *tweedledum*, and *tweedledee*.

And what if some who loudest rail
 At senseless *straws*, themselves should fail !
 And prove to be, through life's short day,
Straw-pickers, in a different way !
 Clear is the truth as yonder sun,
 Which those who spell, may read, and run.

Restrain your smile at this rehearsal ;
 The *taste for straws* is universal.
 This is the sport that suits all ages,
 Noviciates, with wits and sages.
 From east to west, where'er we turn,
Straw-picking is the great concern.

Ah ! now the grand solution rises,
 So simple that it half surprises.
 Untaught by ages past away,
 Men hold the tyrant, Death, at bay,
 And, strange to tell, "with strong endeavour,"
 Believe their lives will last for ever !

Or, else, e'en brutes would men resemble,
 Not at Eternity to tremble !
 To stand on Time's uncertain shore,
 With mist, and darkness, all, before,
 Yet solemn thoughts disturb them never !
 They *must* expect to live for ever.

Fresh proofs, and sad, of this confession,
 Before me pass in long succession.—
 All fools, all abject fools are these !
 Each, just regarding what he sees,
 Makes this poor world his idol mother,
 And never thinks upon another !

NED AND WILL.

(UPON WILL COMPLAINING THAT HE WAS SLIGHTED BY NED.)

WITH kindred pursuits, and with friendships sincere,
 NED and WILL, at one desk scribbled many a year,
 When NED, with a bound, o'er his friends, and his foes,
 To the top of the lawyer's throng'd ladder arose ;
 While WILL seized the *lyre*, borne by fancy along,
 And all Helicon listen'd, entranced, at his song.

Oh ! the friendships, like castles of ice, which decay,
 Spite of pledges, and vows, in a season ! a day !
 My Lord, his new ermine, with grace to sustain,
 On the vale-dwelling *poet* looks down with *disdain* —
His companions selected, *his* praises conferr'd
 On *Sir Dick*, and *Sir Ben*, and such frivolous herd ;
 But now that the grave veils them *both* from our sight,
 WILL shines like a star on the bosom of night.
 My Lord now reposes with spirits of yore,
 Once commanding, and puissant ! — remember'd
 no more ; —

Pass'd away, (like his *frowns*, which kept senates in awe,)
 Or recall'd to enforce some dull precept of *law*,
 But the poet, unmoved by the canker of time,
 Firm as Atlas, endures, in fame's temple sublime,
 Beholding his *verse*, like a stream, clear and sweet,
 Flow on, while man's heart shall with sympathy beat.

Of a lord, puff'd with honours, as fickle as vain,
 Who but mourns that a BARD should have deign'd to
complain !

Kings may conjure up *chancellors* thrice in one year,
 But when shall a poet like COWPER appear !

POEMS BY THE LATE AMOS COTTLE.*

SONNET I.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

HARK ! in the vale I hear thy evening song,
 Sweet Nightingale ! it soothes my pensive soul.
 Dost thou from day's gay flutterers retire,
 As I, from tumult of the busy world,
 To pour thy sad note on the evening gale ?
 Night, and this still serene, full well accord
 With feelings such as ours. It is a calm
 Healthful and sweet to nature, when the soul
 Plumes all her powers, and imps her drooping wing
 For other climes. Yes, songstress of the shade !
 We both alike are here, brief sojourners,
 Waiting the season of our happier change.
 Yet from the lone spray cheer the vale awhile
 And, listening, I will learn content from thee.

* This, and the eight succeeding poems were written by my late elder, and estimable brother, AMOS COTTLE, B. A. of Mag : Col : Cam : translator of the Edda of Sæmond.

These casual and unpremeditated poems furnish but a very inadequate test of my Brother's intellectual character. He possessed talents of a high order, and added to extensive reading and information, classical attainments, sound, if not great; whilst his sterling principles, and the qualities of his *heart*, endeared him, in no ordinary degree, to his friends and family, particularly to *him* who gives of him this brief memorial.

“ I am distressed for thee, my Brother !
 Very pleasant hast thou been unto me.”

SONNET II.

TO MY BROTHER.

BESIDE some hawthorn tree I ween you sit,
Dear bard ! upon your three-legged chair, or, now,

The fragrancy of his memory makes me desirous of having his name thus associated with my own.

The following fine poem, by the Laureat, was affixed to my Brother's Translation of the Edda.

TO AMOS COTTLE, FROM ROBERT SOUTHEY. (1796)

AMOS ! I did not leave without regret
The pleasant home of Burton. Many months
Of tranquillest retirement had endear'd
The low abode, and I had sometimes heard
The voice of friendship there, and pass'd with thee
Hours of such blameless merriment as still
Make memory cheerful. Nor wilt thou forget
How with hard toil and difficult ascent
We scaled the ruining cliff, and often paused
That the sea-breeze might cool our throbbing brows,
And gazed upon the ocean, shadowed half
By gathered clouds, beyond whose darker line
Its pale grey splendour, far as sight could reach,
Rose like another sky. Nor will my friend
Forget the scenes of simplest character ;
The hill that from the water'd vale abrupt
Starts up, upon whose dark and heathy side
Often at evening I have lain me down,
And dwelt upon the green and goodly vale,
Its mazy streams, and tufted villages,
Rich in the sunshine now, now half embrown'd
By the long sweeping shadows, till my soul
Had entered in the deep and quiet joy
All its hush'd powers. And thou wilt sometimes love
With memory's eye to trace the ruined pile,
Beneath whose ancient foot, with ceaseless lapse,
The eternal stream flows on, and that old Keep

Wooing the muses in ecstatic fit
 Beneath some spreading oak, while neighbouring cow,

Through whose long rifted chasm the far-seen light
 Fixes the traveller's eye, and the white cliffs
 That, rising stately o'er the distant deep,
 Shine silvery in the noon. But thou hast view'd
 These scenes like one who passes through a land
 Where his heart is not; I, my friend, long time
 Had sojourn'd there, and I am one who forms,
 With each minutest circumstance of place,
 Acquaintance, and the unfrequented field,
 Where many a day I walk in solitude,
 Is as a friend to me. Nor have I left
 That unfrequented field unsorrowing,
 Over whose wooded limits the church tower
 Arose in single majesty : its bank
 Was edged with feathery fern, that seem'd to form
 A little forest to the insect tribes
 Who lived there, and were happy; and the sun
 O'er the red ripeness of the bending grass
 Pour'd a glad smile. A pleasant place it was !
 And, Amos ! I could wish that thou, and I,
 And thy good Brother, (who in my heart holds
 Almost a Brother's place,) might once again,
 With as few earthly cares to ruffle us,
 Meet in that low abode.

But now I know
 Through wildest scenes of strange sublimity,
 Building the Runic rhyme, thy Fancy roves ;
 Niflhil's nine worlds, and Surtur's fiery plain,
 And where upon Creation's uttermost verge,
 The weary dwarfs, that bear the weight of heaven,
 Hope the long winter that no spring must cheer,
 And the last sound that from Heimdaller's trump
 Shall echo through all worlds, and sound the knell
 Of earth and heaven.

Or coy foal, sporting by his mother's side,
With chanticleer, anon in plumage gay,

A strange and savage faith
Of mightiest power ! it framed th' unfeeling soul
Stern to inflict, and stubborn to endure,
That laugh'd in death. When round the poison'd breast
Of Regner clung the viper brood, and trail'd
Their coiling length along his festering wounds,
He, fearless in his faith, the death-song pour'd,
And lived in his past fame ; for sure he hoped,
Amid the spirits of the mighty dead,
Soon to enjoy the fight. And when his sons
Avenged their father's fate, and, like the wings
Of some huge eagle, spread the severed ribs
Of Ella, in the shield-roof'd hall, they thought
One day from Ella's skull to quaff the mead,
Their valour's guerdon.

Wild the Runic faith,
And wild the realms where Scandinavian chiefs
And Scalds arose, and hence the Scalds' strong verse
Partook the savage wildness. And methinks
Amid such scenes as these, the Poet's soul
Might best attain full growth ; pine-cover'd rocks,
And mountain forests of eternal shade,
And glens and vales, on whose green quietness
The lingering eye reposes, and fair lakes
That image the light foliage of the beech,
Or the grey glitter of the aspen leaves
On the still bough thin trembling. Scenes like these
Have almost lived before me, when I gazed
Upon their fair resemblance traced by him*
Who sung the banish'd man of Ardebeil,
Or to the eye of Fancy held by her,†
Who among women left no equal mind
When from this world she pass'd ; and I could weep,

* Alluding to some views in Norway, taken by Mr. Charles Fox.

† Mary Wollstonecraft.

Or bees, that haunt the meadows' flow'ry pride,
Enrich by turns thy soft mellifluous lay.

To think that *She* is to the grave gone down !
Were I, my friend, a solitary man,
Without one tie in life to anchor me,
I think that I would wander far to view
Such scenes as these, for they would fill a heart
That loathes the commerce of this wretched world,
And sickens at its hollow gaieties.
And sure it were most pleasant when the day
Was young, to roam along the mountain path,
And mark the upmost pines, or grey with age,
Or blue in their first foliage, richly tinged
With the slant sun-beam, then at fits to pause
And gaze into the glen, a deep abyss
Of vapour, whence the unseen torrents roar
Up-thunder'd. Sweet to walk abroad at night
When as the summer moon was high in heaven
And shed a calm clear lustre, such as gave
The encircling mountains to the eye, distinct,
Disrobed of all their bright day-borrow'd hues,
The rocks' huge shadows darker, the glen stream
Sparkling along its course, and the cool air
Fill'd with the firs' faint odour.

But in sooth

Well pleased am I to sit me down in peace,
While Phantasy, an untired traveller,
Goes forth ; and I shall thank thee for the rhyme
That with the Poets of the distant years
Makes me hold converse. 'Twas a strange belief !
And evil was the hour when men began
To humanize their God, and give to stocks
And stones the incommunicable name.*
It is not strange that simple men should rear

* Men, serving either calamity or tyranny, did ascribe unto stones and stocks the incommunicable name.

Soft flow thy lays, O thrice illustrious *Joe*,
Soft as the mole that burrows near thy feet,

The grassy altar to the glorious sun,
And pile it with spring flowers and summer fruits,
And when the glorious sun smiled on their rites,
And made the landscape lovely, the warm heart
With no unholy zeal might swell the hymn
Of adoration. When the savage hears
The thunder burst, and sees the lurid sky
Glow with repeated fires, it is not strange
That he should hasten to his hut, and veil
His face, and dread the Dæmon of the storm.
Nor that the ancient Poet, he who fed
His flock beside the stream of Helicon,
Should let creative fancy people earth
With unseen powers, that, clad in darkness, roam
Around the world, and mark the deeds of men,
But that the Priest with solemn mockery,
Or monstrous faith, should call on God to lead
His armies forth, and desolate, and kill,
And over the red banners of the war,
Even in the blessed name of JESUS, pour
Prayers of a bloodier hate than ever rose
At Odin's altar, or the Mexican,
The victim's heart still quivering in his grasp,
Rais'd at Mexitlis' shrine—this is most foul,
Most rank, most blasphemous idolatry!
And better were it for those wretched men
With infant victims to have fed the fire
Of Moloch, in that hour when they shall call
Upon the hills and rocks to cover them,
For the judgment day is come.

A few grey stones
Now mark the spot where Odin's temple stood,
And there the traveller seeks with busy eye
His altar green with moss. The Northern chiefs
Cast not their captive in the dungeon now

Soothing as Zephyr in the noontide glow
 Of sultry dog-days, and as woodbine sweet ;
 But may no elfin sister faithless prove,
 And ah ! thy three-legg'd chair unwittingly remove.

To the viper brood, nor to the eagle's shape
 Carve out his mangled form. Yet let not earth,
 Yet let not heaven forget the prison house
 Of Olmutz ! what though to his conqueror's sword
 Crouching, the oppressor lets his victim see
 Once more the light of day, let earth and heaven
 Remember to his conqueror's sword he yields
 What at his feet a woman begg'd in vain.
 A wretched wife. Now may the prosperous winds
 Speed thee, La Fayette ! to that happier shore
 Where Priestly dwells, where Kosciusko rests
 From holy warfare. Persecuted men !
 Outcasts of Europe ! sufferers in the cause
 Of Truth and Freedom ! ye have found a home
 And in the peaceful evening of your days
 A high reward is yours, the blessedness
 Of self-applause.

Is it not strange, my friend,
 If ought of human folly could surprise,
 That men should with such duteous zeal observe
 Each idiot form, each agonizing rite
 Of Pagan faith, whilst there are none who keep
 The easy precepts of the Nazarene,
 The faith that with it brings its own reward,
 The law of peace and love ?—But they are wise
 Who in these evil and tumultuous times
 Heed not the world's mad business : chiefly they
 Who with most pleasant labouring acquire
 No selfish knowledge. Of his fellow kind
 He well deserves, who for their evening hours
 A blameless joy affords, and his good works,
 When in the grave he sleeps, still shall survive.
 Now fare thee well, and prosper in thy task.

SONNET III.

INSCRIPTION FOR A CELL IN ST. VINCENT'S ROCKS, NEAR BRISTOL.

CELL of my youthful haunts ! within thy cave
 Sits awful SILENCE — fann'd by the soft breeze
 That ever and anon from odorous trees
 Steels grateful, as the gentle breath of love.
 She marks the earliest energies of spring,
 On dewy pinions, tending each lone spray
 And wildly scatter'd flower ; the jocund lay
 She loves to hear, that bright-eyed fairies sing.
 And when the stars o'er yonder summit shine,
 'That frowning beetles o'er old Avon's flood ;
 She, doubly blest, in contemplative mood,
 Lists to the flittings of aye passing time —
 Stay, mortal, stay. Nor let thy foot intrude :
 Here Silence loves to dwell in hermit solitude.

SONNET IV.

TO POVERTY.

LOW in a barren vale I see thee sit
 Cowering, while Winter blows his shivering blast,
 Over thy reedy fire — pale, comfortless !
 Blest independence, with elastic foot,
 Spurns thy low dwelling, whilst the sons of joy
 Turn from thy clouded brow, or, with a scowl,
 Contemptuous, mark thee. At thy elbow stand
 Famine and wan disease ! two meagre forms,
 Thy only visitants, who, though repelled,
 Officious tend thee — wretched eremite !
 Around thy cell, ah ! wherefore see I graved
 The sacred names of genius ? Spenser here
 Found his last refuge ! Otway ! Butler, too !
 And Scotia's last, not least, heroic bard !

SONNET V.

LEIGH WOODS.

EDWIN! how sweet a solace might'st thou find,
 When the fierce dog-star darts his scorching beam,
 In contemplation's not unholy dream,
 Beneath Leigh's antique wood to lie reclined!
 There would the cheerful linnet wing its way,
 To seek thy lone retreat, and pour on high
 Unlabour'd strains of softest melody,
 Gladdening with song the sultry hours of day:
 There might'st thou breathe the balmy breath of thyme,
 Or scatter'd wild flower, from yon sunny vale,
 Wafted unceasing by each random gale,
 While Vincent's rude majestic heights were thine:
 Ah, no! methinks I hear thee fondly say
 Not Tempé's self would please, were Rosalind away.

 ON THE MILTON GALLERY. VI.

LAWRENCE! thy native powers, by art refined,
 Unrival'd, character the manly mind: —
 'Tis, Hoppner, thine to catch the witching grace
 Of beauty's eye, and sweetly-smiling face:

To nobler heights thy genius, Barry, soars,
 Well pleased to linger on the Thracian shores;
 Or trace the scenes where attic sports display
 The dawn of science ripening into day;
 Th' Olympic dust, the allegoric flood,
 And final guerdon of the great, and good.
 To Opie's pencil, liberal Nature gave
 Her fleeting forms, with truth severe to save;

To paint emotion in its liveliest glow,
 To thrill with horror, or to melt with woe;
 These, Nature all! — But who to thee has given
 O, Fuseli! the keys of hell and heaven? —
 Taught thee to venture down the dark abyss,
 Or ope the regions of primeval bliss?

Whether thy Lapland orgies I behold,
 Or Arimasian, 'scaped with pilfer'd gold;
 Mab's junket feats; or that delusive sprite,
 Whose pranks mislead the wandering boors of night;
 The lubber fiend, outstretch'd, the chimney near,
 Or sad Ulysses on the larboard steer;
 Or him, with murky wings, whom crowds invoke,
 To deal the last, but long-suspended stroke.
 Th' unbody'd thought with keen delight I view,
 Though far from Nature, yet to Fancy, true.

Such Shakspeare's praise full-oft; who "spurn'd the
 reign
 "Of panting time" — Such was thy poet's strain. —
 Like him, no vulgar bounds thy fire repress —
 Thou giv'st to sight, what Milton dared express!

ON THE VALE OF OLDLAND, GLOUCESTERSHIRE. VII.

OLDLAND! sweet spot! with joy I greet
 The place where once my youthful feet
 In life's gay morn have stray'd;
 I hail thy fair empictured stream,
 In pleasing, long perspective seen
 As loath to leave thy shade.

I hail thy ever-busy mill
 Thy “decent church” upon the hill,
 With antique yew beside;
 That, like celestial hope, is seen,
 To flourish in perpetual green,
 And angry storms deride.

Thy cots, embower’d by guardian trees
 That chide the blast, and court the breeze,
 How charming to the view!
 Oh, spare them, winds — ye lightnings, spare,
 Nor wage with them a sylvan war,
 Ye woodmen, spare them too!

Here, fann’d by gentlest airs that breathe,
 May peace her olive garland wreath,
 Low shelter’d in the vale;
 Orison’d by the tuneful throng
 At early morn, — her even’ song,
 Sad Philomela’s tale.

Here, too, be plenty duly seen
 To sport enamour’d o’er the green
 With wheaten chaplet crown’d;
 And all the virtues in their train,
 Descending from yon holy fane
 To take their village round!

For me — heaven grant! contented well,
 In life’s sequester’d vale to dwell,
 And shun the steep to climb;
 So shall the storms that shake the mind
 No entrance to my bosom find,
 But tranquil joys be mine.

ON MY VENERABLE GRANDFATHER. VIII.

AS some brave chief, who oft has bled for fame,
Returns victorious from a last campaign ;
His country hails him to his native soil,
And aged honours crown a youth of toil ;
So did this veteran once, with steady hand,
Maintain each post where duty bade him stand ;
Fought the good fight, and left life's dusty field,
To taste the bliss that heaven alone can yield.

Rejoicing angels led the shining way,
And hymn'd his entrance to celestial day.
“ Welcome, blest spirit ! to this happy sphere !
“ From time's short annal, to th' eternal year !
“ From reason's glimmer, to the blaze of truth !
“ From age, to flourish in perpetual youth !
“ From human conflicts, to th' abodes of peace,
“ Where troubles vex not, and where sorrows cease ;
“ From earth's rough ocean, to the land of rest,
“ Lot of the good ! for ever to be blest !”

ITALIA VASTATA. IX.

1.

O GRANTA, luge ! O Isis, amabiles
Adjunge luctus, atque itera modos !
Sedes Camœnarum, et vetusta
Antra novis ululata monstribus

2.

Audimus ! Eheu — Gallia sanguine
Nondum expiato prodigiosior
Gestit, triumphorum tumultu,
Ebria, ceu Zephyro insolenti

3.

Jactat protervè Quadrupedans jubam
 Libidinosa : ut funereúm gemunt
 Numæ recessus ! ut paludes
 Funereúm regemunt Sabinæ !

4.

Fontes et olim quas docuit Maro
 Sylvas sonare, ah ! dulcem Amaryllida,
 Væ ! personat ferale cornu,
 Personat Eumenidum ejulatus !

5.

Quin Sirmionem, delicias suas,
 Liquit Catulli illa umbra supervolans,
 Quin litorum myrteta liquit
 Ah ! sua dulcia Lariorum !

6.

Lambunt nepotum fæda cruoribus
 Sepulcra, et Heroum tumulos canes
 Templis in ipsis ! Vaticani,
 Fulgura Monticolæ horruistis

7.

Haud vestra, et haud jam ficta tonitrua !
 Frustra Camilli Roma memor sui
 Emit (pudendum) se emit ipsa,
 Adque pedes posuit tyranni

8.

Submissa, si quid vivere Phidias,
 Vel Angelonis Phidiacæ manus,
 Jussere marmor ! Flet Latinus
 Flente senex juvenum coronâ,

9.

Dixitque, nudatæ illacrymans basi,
 Hîc (splendidarum grande opus artium !)
 “ Pythone debellato, ovantis
 “ Dia dei stetit hîc Imago !

10.

Io triumphe ! En, (sæpius inquit)
 “ En ! numen ipsum ! ipse arcitenens Deus !
 “ Adhuc minatur frons ! at irâ
 “ Jam tumuit labium superbé

11.

“ Tranquilliori ! ” — Proh pudor ! ergone
 Vastator artes deperiit ferus ?
 Non per deos ! usque at Latroni
 Suave fuit rapere execrato !

12.

Brutique magni aspectat imaginem ;
 Per, Brute, jurat te manus (unico
 Hoc nomine haud perjurosa)
 Ipsa suum jugulare Regem,

13.

Legum servantem, et patriæ patrem !
 Discedite artes ! namque Italos nimis
 Emolliistis ! vos potentes
 Ferrea jam fateantur, oro,

14.

Vel Gallicorum pectora ! Collibus
 Paulum relictis Elysii (licet,)
 Surge, O Catonis torviori
 Surge, precor, gravis umbra, vultu !

15.

Te, sancte ripas Eridani super
 Videre visus ; quaque Athesis sonat
 Lamenta, Cocytique jam nunc
 Sanguineos imitatur æstus.

16.

Pallesne ? at omni strage madentia
 Non arva, non te mille semel neces
 Uno quasi ictu, plumbeæ non
 Grandinis exanimat procella :

17.

Nec terret aer sulphure lurido
 Caliginosus, nec tonitru novum !
 Pallesne ? tu inversosque mores
 Opprobriumque vides tuorum !

18.

Nos ergo visas ! qua Oceani arbitra
 Britannis immota in scopulo sedet,
 Secura nimborum, potensque ;
 Jamque sui procul ipsa Martis

19.

Audit susurros, sævaque murmura !
 Virtus ubi artes ingenuas foveat ;
 Et Publicæ virtutis aram
 Sidereis Charites corollis

20.

Cingunt ! Popelli et surda furoribus
 Astat timendorum ad solium integra,
 Regique *Libertas* amato,
 Ut soboli genetrix amatae

21.

Arridet, et sancto Ægida pectori
 Prætendit ! Huc ô, huc aditum feras,
 Qua blanda libertatis aura
 Regibus et populo afflat æque !

22.

Nec alter, (aiunt) Elysii tui
 Curvat rosetum spiritus insulas
 Circa Beatorum, nec alter
 Dulci agitat sylvas tremore !

23.

Io ! volasti ! et te duce, manium
 Volavit agmen — Scipiadae, et genus
 Superbum Jüli triste Gallis :
 Barbaro et horrificum irruenti.

24.

Superbioris mens Marii memor !
 Vos forte, cives aeriae plagæ,
 Feliciter, vesanientis
 In fremitus equitastis auræ ;

25.

Dum fastuosi fluctibus æquoris
 Jactatus hostis vela dedit retro ;
 Freta et cachinnarunt, triumphæ !
 Incolumis scopulosa Iærnes !

26.

Quid gloriose pollicita es tibi
 Dic Gallia ! istud, dic, ubi litoris
 Quove Imperator sub recessu
 Iste tuus posuit tropæum !

27.

Mea ô creatrix ! ô genetrix mea !
 His ergo fatis barbarus in tuas,
 Britannis ! invasurus oras
 Usque utinam potiatur ! Algam

28.

Quá vixdum arenas straverat humidus
 Apeliotes, sic nemorum è jugis
 Jam turbidùm Cauro reflante,
 Fluctivagam Oceanus resorbet.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Scene. John the Baptist in the Wilderness.

O'ER Jordan's wave, and wild Bethabara's plain,
 Where rocks o'er rocks in towering grandeur reign ;
 Dark-shaded forests spread their empire wide,
 And raging torrents sweep the mountain's side,
 The Baptist wander'd. Borne on faith's strong wings,
 He meditates on high and heavenly things ;
 Tastes the sweet joys which from devotion flow,
 And learns the vanity of all below.

In this remote and trackless solitude,
 Fill'd with stupendous cliffs, and caverns rude ; 10
 Where every scene with awe inspires the breast,
 And Nature's self in shivering garb is drest ;
 Where, seldom, life delights the wandering eye,
 Which e'en the vulture views, and passes by,
 While the eternal cataract, all hoar, 15
 Blends its hoarse murmurs with the forest's roar,
 The prophet John, remote from human sight,
 Receives the influx of celestial light.

Like some unshelter'd tower, on summit drear,
 He braved the beating storm, from year to year : 20
 No silken couch, or storied roof he found,
 A stone his pillow ; and his bed, the ground.
 In musings lost, he loved alone to tread
 Beside some crag, torn from the mountain's head,
 Or waters, plunging, foaming, on their way, }
 Propell'd from rock to rock, eclipsing day, }
 The living rain-bow stretch'd athwart their spray.
 Where the bleak hill its misty brow uprear'd,
 When morn, in all her radiant pomp appear'd,
 (The heaven and earth one intermingled blaze, 30
 Rousing a world to join the song of praise,)
 He mark'd, entranced, her flaming chariot fly,
 Communing with the Father of the sky,
 Exploring realms where thought alone might roam,
 In which he glimpsed his heritage, and home ; — 35
 Whilst, as the evening spread her kindling beam, }
 Munificent, in loveliness extreme, }
 He still pursued his own diviner theme.

Far from mankind, and on the desert cast,
 No costly changes lengthen'd his repast ; 40
 Yet, ever when the pang of thirst arose,
 Clear, by his path, the grateful current flows ;
 And oft as hunger call'd, with voice severe,
 The God of Abraham sent his locusts near ;
 Screen'd him from harm amid the warring wind, 45
 And, the wild honey, taught him where to find.

While thus the bounty of a hand unseen
 He hourly tasted, with an awful mien,
 Through time he darted a prophetic glance,
 And saw, rejoicing, hope's fair dawn advance. 50

Dead to the scenes of earth, from day to day,
 The weight of mightiest thoughts upon him lay :
 He knew that the appointed hour drew nigh,
 The fulness of the times of prophecy ;
 And while his spirit bathes in heavenly light, 55
 And all the future crowds upon his sight,
 Calmly he waits to mark the day unfold,
 Rich in the gleams of sapphire, and of gold,
 When God should rescue man from Satan's chain,
 And angels, harping, shout Messiah's reign. 60

The hour is come ! Hark ! from the bursting cloud,
 Seraphic envoys, hovering, chant aloud —
 “ Glory to God ! Let peace o'er earth prevail,
 “ And man, from death redeem'd, salvation, hail ! ”
 Rise, Son of Promise ! Great Forerunner, rise ! 65
 Exultant, spread the tidings from the skies !
 His errand, love, the Son of God appears,
 A man of sorrows, in this vale of tears !

Roused from his trance, to all the sons of care,
 The Saviour's advent, hear him now declare ! 70
 Endued with sanctity, the Prophet's name,
 Already hath Judea learn'd his fame :
 By Jordan's ancient stream, he calls aloud
 On sinners to repent, while round him crowd
 Inquiring hosts, borne o'er the pathless wild, 75
 The musing parent, and the anxious child ;
 With joy, surpassing, fill'd, at length, to hear,
 That soon the hope of nations should draw near,
 Of whom Isaiah, and the seers of old,
 With accents, caught from Heaven, enraptured told.

Amid the mountain, wilderness, or plain,
 Where'er he wanders, thousands form his train.

The prophet marks, far o'er the lofty hill,
 Or from some leafy covert, issuing still,
 Fresh crowds advance, impatient, all, to know 85
 Of that New Kingdom, Hell might not o'erthrow.

In vale remote upon a crag he stood,
Here mountains hoary, *there* the frowning wood,
 No feathery cloud, heaven's azure vault display'd;
 No zephyr murmur'd through the sylvan shade : 90
 In gentle flow, the *Infant River*, clear,
 Fresh from his source, meandering, sparkled near;
 Now lost, where, dressed in the funereal green,
 Trees, reft by tempests, dimm'd the savage scene;
 Whilst sheltering caves, and rocks, with ivy strew'd,
 Display'd the vast, and wondering multitude.
 Here, in these wilds, where man irruption made
 On Nature, by the stars alone survey'd,
 In sympathy, with camel's hair array'd,
 Stately as is the cedar, — all around, 100
 Attention, “palpable!” the hush profound!
 John, burden'd with the spirit, waved his hand,
 And in the prophet's tones, address'd the listening band.

“Men! Brethren! lo! to warn you, I am sent!
 “Turn from your ways! I lift the voice — ‘Repent!’
 “You are the favour'd race, to whom, alone,
 “The Law, from smoking Sinai, was made known,
 “While God inspired you, (merciful as great!)
 “With hopes beyond this transitory state:
 “Behold! the morn now trembles in its birth, 110
 “Which gives salvation to this lower earth!

“There standeth one amongst you, yet unknown,
 “Th' Eternal's Son, and partner of his throne!

“ Before the world was fashioned into form,
 “ And, o’er the waste of chaos, swept the storm ; 115
 “ His thought, the slumbering elements obey !
 “ He spake, and darkness brighten’d into day !
 “ The waters move with being ! *still* before !
 “ Birds, beasts, their Maker, silently adore !
 “ Aspiring trees from steril clods arise, 120
 “ While Eden’s richest fragrance fills the skies ! —
 “ And, at the last, creation’s work complete !
 “ (His home, a temple grand ! prepared, and meet !)
 “ *Man* lifts his head, nor rival, nor compeer,
 “ And sways the sceptre o’er this lower sphere. 125

“ Dread thought ! our father in obedience fail’d,
 “ In evil hour his subtile foe prevail’d !
 “ Dark ! yet eternity a beam will throw,
 “ O’er this mysterious source of human woe !
 “ It now befits us, humbly to confess, 130
 “ That God is good, and clothed in righteousness :
 “ Enough to know, from frailty, doubt, and night,
 “ We soon shall stand, where faith expires in sight.
 “ Adam, our federal head, Heaven’s anger bore,
 “ And we, the fallen nature, all, deplore ! 135
 “ But there is balm in Gilead, full, and free !
 “ Redemption hastens ! Glory, Lord ! to thee !

“ Fair is this world, in garb august array’d ;
 “ Where all, in silence, points to *Him* who made ;
 “ Yet, with ten thousand monitors around, 140
 “ Insensate man, debased, in dust is found !
 “ Wit may prescribe, the sage, his precepts give,
 “ Yet none, by wisdom, turn to God, and live !
 “ O’er realms, where Nature’s beauties charm the sight,
 “ The Pagan orgies shed disastrous night ! 145

“ The race of man, satanic fetters bind !
 “ With years, delusions deepen on their mind !
 “ All, from Jehovah, is defection wide !
 “ No people whelmed not in corruption’s tide !
 “ Oh ! sight of horrors ! Creatures, lifting high, —
 “ Their arm — against the Sovereign of the sky ! —
 “ Baal, and Ashtaroth, on every hill !
 “ Gods of the groves, usurping homage still !
 “ Father Omnipotent ! haste on the hour,
 “ When earth shall laud thy sceptre ! own thy power !
 “ Stocks, stones ; the sanguine rite ; the idol vain,
 “ Vanish ! and TRUTH, in cloudless lustre, reign !
 “ Thy tardy chariot wheels are drawing near !
 “ Their flames I see ! Their thundering sounds, I hear !
 “ Ah ! no ! they reach the heart, concealed from view ;
 “ A still small voice, that moulds, and forms anew.
 “ Though Israel, (call’d from all the nations round)
 “ *Her* cords has burst, while other lands are bound,
 “ Symbol, and shadowy type, have still prevail’d ;
 “ Our tribes have long their ritual chain bewail’d : 165
 “ Long has the soul in darkness pined away,
 “ With here, and there, a solitary ray,
 “ But soon the sun of righteousness shall rise,
 “ And floods of glory burst upon your eyes !

“ Heirs of the faithful ! an illustrious train ! 170
 “ Kings have aspired, *this day*, to see in vain !
 “ Your ancient prophets, rich in faith, have told
 “ What unborn ages, hastening, should unfold ;
 “ This is that age, behold fruition nigh !
 “ Let every heart rejoice, and tear be dry ! 175
 “ Men, as High Heaven inspired, successive rose,
 “ And saw, enwrapt, futurity disclose
 “ Forms fairer far than morning’s gorgeous wing,
 “ A peaceful haven, an abiding spring !

“ But now, confined no longer to a few, 180
 “ Each thirsty shrub shall drink the heavenly dew ;
 “ From the rude blast, the wintry storm arise,
 “ And, with new verdure, hail serener skies !

“ Of whom I speak, soon shall you see him near ;
 “ No flaming God, to rouse his creatures fear : — 185
 “ (Strange to our nature, and its sacred ties,)
 “ No angel, bright, commissioned from the skies : —
 “ No potent chief, victorious arms to guide,
 “ Born to control, and nursed in royal pride ;
 “ But, in the promised seed, with accent mild, 190
 “ Your eyes shall greet the spirit of a child.
 “ Heaven opens ! lo ! ascending from the stream,
 “ (His visage kindling with supernal beam !)
 “ Upon the hope of earth, the sinner’s friend,
 “ I see the spirit, as a dove, descend ! 195

“ The Flowers that still on Nature’s waste may blow ;
 “ Whate’er of excellence is found below,
 “ Our pure desires, our heaven-directed sighs,
 “ From God, the fount of Goodness, take their rise.
 “ This spring of Love ; this source of Holy Things,
 “ Jehovah, Lord of Lords, and King of Kings !
 “ Hath pour’d a plenitude of grace divine,
 “ Upon the promised Heir of David’s line,
 “ In whom the God-head, bodily, will shine. }

“ He must increase, and for awhile sustain 205
 “ The contumely of sinners ; want, and pain ! —
 “ (Visions the dim mysterious image give) —
 “ Upon the Cross expire, that man might live !
 “ To usher in this long-expected day,
 “ Forms the bright cloud that wafts my soul away ! 210

‘ He must increase, and bear earth’s uproar rude,
 “ Till all the powers of darkness are subdued :
 “ But I am hastening to the land of shade !
 “ Soon will my *head* upon the turf be laid !
 “ Soon, (dreary prospects to my sight unfold !) 215
 “ A *damsel* claim it, and a *charger* hold !
 “ But, Oh ! the future ! Faith beholds, afar,
 “ Her glorious heritage, her morning star !
 “ When all the ransom’d, in a happier sphere,
 “ Will lose the memory of their sorrows here ! 220

“ While peals of harmony Heaven’s concave rend,
 “ Angels rejoice that man hath found a friend !
 “ The Spirit of the Highest darts a ray
 “ Which guides benighted souls to endless day.
 “ Hell, at his tottering empire, shakes his chains 225
 “ In horrid dissonance, whilst through his veins
 “ Blood-boiling rancour flows, and fiercer hate,
 “ That but his sins, and torments, consummate !
 “ Vain conflict ! God with sovereign might is crown’d,
 “ And Hell in adamantine fetters bound. 230

“ Tear from your hearts each lingering thought that
 springs
 “ From courts, and camps, and sceptres ; crowns, and
 kings !
 “ Not to display the laurels of the great,
 “ Your Saviour comes, to blaze in regal state ;
 “ Peasants, unwrong’d, inspire with ardour dread, 235
 “ To rob some distant peasants of their bread,
 “ But through the world, to stem ambition’s sway ;
 “ To warn mankind, on man, no more to prey ;
 “ To teach humility, bid discord cease,
 “ And plant the seeds of **UNIVERSAL PEACE** ! 240

“ Transcendent glories move before my sight !
 “ I see a cloud of heavenly visions, bright !
 “ The hour advances when the demon, war,
 “ No more shall urge his red and fiery car ;
 “ No more provoke the friendless orphan’s sigh, 245
 “ And swell the tide of human misery.
 “ In that approaching, and triumphant day,
 “ Earth shall her pristine purity display,
 “ The peaceful pruning-hook, of spear, be found ;
 “ The sword, a ploughshare, turn the stubborn ground ;
 “ Concord, like light, extend, and every mind
 “ Glow with an ardent love for all mankind.
 “ Shall then his scorpion scourge, oppression rear ? —
 “ The strong, from slaves, and captives, wring the tear ?
 “ With justice, stretching to the farthest isle, 255
 “ Man shall not ‘ deal in man,’ thro’ Mammon vile : —
 “ Each face shall boast, where’er our eyes recline,
 “ The clear, bright look of sympathy divine ! —
 “ Pride, passion, envy, vanish like a tale,
 “ And Charity, that bond of peace ! prevail. 260

“ Satan, ere long, shall feel his power o’erthrown !
 “ The hour is certain, though the time unknown !
 “ Not always must a moral twilight reign,
 “ And earth, for man’s offence, the curse sustain !
 “ When Wisdom Infinite beholds it right, 265
 “ The rising sun shall ‘ chase’ the shades of night !
 “ Then shall the knowledge of Jehovah spread,
 “ Like the vast ocean o’er her cavern’d bed ;
 “ While, as the years increase, new charms shall shine
 “ Till Holiness unveils her form divine ! 270
 “ The desert wilderness, with blossoms fair,
 “ Shall then delight the eye, and scent the air ;
 “ The mountains sing for joy, the forests raise,
 “ To Heaven, in concert wide, the shout of praise.

“ E’en monsters, savage as the wilds they range, 275
 “ Shall then their fierce and rugged natures change ;
 “ The lion, like the ox, on grass shall feed,
 “ And a young child, the wolf, and leopard, lead. —
 “ Haste, happy days ! but, darkness dwells between !
 “ Mists, gathering still, o’erspread the goodly scene !
 “ Yet, as before me floats the lapse of years,
 “ Far, far away, one little cloud appears !
 “ Onward it rolls, majestic, bright, and fair, —
 “ Great SAVIOUR of MANKIND ! I see Thee there !

“ To God we owe, the source of life and light, 285
 “ Favours untold, and blessings infinite.
 “ Where’er we cast our eye, amazed we stand,
 “ And trace the work of an almighty hand.
 “ Glance on the heavens above, the earth beneath,
 “ See sportive life, in forms unnumber’d breathe ! 290
 “ Mid noon-day’s teeming hour, what myriads fair,
 “ Charm the mused ear, or wanton through the air !
 “ What energy of power, beyond our thought,
 “ This countless train of shapes to being brought ! —
 “ Rejoicing in their rich, though brief repast, 295
 “ And with no fears the future to o’ercast ? —
 “ Ordain’d for end, inscrutable, though right,
 “ Beyond the verge of man’s contracted sight.
 “ Still stretch your view, from insects on the wing,
 “ To the vast family, — the creeping thing, 300
 “ Crowding the shrub, the earth, as summer skies
 “ Bid them to life, and all its joys arise.
 “ *Who* screen’d their head mid Winter’s dreary reign ?
 “ What power will guard when Winter rules again ?
 “ By instincts urged, unconscious of their deeds, 305
 “ One race withdraws, another now succeeds ;
 “ Unknowing how, or whence ! a secret spring
 “ Wakes the harmonious and responsive string !

“ That God, on whom *our* breath alike depends,
 “ His humblest creatures, sees, regards, defends ; 310
 “ Lets not their foes, in final strife, prevail,
 “ Nor suffers one to minish, one to fail !
 “ Oh ! burst your bonds ! on Nature’s wonders gaze !
 “ Steel not your heart to scenes that claim your praise !
 “ Say, as you pore on Heaven’s ethereal space, 315
 “ What secret hand supports the feather’d race ;
 “ What feeling heart provides a full supply,
 “ For each that treads the earth, or cleaves the sky ?
 “ All beings own Creation’s common Friend !
 “ All to *His* stores, the look imploring send ! 320
 “ From guiding comets round the orb of day,
 “ From pointing storms their desolating way,
 “ His ear regards the hungry raven’s call !
 “ His eye, unsleeping, marks the sparrow fall !

“ If Nature’s lower works your wonder raise ; 325
 “ If finite objects claim the creature’s praise,
 “ Exalt your wondering view to realms on high !
 “ Behold the marshall’d offspring of the sky !
 “ See rolling spheres, in paths prescribed, abide !
 “ See countless worlds through Heaven’s vast concave
 glide ! 330
 “ Stars, ever glorious, blazing on their way,
 “ Or dimly clad in fancy’s doubtful ray ;
 “ And these but atoms of that boundless whole
 “ Which ether sweeps beyond the visual pole !

“ If hostile spirits rise, in dread array, 335
 “ Confide in *Him* who owns the sovereign sway !
 “ If fears, and dark forebodings, on you rest,
 “ Look to your God, the Spirit, first and best !
 “ Will *He* who for the *fowl* provides a store,
 “ Turn the deaf ear to *servants* who implore ? — 340

“ If flowers, that perish ere the sun be set,
 “ His care receive, will he his *sons* forget? —
 “ The PARENT, who for *foes*, the board has spread,
 “ Neglect his *children*, when they ask for bread?
 “ With God, your aim, your end, his word your stay,
 “ Pass on, nor heed the thorns that strew your way.
 “ Brief is the conflict, and the victory near!
 “ A bright inheritance remains to cheer!
 “ Though clouds your every prospect now o’ercast,
 “ The joys of Heaven will well repay at last! 350

“ But, Oh! if some, who now around me stand,
 “ Jehovah see not, — nourish’d by his hand!
 “ Earnest to gain a thousand meaner things —
 “ But not to please, and serve, the King of Kings!
 “ Anxious to make the chaff of earth their friend,
 “ But not, with *Him* eternity to spend! —
 “ To stay *His* thunders, fearful, that impend! —
 “ ‘The Being who pervades all time and space!
 “ Whose hand, in all that lives, and moves, we trace!
 “ Invested with insufferable day! — 360
 “ Who speaks, and systems rise, or pass away!
 “ Shall *He* behold his laws, subverted, marr’d,
 “ *Himself*, the last, and least, in their regard?
 “ Immortals! trembling o’er the brink of fate!
 “ List to the voice of mercy, ere too late! 365
 “ Before probation, hope, for ever cease,
 “ Flee from the wrath to come, and be at peace!

“ Know you, O listening tribes, to what you tend?
 “ Seek you to know where life her race shall end?
 “ Count you the lingering moments long, that bind 370
 “ To earth’s low confines man’s immortal mind?
 “ This world is fleeting, — little, though so great!
 “ A weary passage to a loftier state!

“ The joys which now, to time, your spirits chain,
 “ Compared with joys eternal, are but pain. 375

“ Amid the still and solemn hour of night,
 “ Or when the dawn slow kindles on your sight ;
 “ At noon-day, or when eve, in splendour drest,
 “ Casts her broad shadows o’er a world at rest ;
 “ Do never in your souls, spontaneous, rise, 380
 “ High views of man’s unfolding destinies ?
 “ Conceptions, dim descried, of scene on scene,
 “ Unfolding fast, the veil of flesh between ?
 “ No more to visionary dreams resign’d,
 “ Truth soon shall burst unclouded on your mind ; —
 “ The fears that on the trembling spirit prey, —
 “ The shades of doubt and darkness pass away.
 “ Each soul shall learn, as thus it upward springs,
 “ Its grandeur in the scale of living things ;
 “ Shoot, like the flash that lights the midnight sky, 390
 “ A lucid glance through dark futurity ;
 “ See what a moment life, and time, appear,
 “ Contrasted with the one eternal year ;
 “ And lift to nobler worlds its vast desires,
 “ Where fancy flags her wing, and thought expires !

“ Let not the veil of sense your prospects hide,
 “ Nor Satan’s wiles, from Heaven, your hopes divide ;
 “ Ten thousand mortal foes around you roam ;
 “ Ten thousand restless minds who want a home,
 “ An anchorage for their souls ; who love to stray, 400
 “ And spurn, thro’ pride, the straight and narrow way.

“ Those who, with enmity to God and man,
 “ Spend in gross wickedness life’s little span,
 “ Do partial harm. A dread career they run,
 “ Which all may view, and, viewing, learn to shun ;

“ The less notorious poison most the mind,
 “ The vain, the proud, the honour’d of mankind :
 “ In unsuspected guise these steal away
 “ Our hearts, too oft, from God, and endless day.

“ How few, who an immortal spark possess ; 410
 “ Minds form’d for boundless woe or happiness,
 “ Pause — at the thought — that they must all survive
 “ The wreck of these material things, and live,
 “ Outcasts from God, or with the saints in light,
 “ When sun, and moon, and stars, are quench’d in night !

“ The boundaries of delusion, who shall trace ?
 “ Wide is the field where folly runs her race.
 “ Some, who, to Heaven, can never raise their mind,
 “ With strange idolatry, perverse and blind,
 “ To *Nature* all their adorations pay ; 420
 “ Not *NATURE’S* GOD ! These, wandering far away,
 “ Worship the craggy steep, the noon-tide beam,
 “ The waving forest, and the gliding stream,
 “ As if, without th’ Almighty’s sovereign aid,
 “ Trees, hills, and streams, were *MAKERS*, and not
 made! 425
 “ Some, breathing self-applause, and fill’d with pride,
 “ See but *themselves* amid creation wide ;
 “ All other forms conceal their puny head ;
 “ Their mighty shadows veil the earth they tread !
 “ Their lofty looks dwell, vacant, on the sky, 430
 “ While their low brethren pass, unheeded, by :
 “ Lighter than dust in the Eternal’s eyes,
 “ The creatures he has made, they dare despise !

“ Some waste existence, and consume their days
 “ In vain pursuit of perishable praise, 435

“ Remembering not that there will come a foe,
 “ Which lays the flatter’d, and the flatterer, low.
 “ Some laud their Maker, tho’ their hearts the while
 “ Drink down iniquity, and teem with guile.
 “ Some mock their God with many a senseless rite ;
 “ Some close their eyes, and then bewail their sight.
 “ Some follow pleasure, form of varying shapes,
 “ Which still invites, yet still their grasp escapes :
 “ These phantoms seek through life’s uncertain day,
 “ And let the only substance pass away. 445
 “ Some, whelm’d in sin, through all their mortal road,
 “ Shoot arrows of defiance at their God !
 “ Till, roused at Death — before — an endless state !
 “ They, trembling, see their madness, but too late !
 “ Others there are, who, in a humble way, 450
 “ Might check what maladies on mortals prey ;
 “ Bind up the broken-hearted, anguish cheer,
 “ And be the angels of their little sphere ;
 “ Yet these, their powers devote, their curious eye,
 “ To watch the changeful features of the sky ; — 455
 “ Count Ocean’s sands, with anxious visage pale,
 “ Or poise the straw fast fluttering in the gale ;
 “ As though for this the race of life they ran,
 “ And naught superior claim’d the thoughts of man ;
 “ As though their years were known, and, when they died,
 “ All traces past eternal sleep would hide !
 “ While some pursue, with untired eagerness,
 “ Objects, whose only fault is their *excess* ; —
 “ The flower that blooms at morn, at eve declines ;
 “ The bird that twitters, and the gem that shines ; 465
 “ The gaudy insect, borne from distant clime ;
 “ The speaking block, or crumbling spoils of time :
 “ These, with a zest of passion, they explore,
 “ But th’ illumined spirit pants for more.

“ If to this state our hopes must be confined, 470
 “ While all beyond are phantoms of the mind ;
 “ If nobler worlds our souls must ne’er attain,
 “ And endless sleep succeed to years of pain ;
 “ Then might we seek our sorrows to beguile,
 “ And count the hurrying moments with a smile ; 475
 “ But if, ere long, from little more than night,
 “ Our souls must take their everlasting flight,
 “ Launch to some blissful hemisphere afar,
 “ Beyond the dazzling sun or twinkling star ;
 “ With pure and happy spirits ever dwell, 480
 “ And bid to sighs and tears a last farewell !
 “ Or (foes to God !) heaven’s jasper-blazing scene,
 “ See, with a gulf, impassable, between !
 “ If this the fix’d alternative must be, —
 “ Of all, — the rude, the learn’d, the bond, the free !
 “ If through thee, Life ! this fatal verge we tread,
 “ If such distinctions hang upon thy thread,
 “ Far other thoughts the pilgrim’s heart should sway,
 “ And souls immortal nobler calls obey !
 “ But senseless man, to weak deception prone, 490
 “ Fancies all lives uncertain, but his own,
 “ Or, still more wild, pursues delusion’s tide,
 “ Owns the great truth, but casts its cares aside.

“ O all ye listening tribes, who, me to hear,
 “ Have cross’d the Jordan wide, and desert drear, 495
 “ Think, when a few revolving years have fled,
 “ On what cold pillow each shall lay his head !
 “ When the scared Spirit, hovering o’er the tomb,
 “ On distant shores awaits her final doom !
 “ Forced on the foaming surge to launch alone, 500
 “ The vain hope faded, and the stout heart flown !
 “ The bleak winds howling, and the bark untried !
 “ The ocean stormy, and the passage wide ! —

“ No moon, serene, on high, to banish fear ;
 “ No friendly star the shuddering heart to cheer ; 505
 “ But, sounds, appalling, from the unseen wave !
 “ And shadows, like the blackness of the grave !
 “ Let others, to despair, their souls resign ;
 “ Hope, on our midnight, sheds a gleam divine !
 “ O’er the dark billows, ocean, vex’d, and wide, 510
 “ Messiah, safe, our trembling barks shall guide !

“ Oh ! what the bounds of love ! — its ardent flight,
 “ When he who loves, in love, is infinite !
 “ Though rebels who have sought our own o’erthrow,
 “ We, of this love, have tasted here below ! 515
 “ By night, to shepherds, on our mountains wild,
 “ Angels declared of Bethlehem’s new-born child !
 “ They chanted symphonies ! Good News, they sang !
 “ Still on their chorus, sweet, our memories hang !
 “ And while the tidings vibrate on our ear, 520
 “ The meek and lowly JESUS draweth near !
 “ What though your Prince in humble state be born ?
 “ What though no crown the SAVIOUR’S head adorn ?
 “ For fallen man he lays his sceptre by !
 “ For your redemption, leaves his native sky ! 525

“ No more shall Death, the King of Terrors, reign,
 “ And o’er creation cast the icy chain !
 “ Despair no longer to his darkness fly,
 “ And Hope, revolting, cloud th’ expiring eye,
 “ But, Faith, descending from her realms of light, 530
 “ Scatter your fears, and dissipate your night ;
 “ Lead you, through him, whose mission I proclaim,
 “ From man’s applause, to seek eternal fame ;
 “ To shun the passing shadows of a day ;
 “ To call from earth your wandering thoughts away ;

“ To see beyond the dreary vale of time,
 “ A prospect opening, cloudless and sublime ;
 “ Where the freed spirit shall, unshackled, grow,
 “ Where pain no more the ransom'd soul shall know,
 “ Where joys substantial, lasting, and refined, 540
 “ Shall feast the senses, and transport the mind,
 “ Beyond what eye hath seen, or heart conceived,
 “ Prophet foretold, or patriarch believed !
 “ Where God shall cleanse the heart, no more to sigh,
 “ And wipe the final tear from every eye ! 545

“ From Hell's dominion, captives to release,
 “ Behold the Lamb of God ! — the Prince of Peace !
 “ Soon shall your black horizon gleam with day,
 “ Nor death, o'er all things, cast a sickly ray !
 “ Soon shall your mental darkness take its flight, 550
 “ And IMMORTALITY be brought to light !”

ADDRESS TO THE MISSIONARIES.

WHILE some the song to chiefs and patriots raise,
 With nobler zeal, I loftier spirits praise ;
 Men, who, to please their Maker, and proclaim
 To nations sunk in night, a Saviour's name,
 Have left the land where pleasure sits and smiles ; 5
 Joyous have left e'en Britain, Queen of Isles :
 Friends, home, contentment, all that life endears,
 Freely renounced, for anguish, toil, and tears ;
 Endured the scorching waste, the raging flood,
 While fearless on the Rock of Faith they stood. 10

Must each be launch'd ere long on death's cold stream ;
 Each pass away — like a forgotten dream !
 Oh ! higher thought, and fearful, doth there wait
 For all the sons of men, an endless state !

You have believed, and for the deluge wide, 15
 Prepared your ark that, safe, the storm shall ride.
 You *know* there does. While others, till they die,
 Deem all things serious, but Eternity ;
 You, better taught, a *future empire* raise,
 And spend, for God, your few, and fleeting days. 20

Like your great Master, you, your ease disdain,
 And combat with the scoffer, want, and pain ;
 Instructed in th' inestimable worth
 Of that great treasure, Heaven bestow'd on earth ;
 That precious boon, that Book of Life, and Light, 25
 Which sheds refulgence o'er a world of night,
 You your "exceeding" joy would not disguise,
 And brood with sordid pleasure o'er your prize.
Truth, noble, generous, longing to impart,
 Conveys a genial influence to the heart ; 30
 Its element — is to dispense all good ;
 It feels, for distant nations, brotherhood ;
 Embraces, with one ardent grasp of soul,
 Men of all climes, from Ganges to the pole !
 Religion, true, with an Ithuriel touch, 35
 May find the miser, but ne'er left him such.

Oh ! had the Vision call'd, in that deep dream,
 Paul *eastward* to have borne his Sacred Theme ;
 With Heaven's rich gifts, to feed the *Tartar* wild,
 And not the *Macedonian*, Europe's child : 40
 Had no kind Spirit, casting fears behind,
 Bless'd with a pulse that beat for all mankind,
 (Whose breast the light contain'd) once thoughtful stood,
 Framing luxurious schemes for human good ;
 Beheld where *Albion's* stately cliffs appear'd, 45
 And boldly to the barbarous *Briton* steer'd ;

How had *our* savage faith its strength maintain'd,
And what e'en *here* the night that now had reign'd !

Kingdoms, for arts and science once renown'd,
As time roll'd on, have plunged in shades profound ! 50
While lands, to ten-fold darkness long resign'd,
Have burst their bonds, and led the sons of mind ;
Haply ! (Oh, Heaven avert the curse severe !)
Again the Pagan Rite may triumph here !
And regions, now, where men to idols bend, 55
The Altar reverence, and the Ark defend !
What might so soon God's sleeping wrath awake, }
And, o'er our Isle, tempt him his scourge to shake, }
His lamp remove, his heritage forsake, }
As languor, to extend the Gospel Sound, 60
The Bread of Life, to starving nations round ! —
As that disastrous, graceless, spirit chill,
Which scorns to work, and frustrates those who will !
Soft as the far-off murmuring of the sea ;
Sweet as at morn the bird's clear melody, 65
(Amid the shout of orgies vile) I hear
The still small voice of penitence and prayer !
Sunk as they were in guilt, abased, depraved,
Ten righteous men had once a people saved ;
Hope, yet is ours ! Though crowds on every side, 70
Their Maker's Laws disdain, his Threats deride,
England may yet recount her righteous few,
Salt of our land ! and not the least, in you.

How will the future sons of sires, who now,
In climes remote, to stocks and statues bow — 75
(Oh, fearful depth of folly and of crime !
Man, even man ! endued with powers sublime,
Disclaims his rank, to basest things that be,
Lifts th' adoring eye, and bends the knee !)

How will *such*, brought to their maturer sense, 80
 Read with delight the page of Providence !
 How will *such* hail (without one faint alloy,)
 Their happier state ; then, with seraphic joy,
 Gaze backward far upon the men revered,
 Who *first* their tribes with songs of Sion cheer'd ; 85
 Brought *them* the Truth; the Book of Knowledge spread,
 And, o'er the future, beams refulgent shed !
 What gratulations, what transcendent praise
 Their hearts to *you* will breathe, their voices raise,
 When, basking in the light, a glance they cast 90
 O'er the dark vale, the dreary desert past !
 As, on their race of storms, their night of woe,
 Safe, from the Mount of God, they look below !
 When waning age on age hath roll'd away,
 Since you with earth have mix'd your honour'd clay, 95
 While myriads on oblivion's tide are seen,
 Borne downward, lost, as though they ne'er had been, }
 Still shall your memories flourish, fresh and green ; }
 Of you, the lisping child shall learn to speak,
 As the warm tear steals down the mother's cheek : 100
 Yet nobler thoughts than these your hearts beguile ; —
 Conscience' sweet voice, and Heaven's approving smile.

Ye GREAT of Earth, arise ! — at once appear
 Cæsars and Pompeys, men estranged from fear ;
 Whose warlike feats the porphyry column bears ; 105
 Who view'd the world, and proudly call'd it *theirs* ;
 Who lived to tread the steep, to build the name,
 Whilst slaughter'd thousands track'd their road to fame :
 What grateful heart, slow from the dying bed,
 E'er call'd to heaven for blessings on *their* head ? 110
 Crowds, rather, in their pangs, with death in sight,
 Deplored the hour that gave them to the light.

These are not *Great* ! Illustrious men and wise !
 You are the *Great*, whose deeds to glory rise !
 You, distant realms have sought, with untold pains,
 Not to explore fresh marts, or count new gains,
 But, with benign delight, your joys to share ;
 To free the captive, smooth the brow of care,
 Throw back the veil, the Star of Hope display,
 And guide benighted souls to endless day. 120

Such once was Brainerd, whose ambition, high,
 Aspired to teach the Indian "how to die."
 Such Schwartz was found, who, 'mong the heathen, long
 Despairing roam'd, yet lived to hear the song,
 From the wide Banian's sylvan altar, own, 125
 In concords loud, Jehovah, Lord alone !
 Such Wesley, Whitfield were ; both labourers tried,
 Who find, above, the peace which Earth denied.
 Such Trowt, and Chamberlain, who, (truly wise !)
 Fought the good fight, and early gain'd the prize ! 130
 And such was Vanderkempt, (his ransom paid,)
 Who now looks down, nor mourns the choice he made :
 But, at the name of Martyn, every eye
 Glistens, and turns, instinctive, to the sky !

(Far back, excursive vision loves to gaze 135
 On one, associate of my younger days,
 A sainted spirit, *Pierce* ! who long'd in vain,
 The Missionary Martyr's crown to gain ;
 With one, *just pass'd* to the celestial sphere,
Urquhart, of kindred mould, for whom, the tear 140
 Uncurb'd, unbought, will long and pungent flow,
 Who left no loftier, holier soul below !
 Both still promote the cause that fired their mind —
 They left their efficacious *prayers* behind !

Though these to Heaven have soar'd, (a glorious band!)
 In the same cause, new heroes forward stand :
 Aspirants march to conquest, all endued
 With unction from above, zeal, fortitude.
 In long perspective galaxy, I trace
 Spirits, the glory of our age and race ! 150
 Jowett, and Coultart, Holbeck, Richter, Shaw,
 Whom Love divine to dangerous realms could draw ;
 Fox, Carver, Ousely, known and praised afar,
 With Morrison, so long a radiant star ;
 Hartley, and Wolff, instructing on that shore, 155
 Where once the Lord that bought them, taught before !
 While Carey, Marshman, Ward, that veteran train,
 Show, in their turn, what victories Faith may gain.
 And if remembrance of the host beside
 Here find no place, who equal toils divide, 160
 On nobler records such serene rely,
 Theirs is the grand memorial in the sky.

Their post, by dangers compass'd, now may be
 Where no observant eye, but God's, can see, —
 Around steep Caucasus, or on the shore 165
 Of ice-bound Greenland, or bleak Labrador ;
 Or in Columbian Isles ; 'mid Afric's land,
 Warring with dews of death, and burning sand ;
 In Palestine, (where soon the Crescent foe
 May see, once more, the Rose of Sharon blow) 170
 Or where, mid India's tribes, like some vast sea,
 Soul-bondage reigns, till Christ the slave shall free :
 Nor must we lightly deem those spirits, brave,
 Who, o'er the wide Pacific, souls to save,
 Have sail'd, with richer freight, and costlier aid, 175
 Than, from Potosi, ever bark convey'd :
 Whose triumphs, (which each day and hour appear)
 Silence the scoffer, while the just they cheer : o 2

And thus shall Idols vanish, like a dream,
As Truth, o'er earth, extends her healing beam. 180

New scenes, like spring, with flow'ry wreaths advance;
New prospects rise, no cloud to overcast.
Religion, who so long "on tiptoe stood,"
Hath past, indeed, o'er the Atlantic flood.
Our Brethren of the West, for greatness born, 185
Whom fools defame, and then affect to scorn,
With step, intrepid, send their worthies forth
To cleanse and fructify the moral earth.
May offspring of one Parent, favour'd, free,
Display the sight of "Brethren who agree:" 190
And, hence, one rivalry pervade their breast, —
Who most shall honour God, and serve him best!

If, sometimes, while through distant lands you roam,
You cast a lingering look toward friends and home,
Restrain the tear! Behold the blissful state! 195
The palms, the crowns, which for the pilgrim wait.
Should pain assault you, still in God believe;
Should sorrow reach, Oh, think for whom you grieve!
Should want, in lonely climes, your steps pursue,
Dwell on *his* Name who suffer'd more for you. 200
Guiding the Gospel Plough, gird up your mind!
Heed not the chaff which you have left behind!
Look forward, courage take, behold the end!
What can your heart deplore with God your Friend!
You seek not earth's reward, nor man's applause; 205
You all are champions in your Maker's cause;
And round your arduous path, though sad, the while,
Crowds of admiring angels watch and smile.

The hour must come, perchance it draweth nigh,
The fast unfolding dawn of prophecy, 210

When the *first-born* to Zion shall return,
 And look on *Him* whom they have pierced, and mourn;
 When o'er earth's verdant fields, *one* flock shall stray,
One Shepherd lead, and *all* his voice obey :
 When holiest love shall every heart inflame, 215
 And every tongue confess Immanuel's name !
 Warm'd with such hopes, though vain to feeble sense,
 Be Heaven's eternal word your confidence !
 With zeal, around, your glorious mission spread,
 And make your Father's will your daily bread. 220
 May He, in every hour of need provide,
 In sickness cheer you, and through dangers guide :
 Make smooth and plain your path, where'er you go ;
 Whilst you, like Paul, the Gospel Trumpet blow,
 Who, with a crown in sight, a heaven, a home, 225
 All things could bear, stripes, bonds, and martyrdom.

Not o'er a sea, unruffled, calm, and clear,
 Must you your venturous bark expect to steer ;
 The sun sometimes may soothe, your fears subside,
 And soft, and sweet, the tide of feeling glide ; 230
 When, like th' alternate changes of the deep,
 Tempests and storms, the lowering skies may sweep ;
 Expect, nor be deceived : alike prepare
 Hardships or ease to meet, the soldier's fare.
 If friends protect, on God the praise bestow ; 235
 If foes assail, with meekness bear the blow ;
 Nor hope to root out errors, save with toil
 Resembling his, who, patient, tills the soil.
 Hell, roused from slumber, in his dread array,
 Ere long, in rage, may rise to meet the fray ; 240
 Call up foul spirits, to himself allied,
 And yield, with mortal throe, his empire wide ;
 But he who leads you forth, for your defence,
 Will screen you with his own Omnipotence.

Truth's Harbingers ! receive from one unknown, 245
 Passing advice, that springs from love alone,
 Be not, at aught, *too* joyous, or *too* pain'd,
 Fear must be check'd, and Hope herself restrain'd.
 Our sight is but a point, our life — a day !
 Grief soon subsides, and pleasures, where are they ?
 Though with our own dear schemes our bosoms swell,
 What might be best, at last, we cannot tell ;
 The clouds that rise so fair, may waft distress,
 'The tear, the pang, the cross, be sent to bless.
 That Sovereign power, to whose pervading eye, 255
 All times, the past, the future, naked lie ;
 Whether he walk conspicuous, clothed in light,
 Or, round his footsteps, cast the robe of night,
 Still carries on (though Folly oft repines,)
 His wise, but his inscrutable designs. 260

As on you go, declaring as you can,
 Redemption for the captive race of man ;
 Freedom that breaks the fetters of the mind ;
 Ears to the deaf, and vision to the blind,
 Should hosts, with bounding heart, your tidings hail,
 Should Satan's kingdom fall, and Truth prevail ;
 Converts from heathenish night your footsteps throng,
 Acknowledge *Him* to whom all hearts belong ;
 Yet, should but here and there a blade be found,
 While weeds, in rank luxuriance, wave around ; 270
 Should *they* be foes to *you*, who were before
 Foes to the GOD whom you unseen adore,
 Let not Egyptian gloom your souls dismay,
 Faint is the dawn that ushers in the day :
 But should *no* consecrated fruits ascend, 275
 O'er the wide scene should *naught* but tares extend ;
 Let faith, unshaken, still support your feet,
 Heedless, though torrents roar, and tempests beat.

What though no wreath, victorious, crown your race,
 And scarce one flower beside your path you trace, 280
 Seed, sown by you, long 'neath the ground may lie,
 Water'd of God, unmark'd by human eye,
 Ordain'd, in the appointed hour, to rise,
 And with majestic verdure fill the skies.
 Witness *Taheite* whose shades have pass'd away, 285
 So long where fiends maintain'd unbridled sway;
 Her Idols to the Bats disdainful hurl'd,
 The prelude to a renovated world!

Soul revered men! receive th' applauding strain,
 Which kings and conquerors might desire in vain. 290
 To you, a distant brother leads the song,
 Which thousands join, in chorus loud, and long.
 Mid climes that never heard Messiah's praise,
 Aspire the standard of the Cross to raise,
 With new delight, proclaim their ransom near; 295
 Go, and a Temple to your Maker rear!
 Whilst there are lands, and tribes, that countless be,
 Who never joy'd to hear our jubilee,
 Who never knew the Christian's rich repast,
 Pardon and Peace, and hope of Heaven at last, 300
 Strive in the glorious conflict undismay'd,
 March boldly, in supernal strength array'd;
 Still fearless on the Word of Promise rest,
 And trust the more, for doubts that haunt your breast.

Where is the generous fire, the spirit gone, 305
 That once in Cranmer glow'd, in Luther shone?
 Shall petty sights alone attract our eye,
 The rise and fall of mortal majesty —
 Kingdoms and men, that, in perpetual round,
 Blaze and expire? shall these our prospects bound, 310

And not *your* cause — the glory of your age,
 (Grandest of all which human thoughts engage !)
 Awake our highest interests, hopes and fears,
 The heart that vibrates, and the tongue that cheers ?
 Those who, beyond the present, see combined, 315
 The mighty FUTURE, trampling *time* behind,
 Feel, with still kindling warmth, in every vein,
 Ardour to burst the heathen's mental chain —
 To waft to them our pearl of matchless price,
 And wider throw the Gates of Paradise. 320
 Where is this Spirit ? Lo ! she lives and reigns !
 Now we behold her, not mid ravaged plains,
 Where Demons scream for blood, but on thy shore,
 Oh ! Albion, dear, my country, evermore
 Loftiest of nations ! With proud garlands crown'd, 325
 Sending the TRUTH wherever man is found.
 Go on, triumphant ! spreading Life and Light !
 Check not the courser with the goal in sight !
 May you, who wage the warfare with the foe ;
 May you, who nobly of your wealth bestow ; 330
 May you, whose hearts implore that Heaven would shield
 The tender germ from storms, and increase yield,
 Strive in your different ways, more prayerful be ;
 Not fainting, you secure the victory.

Once more, from sickening scenes that strike my view,
 Good men, and great, refresh'd, I turn to you.
 The Star of Bethlehem, from night profound,
 Emerges fair, with sun-like splendours crown'd ;
 Vision, on vision kindling, I survey,
 Till with o'erpowering beam it dies away. 340
 And can it be that who the brunt sustain
 Should call aloud for *aid*, yet call in vain ?
 Bent by the weight, you arduous burdens bear,
 The field is vast, but labourers few are there.

Amazed, the Powers of Darkness stand and feel 345
 Their temples tottering, while their idols reel,
 And shall the valiant strive, and only hear
 Voices from friends far off that feebly cheer ?
 With such a prize in view, in such a fight,
 May kindred souls spontaneous spring to light, 350
 Sent, and endued with graces from above,
 Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove,
 Proud to support your hands, and to extend
 O'er boisterous seas, to earth's remotest end,
 Salvation, tidings of the Sinner's Friend.

Again, farewell ! and, Oh ! while thus you preach
 Of Faith, and Righteousness, in every speech,
And your whole walk confirms the truths you teach,
 Fearless, the path pursue, though men revile,
 On which th' Almighty smiles, and *still will smile.* 360
 Confusion them shall follow, whilst our eyes
 Shall see the Tree of God's own planting rise ;
 Wide shall it spread, and adverse storms disdain,
 Fed by Heaven's dew, and nourish'd with his rain ;
 And let all cry — WHEREVER SHINES THE SUN, 365
 THY KINGDOM COME, O LORD ! THY WILL BE DONE !

“ AND THE RUIN OF THAT HOUSE WAS
 GREAT.” *Luke vi. 49.*

1.

BEHOLD yon tower its head uprear,
 Whose strength with adamant may vie ;
 The stablest forms that round appear
 Shall perish ere it prostrate lie :
 Its battlements shall see the day
 When temples proud have pass'd away.

2.

The woods, that everlasting seem,
 The hills, that storms assault in vain ;
 The living sward, the stately stream,
 The rocks, that ocean's self can chain,
 All these, their ruins wide shall spread,
 Before yon Tower shall bow its head.

3.

Still loftier its presumptions rise,
 Smiling at each inferior boast,
 It shall survive the azure skies,
 Sun, moon, and all the starry host ;
 To fix it from mutation free,
 The Highest uttered, " Let it be !"

4.

Grand destinations to fulfil,
 This tower — is *Man's immortal Mind* !
 Endued with powers, expanding still,
 That leave the labouring thought behind !
 Its home, eternity ! — that flame
 Burning, and yet to burn, the same !

5.

How dread, to hazard such a state !
 A tower, so firm, at last to fall !
 Were not its fearful ruins "*great* !"
 If blasted by the Lord of all !
 Long suffering still, O Father, spare !
 And, for thyself, our souls prepare !

TIME IS SHORT.

1.

NARROW is th' appointed space
 For mankind to run their race !
 Small the interval allow'd
 Between the cradle and the shroud ;
 Scarce from slumber we arise,
 Ere the longest liver dies !

2.

The very tree may now be laid,
 From which our coffin will be made !
 Haply, now the web is spun
 To wrap us, when our race is run !
 And the spade, when we are dead,
 May wait to form our lowly bed !

3.

Have we, with our days so few,
 In a little, much to do ?
 Let us not, regardless, spend
 Moments, which so soon must end !
 Life is frail ! a warning sound
 Comes from every form around !

4.

When our own hand's-breadth we scan,
 We the measure see of man !
 When we mark the clouds on high ;
 When we view the shuttle fly ;
 Whispers reach us, soft, and clear,
 Time is short, and death is near !

5.

Are we to a point confined ?
 Have we an immortal mind ?
 After this uncertain state,
 Does an endless world await ?
 Lord ! endue us with thy grace,
 Well to run our mortal race !

6.

Heaven before us, let us give
 Our thoughts to God, while here we live,
 Nor partake the fool's repast,
 Which will sorrow yield, at last :
 Since *anon* we pass away,
 Let us wisely spend *to-day* !

7.

May we still the *Saviour* prize,
 Till the day-star in us rise !
 May we walk by faith, and bear
 More and more, his image here !
 That the mansions in the sky
 May receive us when we die !



BENEFICENCE,

1.

OH ! have we never seen an *eye*,
 Pure as the infant's at its birth ;
 The *look* of some superior sky,
 Allied to heaven, though found on earth ?

2.

A rich, a soul-subduing gleam,
 That with the blush of angels shone ;
 Brief as the moon-beam on the stream !
 A *glance*, that thrill'd us, and was gone ?

3.

These are the dim precursors kind,
 That, in mysterious symbols, tell
 Of realms, enduring and refined,
 Where soon the pure in heart will dwell.

4.

This gleam of sunshine after storm,
 This look benign, this eye of love,
 Just emblem, in their faintest form,
 The pleasures of the world above !

THE CHRISTIAN.

1.

HOW peaceful is the Christian's breast,
 By no distracting fears oppress'd,
 His prospects ever shine !
 Whilst others, rankling sorrows wound,
 Whose minds, the ways of life confound ;
 Whilst others, view confusion round,
 He sees the Hand Divine.

2.

Though not released from mortal care,
 Yet, he has learn'd his cross to bear,
 A lesson truly wise !

When Heaven bestows, or takes away,
 Thy will be done ! his heart can say,
 Remembering, in eternal day
 His better portion lies.

3.

Though trouble will not wholly cease,
 Until he reach the world of peace,
 Of this he ne'er complains ;
 The glorious hope which faith bestows,
 That hope the Christian only knows,
 Which from a bleeding Saviour flows,
 His spirit well sustains.

4.

Compell'd through life's dark vale to stray,
 And hastening to the realms of day,
 Where crowns immortal wait ;
 He, journeying, does not seek to find
 A flattering calm, whose charms might bind
 To earth, his bold aspiring mind,
 From joys divinely great.

5.

He knows in heaven there lives a friend,
 (Which, when the rounds of time shall end,
 And Nature's reign be o'er ;)
 Whose smiles the weary soul shall share,
 Whose love shall crown the faithful there,
 Nor aught of conflict or of care,
 Disturb his passions more.

6.

Whilst seeking this divine abode,
 Are there, who tire amid the road,
 By earth's low cares oppress'd ? —
 The Tempter's subtle wiles despise !
 From bondage, and from slumber, rise !
 Press onward to the glorious prize —
 To your eternal rest !

7.

No common object claims your zeal,
 No common interest should you feel,
 You have a Heaven in view :
 The time is short that waits you here,
 The hours recede, and death is near,
 Then think where you will soon appear,
 And plume your wings anew.

8.

Forsake the things, of time and sense,
 Hold commune with Omnipotence,
 Make God your chief delight ;
 Till he shall beckon you away,
 Through Earth, like weary pilgrims, stray ;
 And though afflictions mark your way,
 Still keep the end in sight.

9.

For you, beyond Death's frowning gate,
 Ten thousand happy Spirits wait,
 Heaven's portals wide to spread ;
 There, patriarchs their hands extend,
 There, Saints and Seraphs call you friend,
 And you eternity shall spend
 With Christ, your Living Head.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

1.

THE night is fair! The planets, glorious,
 In silent pomp their rule maintain;
 The shepherds, on the hills of Judah,
 Behold, with awe, the starry train,
 And worship, bending low the head,
Him, who through heaven such wonders spread.

2.

What voice is that? — Symphonious numbers,
 Aloft in air, are faintly heard!
 And now they nearer draw, and nearer!
 Cherubs are seen! — The liquid word,
 Entrancing, steals, like zephyr, forth,
 “ Good-will to man, and peace on earth !”

3.

While now, enraged, the Powers of Darkness,
 For conflict rally round their king,
 The Son of God, from heaven descending,
 Comes, borne upon the Seraph's wing!
 Lo ! countless guards, (in concord sweet,)
 “ Glory to God !” aloud, repeat !

4.

Love, undeserved, our thought surpassing !
 (How full the fount from which it flows !)
 The Prince of Peace assumes our nature,
 To rescue man from endless woes !
 He comes, with mercy, full and free,
 To sound the sinner's jubilee !

5.

The Lord of Life, so long predicted,
 In all his Father's might appears !
 Ye righteous ! rich in consolation,
 Glad tidings now salute your ears !
 See, Prophecy her page unfold !
 The Vision of the Lamb, behold !

6.

What royal birth-place *Him* must welcome ?
 What sumptuous palace ? — garb of state ?
 What monarchs, proud of their obeisance,
 Must bend around a guest so great ?
 All costly robes of Tyrian dye
 Before the Lord of Life must lie !

7.

Ah, no ! His palace was a stable !
 No guards, obsequious homage pay !
 His royal birth-place was a manger,
 And straw, the couch on which he lay !
 Humility for ever crown'd !
 Here was the Heir of all things found !

8.

Well might the breasts of happy spirits
 Experience high and strange delight !
 Well might such spectacle of mercy,
 From heaven, angelic hosts invite,
 To witness, till that hour unknown,
 Such grace to man, rebellious, shown !

9.

Saviour ! accept our spirits' incense —
 That thou, to earth, didst cast thine eye !
 That thou, *thyself*, didst freely offer,
 That we, in hope, might live and die !
 We give thee praise ! we bend our knee !
 We consecrate our hearts to thee !

 GOOD FRIDAY.

1.

'THIS is the morn, of old predicted,
 When Christ, himself an offering made !
 This is the hour, with love surpassing,
 When he the sinner's ransom paid !
 Oh, Earth ! the Lord of Glory, see !
 Expiring, now, on Calvary !

2.

Scenes, which the Saviour's death preceded,
 Once more arise ! we view ! we hear !
 The garden of Gethsemane ;
 The crowd, the swords, the staves, appear !
 The bloody sweat ! the pang untold !
 The traitor, who his master sold !

3.

We hear thee, O Divine Redeemer !
 For sinners, with thy Father plead !
 We see thy late so faithful followers
 Desert thee in thy hour of need !
 With not *one* true disciple near,
 To soothe thy woe, or wipe thy tear !

4.

We see thee at the bar of Pilate !

We, Peter hear his Lord deny !

And, “ Crucify him ! Crucify him ! ”

Thy scoffing foes, infuriate, cry !

“ Be this man’s blood ! ” we hear it said,

“ On us, and on our children’s head ! ”

5.

Calm as the sheep before her shearer,

We view thee by no threat deterr’d !

We mark thee, smitten ! spit upon !

A murderer to thyself preferr’d !

The scarlet robe we see thee wear !

And that contemptuous “ hail ! ” we hear !

6.

We view thee set at naught of Herod,

And his imperious men of war !

We see thy brow by thorns encircled,

With many a deep, and bleeding scar !

While some rejoice, and others mourn,

To *Calvary* we view thee borne !

7.

We see thee on the cross extended !

Deriders, and revilers, round !

We view the cruel spear that pierced thee !

Thy life’s-blood streaming to the ground !

The nails that fix’d thee to the tree !

The vinegar and gall we see !

8.

Amid thy unimagined sufferings,

“ Father, forgive ! ” we hear thee cry !

We mark the utterance, "It is finish'd!"
 And on that word, for heaven, rely! —
 Behold — the porch, the temple, rent!
 While darkness clothes the firmament!

9.

Here, in this sin-distemper'd region,
 Thou trod'st the wine-press all alone;
 But now, from earth to heaven ascended,
 Thou interced'st before the throne!
 Hell, from his pinnacle, is hurl'd!
 And thy reward, — a Ransomed World!

THE CAPTIVE ISRAELITE.

"We hanged our harps upon the willows." Psalm cxxxvii.

1.

"HOW shall *we* our grief express,
 "When no Zion's towers we see!
 "We, our harps, in heaviness,
 "Hang upon the willow tree!

2.

"Lords of Babylon, depart!
 "Insults not on injuries heap!
 "Pangs, untold, oppress our heart,
 "When, at morn, we wake to weep!

3.

"Ask us not for Israel's song!
 "Ill becomes the sportive strain,
 "When, to us, and ours, belong
 "Sorrow, and the captive's chain!

4.

“ Strangers, in a foreign land,
 “ *Now* oppress’d, who *once* were free ;
 “ We, our harps, by breezes fann’d,
 “ Hang upon the willow tree !

5.

“ Let the whispering *winds* awake,
 “ Airs that, but for them, might sleep ;
 “ *We* will not the stillness break ;
 “ *We* will solemn silence keep !

6.

“ Yet, the thought will sometimes rise,
 “ Sweet by Kedron’s brook it were,
 “ At the morning sacrifice ;
 “ At the evening hour of prayer ;

7.

“ While Jehovah we adore,
 (“ In his ways, the great profound !)
 “ Our divinest notes to pour,
 “ With responding thousands round !

8.

“ Days of mourning we fulfil ;
 “ Oh ! that we the end might see !
 “ Sad, — her harp shall Israel still,
 “ Hang upon the willow tree !”

PERSECUTION.*

ADDRESSED TO THE PURITANS: (WRITTEN AFTER READING
NEALE.)

THE feeling heart a sigh bestows,
When *Humblest Merit* droops his head ;
But, o'er *Transcendent Virtue's* woes,
Our warm, and holiest tears, are shed.

* In the reign of James the First, the Puritans were greatly augmented by the publication of the "*Book of Sports*." Not having met with it *complete*, except in Lord Somers's tracts, though long for a note, it is here inserted, with his Lordship's preliminary remarks.

BOOK OF SPORTS.

[The following proclamation seems to claim a place in this collection, as it proved the source of great discontent in this and the following reigns. "Among all the dances," says Arthur Wilson, "that these times were guilty of, none of the masqueradoes presented so horrid a vizard as the churchman's ; for some of the bishops, pretending recreations and liberty to servants and common people, (of which they carved to themselves too much already,) procured the king to put out a book to permit dancing about may-poles, church-ales, and such debauched exercises upon the sabbath day, after evening praying, (being a specious way to make the king and them acceptable to the rout,) which book came out with a command, enjoining all ministers to read it to their parishioners, and to approve of it ; and those that did not, were brought into the high commission, imprisoned, and suspended. This book being only a trap to catch some conscientious men, that they could not otherwise, with all their cunning, ensnare ; for they would preach the gospel in a fool's coat, (as some of them expressed,) rather than be silenced for a surplice. And their conjuring of them with the cross in baptism, and the circle of the ring in marriage, could not make a well-composed reason and a sound conscience then start at it ; but when so frightful an apparition as the dancing-book appeared, some of the ministers left all for fear, others by force, they were so terrified with it. These, and such like machinations of the bishops, to maintain their temporal greatness, ease, and plenty,

We walk, in confidence sedate,
 O'er thornless path, and flowery mead ;
 While now on *Truth*, fair hand-maids wait,
 With none to threaten or impede ;

made the stones in the walls of their palaces, and the beams in the timber, afterwards cry out, moulder away, and come to nothing : whereas, if those in most authority had not been so pragmatical, but holy, prudent, and godly men, (as some others of the function were,) their light might have shined still upon the mount, and not have gone out as it did, offensive to the nostrils of the rubbish of the people." *Wilson, ad Ann. 1617.*]

By the King,

Whereas upon our returne the last yeere out of Scotland, wee did publish our pleasure touching the recreation of our people in those parts under our hand. For some causes, us thereunto moving, we have thought good to command these our directions then given in Lancashire, with a few words thereunto added, and most applicable to these parts of our realmes, to be published to all our subjects.

Whereas we did justly, in our progresse through Lancashire, rebuke some Puritanes and precise people, and tooke order that the like unlawfull carriage should not bee used by any of them hereafter, in the prohibiting and unlawfull punishing of our good people for using their lawfull recreations and honest exercises upon Sunday, and other holy dayes, after the afternoone sermon or service. We now find that two sorts of people, wherewith that countrey is much infested, (wee meane Papists and Puritanes,) have maliciously traduced and calumniated those our just and honourable proceedings. And, therefore, lest our reputation might upon the one side (though innocently) have some aspersion layd upon it, and that upon the other part, our good people in that countrey bee misled by the mistaking and misinterpretation of our meaning, wee have, therefore, thought it good hereby to cleare and make our pleasure to bee manifested to all our good people in those parts.

It is true, that at our first entry to this crowne and kingdome, we were informed, and that too truely, that our countie of Lancashire abounded more in Popish recusants then any countie of England, and thus hath still continued since, to our great regreet, with little amendment, save that now of late, in our last riding through our

But what dismays, in dreariest form,
 Our firm, and valiant fathers, bore ;
 That we, defended from the storm,
 Might, *unconstrain'd*, our God adore !

said countie, wee find, both by the report of the judges, and of the bishop of that diocese, that there is some amendment now daily beginning, which is no small contentment to us.

The report of this growing amendment amongst them made us the more sorry, when, with our owne eares, we heard the generall complaint of our people, that they were barred from all lawfull recreation and exercise upon the Sundayes afternoon, after the ending of all divine service, which cannot but produce two evils ; the one, the hindering of the conversion of many, whom their priests will take occasion, hereby, to vexe, perswading them, that no honest mirth or recreation is lawfull or tollerable in our religion, which cannot but breed a great discontentment in our people's hearts, especially of such as are, peradventure, upon the point of turning ; the other inconvenience is, that this prohibition barreth the common and meaner sort of people from using such exercises as may make their bodies more able for warre, when wee or our successors shall have occasion to use them, and in place thereof sets up filthy tiplings and drunkennesse, and breeds a number of idle and discontented speaches in their ale-houses ; for when shall the common people have leave to exercise, if not upon the Sundayes and holydayes, seeing they must apply their labour and winne their living in all working days ?

Our expresse pleasure therefore is, that the lawes of our kingdome, and canons of our church, bee as well observed in that countie, as in all other places of this our kingdome ; and, on the other part, that no lawfull recreation shall be barred to our good people, which shall not tend to the breach of our foresaid lawes and canons of our church, which, to express more particularly our pleasure, is, that the bishop, and all other inferiour churchmen and churchwardens, shall, for their parts, bee carefull and diligent, both to instruct the ignorant, and convince them that are misled in religion, presenting them that will not conforme themselves, but obstinately stand out, to our judges and justices, whom we likewise command to put the law in due execution against them.

Once, furious spirits, sons of night !
 In many a rude, vindictive band ;
 By hatred urged, and cruel spite,
 Like locusts, spread o'er all our land :

Our pleasure likewise is, that the bishop of that diocesse take the like straight order with all the Puritanes and Precisians within the same, either constraining them to conforme themselves, or to leave the countrey, according to the lawes of our kingdome and canons of our church, and so to strike equally, on both hands, against the contemners of our authority, and adversaries of our church. And as for our good people's lawfull recreation, our pleasure likewise is, that after the end of divine service, our good people be not disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawfull recreation, such as dauncing, either men or women, archerie for men, leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmelesse recreation, nor from having of May-games, Whitson-ales, and morris-dances, and the setting up of May-poles, and other sports therewith used, so as the same be had in due and convenient time, without impediment or neglect of divine service ; and that women shall have leave to carry rushes to the church for the decoring of it, according to their old custome. But, withall, wee doe here accompt, still, as prohibited, all unlawfull games to bee used upon Sundayes only, as beare and bull baitings, interludes, and at all times, in the meaner sort of people, by law prohibited, bowling.

And likewise we barre from this benefit and libertie, all such known recusants, either men or women, as will abstaine from coming to church or divine service, being therefore unworthy of any lawfull recreation after the said service, that will not first come to the church and serve God ; prohibiting, in like sort, the saide recreations to any that, though conforme in religion, are not present in the church at the service of God, before their going to the said recreations. Our pleasure likewise is, that they to whom it belongeth in office, shall present and sharply punish all such as in abuse of this our libertie, will use these exercises before the ends of all divine services for that day. And we likewise straightly command, that every person shall resort to his owne parish church to heare divine service, and each parish by itselfe to use the said recreation after divine service. Prohibiting, likewise, any offen-

Where now the peaceful haunts are seen,
 Oppression, anguish, dread, prevail'd;
 Base serviles, *ermine*-clad, or mean,
 The *Wise*, and *Good*, to Judgment hail'd.

They all were track'd, by night and day,
 No *earthly* refuge, home, or friend;
 Compell'd to flee, while, forced to stay,
 That *they* might break, who would not *bend*.

Soul-reverenced men! your choice we hail!
 You smiled, from prison-grate, and tower,
Conscience, suspended in one scale,
 And, in the other, *Wealth* and *Power*!

Hosts, whom the *Lawn* could not enslave,
 Were with the dungeon-fetters bound;
 Till, in the cold and silent *grave*,
 Their weary heads a refuge found!

The weeping wife, the orphan train,
 The hand upraised, th' imploring eye,
 These wasters turn'd from, with disdain,
 And rush'd to deeds of sabler dye.

sive weapons to be carried or used in the said times of recreations. And our pleasure is, that this our declaration shall be published by order of the bishops of the diocesse through all the parish churches, and that both our judges of our circuit, and our justices of our peace be enformed thereof.

Given at our mannour of Greenwich, the foure and twentieth day of May, in the sixteenth yeere of our raigne of England, France, and Ireland, and of Scotland, the one and fiftieth.

GOD SAVE THE KING."

How should *they* heed the hardest lot,
 (While Hate and Rage, their bosoms fan,)
 Who could extinguish, as a blot,
 All sympathy for suffering man !

Arm'd with their *High-Commission'd* Might,
 (Oh ! curse of Britain ! foul disgrace !)
They were the sovereign Judge of Right,
 And *they* must *think* for all their race !

Thanks to our God, who rules the heart !
 Or, at this hour, whom demons urge,
 Some fiercer *Bancroft* might up start,
 Or, prouder *Laud*, oppress, and scourge.

The purest forms of human worth,
 Half to superior worlds allied,
 To death, they dragg'd, remorseless forth,
 And sang the requiem, as they died !

There is a realm, where *Justice* reigns !
 Where record dwells of their complaints !
 And there are flames, and fiery chains —
 That wait the *Ravagers of Saints* !

Compassion, (wont in Heaven to dwell,)
 That sometimes deign'd to sojourn here,
 Mistook our rancorous world for *Hell*,
 And fled, where Pity still was dear.

What were our sires' *mis-doings*, strange,
 Which thus to *brutes* could men transform ?
 The human eye, to *marble*, change,
 And hearts, to *ice*, that once were warm ?

And, what the *Covenanters* brave,
 Those worthies ! suffering royally !
 Our glory, hurried to their grave,
 By spirits of the darkest dye !

Were these Contemners of their Lord ! —
 Vicegerents, from beneath, enthrall'd ?
 Monsters, by all that lives, abhorr'd,
 Who, for earth's sweeping vengeance call'd ?

Their crime was, — love to human-kind !
 While crouching thousands bent the knee,
 They spurn'd the Tyranny of Mind !
 And through their darings, *we are free* !

Yes, hallow'd spirits ! to your throes, —
 The blood you shed, your valour high ;
This moment, every Briton owes,
His Charter'd Rights and Liberty !

Still costlier *Freedom*, first and best ! —
 To worship God, *with God our Guide*,
 This was the jewel in your breast,
 For which you barter'd all beside.

Illustrious men ! who bravely fought,
 To shield *us* from o'erwhelming woe ;
 Oft, in the pensive hour of thought,
 For you, our tenderest tears shall flow !

While *Hierarchs Proud*, who wrong'd, reviled,
Now lie inglorious in their shame !
 You are the *Great*, the “ *Undeiled*,”
 And bear th' *Imperishable Name* !

Do you not still conspicuous shine,
 Surpass'd not by our mightiest dead ?
 Does not the amaranth entwine,
 Its brightest glories round your head ?

When *Popery*, like a midnight flood,
 Burst onward, scattering wide dismay !
 You, fearless, *England's Bulwark* stood,
 And turn'd th' impetuous surge away !

Our conflicts, you sustain'd alone !
 You, to the dust, a *Stuart* hurl'd !
 You placed a *Brunswick* on our throne ! —
 And left a lesson to the world !

Hence, let the haughtiest tyrants learn —
 Through every age, *till time has waned* ;
 Though they may, fiend-like, *rack* and *burn*,
Conscience shall never be constrain'd.

FUNERAL DIRGE.

INTERMENT OF THE AGED SAINT.

THE MOURNERS.

First Voice.

WHAT man is he who breathes the air,
 And shall not to the tomb descend ?
 The march of glory ceases there,
 And there earth's proudest pageants end !

Response.

Let our hearts with transport glow,
 We have a hope, a glorious trust ;
 Thy worshippers, O Father ! know,
 That thou wilt raise their sleeping dust.

First Voice.

Aged traveller ! to the grave,
 With many a tear, we bear thee on ;
 Now, beyond each swelling wave,
 Thou, to endless rest, art gone.

Response.

Aged father ! aged saint !
 Sorrow's cup to thee was given ;
 But, thou hast breath'd thy last complaint,
 Perfected, and call'd to heaven.

First Voice.

Ere his crown, the righteous wears,
 In his pilgrimage below,
 Many sorrows, many cares,
 Must his spirit undergo.

Response.

Ere the oak, in all his power,
 Spreads his stately limbs, mature,
 Many a sun-shine, many a shower,
 Wind and rain, must he endure.

First Voice.

God speaks from his eternal throne,
 And flaming hosts, his will perform ;
 He hath his fearful path, unknown,
 In the whirlwind, and the storm.

Response.

Twilight veils our prospects here,
 But we haste to perfect day,
 Where the doubtful shall be clear,
 And the darkness pass away.

First Voice.

Behold the upright man, and mark
 How he concludes his mortal race,
 When every earthly view is dark,
 And death draws near with solemn pace.

Response.

Of heaven's unchanging promise sure,
 Patient, he waits his soul's release ;
 And, as his life was calm and pure,
 So, when he dies, his end is peace.

Chorus.

May we so pass our time below,
 Mercy our hope, and faith our friend,
 That, when we leave this world of woe,
 Our lives may, like the righteous, end !

THE HERMIT'S EVENING SONG.

ON the rough stone I sit, whilst the evening draws nigh,
 And the zephyrs their fragrance luxuriously send ;
 No motion I see, but the birds in the sky,
 And the lofty trees, waving, beneath where they lie,
 Stretch'd, far as the sight can extend.

'Though my sorrows are great, yet my spirit is calm,
 No more, to the winds, I, my anguish will tell ;
 The breeze playing round, to my soul breathes a balm,
 While creation all joins in an audible psalm,
 And my heart, the glad anthem shall swell.

A shelter I have from the wind and the rain,
 While the fare of the hermit is still my delight ;
 I may drink of yon riv'let, again and again,
 And when I have done with this body of pain,
 I shall dwell with the angels in light.

O why should I part with my noblest desire !
 Why barter the crown which awaits me above !
 That hope, like an anchor, which bids me aspire,
 To join, in yon world, the celestial choir,
 Who sing of redemption and love !

To all 'neath the stars, I shall soon bid adieu,
 The clouds gather fast, my departure is near ;
 Then, my hopes, and my fears, all I dread, or pursue,
 Like the waves of the ocean, will fade from my view,
 And Eternity only appear !

Men heed not their Maker, his voice from on high,
 May they wake, ere too late, from their perilous dream !
 But, when I remember, how soon I must die ;
 That my life passes on, like a cloud of the sky,
 My time I must strive to redeem.

I have heard of glad tidings, far better than they,
 (All brief,) which the sons of prosperity prize ;
 So, hither I come, to meet heaven half way,
 With my *own* heart to commune, to praise, and to pray,
 And my pinion to plume for the skies.

The burdens of earth, I will joyfully bear ;
 Afflictions are monitors, sent to restore ;
 A pilgrim I am, as my forefathers were,
 My portion is sorrow, my birth-right is care,
 But the conflict will shortly be o'er.

These woods, where I dwell, can instruction supply,
 From the grave of the winter, rejoicing, they rise ;
 While the birds, on their wing, tell me how I should fly,
 To lay hold on the prize, which awaits in the sky,
 For the steward, who is faithful and wise.

So here will I pour, still at morning and eve,
 The song of the heart to the Father of Love ;
 I will cease, at my sorrows, all fleeting, to grieve,
 For soon, with the just, will my spirit receive,
 A part, in the mansions above.

Then let the winds roar, through the cloud-darken'd air,
 As onward I haste, from these regions of night ;
 The road may be rough, but the prospect is fair,
 And, the end of my journey, the end of my care,
 Will be permanent, calm, and delight.

HYMN TO THE SUPREME BEING.

LORD ! thou the dwelling-place hast been,
 Of all, who ever fear'd thy name ;
 Man changes with the changing scene,
 But thou art evermore the same.

Sceptres and thrones, the blaze of power,
 Yea, all that charms the heart, the eye,
 Will wonder raise, their little hour,
 And, like a scroll, be passed by.

But thou, unchanged, shalt remain,
 Encircled by thy robe of light ;
 Thou, through perpetual years, shalt reign,
 When sun, and stars, are quench'd in night.

Whirlwind and blast, thy will perform ;
 Lightnings receive their course from thee ;
 Thou rid'st upon the winged storm,
 And thou restrain'st the raging sea !

Thou, unconfined by space or time,
 Display'st thy power, through endless years ;
 In every age, in every clime,
 The Majesty of God appears.

Thy mandate gave all creatures birth,
 From chaos, Nature rose divine ;
 The deep foundations of the earth,
 The everlasting hills, are thine.

Perfection marks thy works around,
 The *great*, the *small*, are one to thee ;
 The element where thou art found,
 Is all alike — Infinity !

Thy dwelling, deep pavilions hide ;
 Mists bar access ; dark waters frown ;
 Yet, here and there, the clouds divide,
 And bring celestial visions down.

The birds, that joyous stretch their wing,
 And wanton in the summer air ;
 The insect, and the creeping-thing,
 Reveal the tokens of thy care.

Mountains, unchanged, from age to age,
 Thou, by thy might, hast girded round,
 And given to Ocean, in his rage,
 The fix'd, and adamant bound.

Leviathan, and all his train,
 Through the wide sea, in myriads spread ;
 The beasts, that range the wood, or plain,
 All, by thy bounteous hand, are fed !

The shrubs and flowers, in fair array,
 The golden corn, the lofty tree ;
 The fruits, that clustering bend the spray,
 Still claim our thanks, and point to thee.

Thine is the Summer's ample store,
 Thee, teeming Autumn owns her King ;
 Thou shin'st in Winter's mantle hoar,
 And thou renew'st the face of Spring.

On all that is, the Great First Cause,
 Stamps his imperishable lines ;
 Resistless *power* the spirit awes,
 Till, through the awful, *mercy* shines.

Thou, who, above all thought, art high,
 The Great Unknown, the Final End,
 Dost hear the ravens, when they cry,
 And, " goodness," to the worm, extend.

Creation, to her utmost bound,
 Regales the ear, and charms the sight ;
 Beneficence, the earth around,
 Moves onward, in her track of light.

We mark thee in the blush of morn ;
 We view thee in the glow of eve ;
 And generations, yet unborn,
 Shall drink the transport we receive.

When, to the heavens, we raise our eye,
 'The grandeur of thy name we see ;
 We trace, through all the spangled sky,
 The finger plain of Deity !

Let the whole earth, in chorus wide,
 Laud thee, till faith expires in sight ;
 That thou didst cast the veil aside,
 And give to man the starry night.

That tablet clear, that lucid page,
 Whereon is read Jehovah's sway ;
 And, which the *Atheist*, in his rage,
 To blackest shades, would tear away !

There, sphere on sphere, in mystic throng,
 Direct to thee their airy lyre ;
 The daring vision toils along,
 'Through regions, kindling still with fire.

The moon, august, Thou badest shine,
 While calm as thought the concave glows,
 Thou spak'st, and in one vast design,
 Ten thousand beaming worlds arose.

Amid the confluent flood of light,
 Sent from Heaven's unimagined bound ;
 Suns, traversing, harmonious, bright,
 The constellated vault profound ;

Arcturus, stately, passes on,
 Conspicuous, through his lapse of years,
 Orion, with his triple zone,
 Alike, in radiant pomp, appears.

And there, the Pleiades proclaim
 “ Dominion !” to the Lord on high !
 While all the planets sing the same,
 In their procession round the sky.

Though countless orbs through ether roll,
 Yet these are atoms, power confined ;
 Thou didst create the human soul,
 Efflux of thine eternal mind !

Still higher ! the angelic choir,
 With all the glorious hosts above,
 Sprang from thy fiat, Sovereign Sire !
 Great Source of Being ! Fount of Love !

On earth, “ Omnipotence !” we hear,
 Sent forth from every form and sense ;
 While heaven, with accent still more clear,
 Again repeats, “ Omnipotence !”

ELEGY

ON A BELOVED SISTER, (WHO DIED, AGED 25, 1789.)

WHEN night's cold shadows wrap the world in gloom,
 And weary mortals close their eyes in sleep ;
 Why do I love to seek one lonely tomb,
 And o'er the holy tablet bend, and weep ?

There, my fond Sister lies ! Death's driving storm
 Untimely bore her from this nether sphere !
 Though to my voice unanswering, heavenly form !
 A brother, weeping, still proclaims thee dear.

For she was meek and tender as the dove,
 Her eye benignant, and her soul, sincere;
 Her heart was form'd of sympathy and love,
 And every word she spake a saint might hear.

Her voice the sweetest music might transcend;
 By nature, gentle, and by grace, refined;
 She never made a foe, nor lost a friend,
 And dying, left no purer heart behind.

She bade me feel for those whom cares oppress,
 And prize the tear which for another flows;
 She form'd my opening reason, and suppress
 Each worthless hope, or fear, which childhood knows.

And shall I e'er forget thee, and thy worth,
 Now death hath call'd thee from a world of care?
 Shall other loves, or aught in this low earth,
 Tear from my heart the image deepest there?

Sister! beloved, and loving! I will mourn
 Thy early loss, as darkness veils the sky;
 And, when the first faint thought of morn return,
 Before my waking sense thy form shall fly.

By fancy, oft transported, do I stand;
 A glimpse of joys eternal fills my mind;
 My soul, unbodied, feels her powers expand,
 Leaves the low world, and casts its cares behind:

It is thy presence! thine, the vision bright,
 That bears my view above this lower earth;
 That o'er my eye-ball darts celestial light,
 And tells the tale of my immortal birth!

Let the vain world its loveliest hopes deride,
 And check, at fancy's call, the rising tear,
 Yet will I cherish, with increasing pride,
 The faith that trusts thy guardian spirit near.

For, pleasant 'tis to think, when life is fled,
 And the cold grave receives some honour'd name;
 The spirit, bound by no material bed,
 Exults o'er death, and lives, and acts the same:

Perhaps, e'en now, the tear that from me steals,
 'To thine attendant form may grief impart;
 Perhaps, e'en now, thy conscious spirit feels
 An answering pang to that which heaves my heart:

Nor may'st thou deem thy present bliss complete,
 Till all, who once were dear, a haven find;
 Nor may thy breast with pity cease to beat,
 Whilst one loved friend drags heavily behind.

Sometimes, at midnight, with a solemn dread,
 I wake, and, doubting, to myself I say;
 Joy of my heart, ELIZA! art thou dead? —
 Laid in a cold, and narrow house of clay?

And must I, too, the common doom fulfil!
 These limbs, in being warm, the worms embrace!
 Must soon these eyes be closed! this heart be still!
 And darkness be my last, long dwelling-place!

Distracting thought, to those who never find
 A hope beyond the grave, but I survey
 In Death, though arm'd with terrors to the mind,
 The glorious precincts of celestial day;

Thee shall I meet, my Sister! thee, my friend!
 Freed from the ills this mortal state annoy;
 Soon shall our kindred hearts together blend,
 And, what we here have suffered, swell our joy.

Short was thy life, and stormy!—rough the road
 Through which thou passedst to a world of rest!
 Affliction, with thee, form'd a long abode,
 And many a sorrow prey'd upon thy breast!

But thou art now delivered! thou hast sung
 The song of triumph in a nobler sphere!
 Up, where the trembling stars of night are hung,
 Thy soul has usher'd in the eternal year.

Oh may my lot be with thee! may I tread
 The spotless path through life which thou hast trod!
 And when, in death, I rest my weary head,
 Oh may I find my last, best friend, in God!

Do I ONE blessing crave? thou Power divine!
 And for mine OWN POOR SELF that boon require?—
 May all that lives, and moves, and is, be Thine,
 And thou be all in all—ETERNAL SIRE!



ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

SWEET Maid! who late didst charm our sight,
 And round thy path a lustre shed;
 We see thee still in vision bright,
 Till memory whispers, thou art dead!

Veil'd is the future ! dim and dark !
 When, in our confidence and pride,
 We seem about to steer our bark
 O'er pleasure's gay, and glittering tide.

Death launches from his ebon throne
 The shaft, with terrors charged, supreme ;
 Which hurries us to worlds unknown,
 And sends us down oblivion's stream !

But yesterday, and thou didst stand,
 (With naught thy ample gaze to bound,)
 Foremost in youth and beauty's band,
 Admired, beloved, by all around.

Now thou hast pass'd life's rugged road,
 The clod sustains thy peaceful head ;
 With vault, and worm, is thine abode,
 And "clay-cold" is thy lowly bed.

Ye, who your loveliest friend deplore,
 And heave affection's fervent sigh ;
 Think, ere a fleeting hour be o'er,
 That you, like her, in dust *may* lie.

Your moments pass, like sands, away ;
 Provide for heaven before too late ;
 Nor leave to an uncertain day,
 The interests of an endless state.

They who can call their God their friend,
 May look toward death without dismay,
 And only *they* can meet their end
 Calm as the summer's closing day.

Sweet Maid ! thy worth shall long remain
 'The theme of many a friend sincere ;
 Whilst he who pens the mournful strain,
 With their's shall blénd the pitying tear.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE VENERABLE AND EXCELLENT
 DR. RYLAND OF BRISTOL.

LO ! another saint is fled !
 He has fought, and has prevail'd !
 Heaven her portal wide has spread,
 And our ransomed brother hail'd !

Often in the house of Prayer,
 We our hearts together raised,
 Often we forgot our care,
 While we God, our Maker, praised.

When he urged the better choice,
 Spoke of Heaven, or warn'd of Hell ;
 When we heard his earnest voice
 On the Saviour's mercy dwell ;

Joy to nobler worlds allied,
 Warm'd our heart, and filled our breast ;
 Oh ! our father, friend, and guide !
 Blessings on thy memory rest !

Shall thy solemn words, and kind,
 Strangely to oblivion pass ?
 Leave no traces on our mind,
 Like an image on the glass ?

To augment thy joys untold,
 Gazing from thy blissful sphere,
 May the fruits, a thousand fold,
 In our hearts and lives appear !

If *one* soul a crown will gain,
 Taught from future wrath to flee ;
 What reward wilt thou obtain,
 For the *many* born to thee !

Shepherd ! child-like ! faithful ! wise !
 (Only to thyself severe !)
 With whose name will ever rise,
 Sympathies that wake the tear ;

Our communion now is o'er,
 We thy face shall never view,
 Till we meet on yonder shore,
 And our intercourse renew.

We the same mysterious road
 Thou hast trodden, soon must tread ;
 We are hastening back to God,
 Through the regions of the dead !

May our zeal, like thine, be fired,
 From the Hope that cannot fail ;
 May the Faith, which thee inspired,
 Cheer us in the gloomy vale !

May our peace be found the same,
 When to Jordan's billows led !
 To the followers of the Lamb —
 Death is not the King of Dread !

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED NIECE,

WHO DIED, FEBRUARY 1825, AGED 18.

1.

WE yield our treasure to the dust !
A lovely blossom, torn away !
Lord, we would own thee kind and just,
Thou art the potter ! we are clay !

2.

Yet *nature*, still, but half resign'd,
Speaks through the burning tears that start ;
How hard to rend the cords that bind,
And to the loved-one, say, " Depart !"

3.

To mark her thrice six years unfold,
With hopes, so soon to take their flight !
Her intellect, of amplest mould,
Just opening, to expire in night !

4.

Her voice, mellifluous as the lyre ;
The wit that charmed, or grave, or gay ;
The smile benign ; the eye of fire ;
Pass'd, like the summer cloud, away !

5.

Yet not so pass, her zeal and love,
These boast their amaranthine dyes :
The feeblest faith hath links above,
That draw the spirit to the skies.

6.

What is our mind's procession, strange !
 Disrobed of flesh, renew'd, refined !
 Thought shudders at its trackless range,
 That suns and systems leaves behind !

7.

O, hear, ye *young* ! her tenderest care
 Was, just retiring from the earth,
 That you might for that hour prepare,
 When all, but *Christ*, is nothing worth.

8.

Farewell, bless'd spirit ! hope sedate
 Looks on, while tears bedew our eye,
 To meet thee in that happier state,
 For which we live, and dare to die.

MONODY ON JOHN HENDERSON, A. B.

(LATE OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.)

WHILST Pity droop'd her head and Genius sigh'd,
 In life's warm prime, the Friend of Virtue died !

As o'er thy tomb, my HENDERSON ! I bend,
 Shall I not praise thee ? Scholar ! Christian ! Friend !
 The tears which o'er a Brother's recent grave, 5
 Fond Nature sheds, those copious tears I gave ;
 But now that Time her softening hues has brought,
 And mellow'd anguish into pensive thought ;
 Since through the varying scenes of life I've pass'd,
 Comparing still the former with the last, 10

I prize thee more ! The GREAT, the LEARN'D, I see,
 Yet Memory turns from *little men* to THEE,
 And views, with smiles, that light her trembling tear,
 Thy Genius, destin'd for a nobler sphere.

If human spirits then begin to live, 15
 When they mortality's frail robe receive ;
 And, born to endless being, urge their way,
 Progressive travellers through the eternal day ;
 Dart wide the glance ; yet, dart on GOD alone,
 Approaching still his ever-distant throne ; 20
 If, e'en the unletter'd PEASANT, in *that* flight,
 Shall soar beyond a NEWTON'S *earthly* height,
 To what shall HE attain, whose infant scan,
 Pierc'd through the frames of nature, and of man ?

Indulgent Heaven, to raise our grovelling souls 25
 To glorious possibilities, unfolds
 To the rapt gaze, one being here and there,
 On whom he pours a rich luxuriant care ;
 To whom he gives, the mind of daring flight —
 The brow of intellect, the eye of light. 30
 And such was HENDERSON ; who came to show
 What Heaven could teach to man, and man could know.

'Twas his, the bounds of science to explore,
 And scatter light, where darkness dwelt before.
 Ere manhood's prime, his soul had run the round 35
 Of human knowledge, simple or profound ;
 Alike could fathom MIND, and, lucid, pry,
 Where, with his suns, the zodiac belts the sky ;
 Or stoop to rear the flower, or prune the tree,
 Or roll the school-boy's marble on his knee. 40
 E'en as the lark, by loftier flight opprest,
 That seeks at eve, her calm and lowly nest ;

Who, when new vigour friendly sleep supplies,
 And light, returning, streaks the orient skies,
 Up-soaring, calls the opening morn her own, 45
 And revels in the tide of new-born day, alone.

Not souls, from him, lay ambush'd, he could trace
 The mute, unlying language of the face ;
 In manhood's varying features, knew to read
 The ruling passion stamp'd, the habitual deed ; 50
 And, through the acorn's fibrils, saw the hour
 When the tall oak, defied the tempest's power.

Though like an eagle he could stand sublime
 On summits, which no toil might hope to climb ;
 And though, whene'er he spake, the wondering sage
 Approved his wisdom, and forgot his age ;
 Yet did kind Heaven one worthier gift impart,
 The priceless treasure of a LOWLY HEART !
 O hear, thou proud one ! thou, whose soul assumes
 Wisdom's sage robe, or Wit's attractive plumes, 60
 Though Learning's Alpine height, before him shone,
 He, on the footstool, rear'd a nobler throne :
 E'en children doated on his accent mild,
 And sported, careless, round their fellow child.

Ye sons of calumny ! go, hide your head ! 65
 Away, ye VAMPIRES,* that devour the dead !
 Who fain would force the long-clos'd wound to bleed,
 And hunt through Paradise to find a weed.
 When droop'd his frame beneath its restless lord,
 And cut its sheath, the keenly-temper'd sword ; 70

* The Vampires (in the mythology of the Hungarian superstition) are loathsome spirits, who delight to enter the graves of the newly-buried, and mangle their bodies.

What, if an artificial aid he sought,
 Worn out with prodigality of thought !
 What, if his frail car driven with heedless force,
 He fired the wheels, in his too rapid course !
 'Tis true, the midnight bowl he lov'd to share,* 75
 Yet never cloud it rais'd, or maniac glare ;
 But, only made, with stimulation kind,
 The body wakeful to th' unsleeping mind ;
 But only, (till unmechanized by death,) 80
 Kept the pipe vocal to the player's breath.
 With wonted thought, with loftier eloquence,
 Truth's sacred precepts, would he then dispense :
 So fair the effect, that Virtue made a pause,
 And only, not forgave the faulty cause.

Guarded with pious joy, and vestal care, 85
 Those precious hours, let memory, sacred, bear,
 When o'er his couch, with tears, I nightly hung,
 And drank the words of wisdom from his tongue.
 The simplest truths, that else, had quickly fled,
 Strike, with deep meaning, from a sick friend's bed :
 How richly, then, his precepts, must I prize,
 Lov'd by the good, and echo'd by the wise.

I sorrow that thy life should pass away,
 That thou should'st mingle with inglorious clay,
 And leave no test, by which the future time, 95
 Might hear thee still, and learn thy soul sublime !
 But, brief the race to thee ordain'd to run,
 Clouds soon obscured the splendour of thy sun ! —

* “ The partiality of friendship must give place to the sacredness of truth : his friends lamented this failing,” (which was both a solitary and a short-lived one) “ and he himself sincerely repented of it. Of his fallen creatures, the God of heaven does not require more.” *Agutter's Sermon.*

And how would thousands, now with chaplets crown'd,
 Into Oblivion's gulf, have plunged, profound, 100
 If they, when thrice ten years had run their race,
 Like thee, had sunk, into the grave's embrace.

Where were a SHAKSPEARE's honours, had he died
 In early life, like thee? — his Country's Pride!
 Where were a MILTON's wreath — that Bard Divine!
 Had death o'erwhelm'd him at an age like thine?
 Yet mortals ne'er their erring praise bestow
 On those, who, having pass'd their span below,
 Bequeath no gifts, that after years might name,
 With compass, and with line, their right to fame. —

Must we pronounce, all barrenness, the mind
 Which hath not left memorial, fair, behind? —
 Ten thousand secret springs combine their spells
 To rouse or damp the fire where Genius dwells! —
 Ye honour'd Dead! whom diffidence restrained, 115
 Ye noble Souls! whom adverse fortune chain'd,
 Binding to earth, who else had pierced the sky,
 Ye pure and heaven-born Spirits! doom'd to die
 Before your minds disclosed their precious store,
 Before your eagle pinions learn'd to soar! 120
 Shall ye, endued with such voluptuous bloom,
 Pass on, unnoticed, to the silent tomb,
 Nor one, revolve upon the future day,
 When fruit should chase the blossom from the spray?

Do not the fairest flowers in Nature's field, 125
 Wrapt in themselves, full oft, no fragrance yield?
 Shall man prescribe th' Almighty's aims and ends,
 And call all vain, but what he comprehends? —
 Some seeds expand on earth, and charm our sight,
 Whilst many a soul forsakes these realms of night, 130

And, with him, bears the Germ, ordain'd to rise
Mid' more congenial suns, and brighter skies.

To blank forgetfulness, what myriads glide !
And must thou, HENDERSON ! augment the tide ?
Is there no tower, or steadfast rock, to climb, 135
And save thee, from the sweeping flood of Time ?
Ah no ! I hear the surge of Lethe rave,
I see thee whelmed in his remorseless wave ! —
A host shall pass thee in the road to praise,
Whose light had died before thy sun-like blaze, 140
Hadst thou, with all the effulgence Nature gave,
Unveil'd thy soul ; but, to an early grave,
Thy steps descended ! Death's untimely blast
Thy honours nipp'd, and a dark mantle cast
O'er all thy worth and greatness ! — Comet bright ! 145
That, in a hundred years, once pours its light
On this our lower earth, and, then retires
To blend, with distant worlds, its ardent fires !

Strangers may smile, incredulous, to see
The funeral honours, friendship pays to thee ; 150
Whilst those who saw thy worth, thy talents knew,
Will blame the line which gives but — half thy due.

Though thy discourse was clothed in living green,
Whence servile dulness might rich harvests glean ;
Though thou, in all thy plenitude of power, 155
Didst pearls, around thy path, profusely shower,
With roses, fresh and fair, (that, haply, now
Compose the garland for a stranger's brow,
Whilst honours, due to thee, another shares,
As the full foliage hides the limb that bears ;) 160
Yet, these are fleeting clouds from fairy land—
A tottering fabric, on a base of sand !

For, like morn's star, before the orb of day,
 As years advance, thy memory fades away ;
 One generation doubts, the next denies, 165
 And, robbed of oil, thy trembling taper dies !

Clouds, dark and threatening, float before my sight !
 The Star, that led the train, expires in night !
 Though born to teach, thyself, by Nature taught,
 When all who knew thee, to the grave are brought ;
 When men decide from symbols left behind,
 And, with false standards, measure mind with mind ;
 Since no broad base of thought was left by thee,
 On which to found an immortality ;
 What puny spirit may not soon arise, 175
 Contest thy honours, or dispute thy prize ? —
 Perchance, as time's swift current rolls along,
 Thy name, on earth, may live, but in this song !
 Thou, who could'st Genius' brightest sons outshine,
 Depend for fame, on Cottle's artless line ! 180

Brief is the pride of man ! one passing hour,
 And human glory withers like the flower !
 Where now is all the sense that once was thine,
 The grace that charmed us, and the wit divine ?
 Where are those lips that play'd so well their part ? —
 And where that eye which analyzed the heart ?
 Cold in the grave, those lips, the worms caress !
 And that bright eye is dim and motionless ! —

As thou hadst long Truth's holy empire spread,
 So Truth was honour'd when thy Spirit fled. 190
 Oh, hither come, all ye, who dare deride
 That faith, which blooms alone by Virtue's side ;
 Who rashly spurn, what wiser minds receive,
 And just have wit enough to disbelieve : q 2

Or ye, who pine for intellectual food, 195
 And, o'er the void of cold conjecture, brood ;
 While many a dark and cheerless glance you cast,
 Toward that dread foe which must o'ertake at last !
 Oh, hither come ! from me, the mourner, hear
 What tranquil smiles a CHRISTIAN's lips can wear, 200
 When some kind angel soothes the labouring breath,
 And lifts th' emancipating wand of death.

Then only not the friend of ALL mankind,
 When to THYSELF a foe ! farewell, GREAT MIND ;
 We wander, tearful, through this vale below, 205
 But thou art there, where tears no longer flow ;
 Where LOVE and JOY eternal vigils hold,
 And scatter healing as their wings unfold ;
 Where souls, their radiant course, for ever run,
 Like planets, circling the Almighty Sun. 210

If friendship be a flower, whose am'ranth bloom
 Endures that heavenly clime, beyond the tomb,
 I, haply I, thy honour'd form may see ;
 And thou, perchance, not sad, remember me :
 E'en thou mayst hail my freedom from life's chain, 215
 And, be my loved Instructor, once again ; —
 Dispel the mists, upborne, by errors' rays,
 Unfold the doors of Wisdom to my gaze,
 And teach mine eye, to grasp, with nobler sense,
 The dark, mysterious rounds of Providence. 220

Upon the thought, with solemn joy, I dwell,
 Till that blest hour, GREAT MIND, again, farewell !

ESSAYS.

ESSAY I.

ON THE GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF

JOHN HENDERSON.

MANY Readers might wish to know something more of the extraordinary man, to whose memory the preceding Monody has been addressed. His Life would form an interesting piece of Biography, but an attempt will be made to give merely a brief sketch of his CHARACTER.

John Henderson, was born at *Limeric*, but came to England early in life with his parents. From two years of age he discovered the presages of a great mind.* Without retracing the steps of his progression, a general idea may be formed of them, from the circumstance of his having *professionally* TAUGHT GREEK and LATIN in a public Seminary† at the age of twelve years.

* “ His very infancy denoted something extraordinary and great. He was born, as it were, a thinking Being; and was never known to cry, or to express any infantine peevishness. Those years which are spent in weakness, ignorance, and the misconceptions of the grossest senses, were marked by him with strong intelligence. The questions he asked, as soon as he was able to speak, astonished all who heard him; and shewed that he came into the world rather to teach others than to be taught by them.” *Sermon on the death of John Henderson, by the Rev. WILLIAM AGUTTER, M. A. of St. Mary Magdalene College, Oxford.*

† TREVEKA, a College established by Lady Huntingdon.

Some time after, his father (a man of a most expanded heart and enlightened understanding, every way worthy of his son) commencing a Boarding-school in the neighbourhood of *Bristol*, young HENDERSON undertook to teach the Classics ; which he did with much reputation ; extending, at the same time, his own knowledge in the sciences and general literature, to a degree, that rendered him a prodigy of intelligence. His abilities will appear the more eminent, when it is understood that till this time the only regular sources of improvement he possessed, were, books, and the energy of his own mind.

At the age of eighteen, by an intensity of application, of which few persons can conceive, he had not only thoughtfully perused the popular English authors, but taken an extensive survey of foreign literature. He had also waded through the folios of the SCHOOLMEN, as well as scrutinized, with the minutest attention, into the obsolete writers of the two preceding centuries ; preserving, at the same time, a distinguishing sense of their respective merits, particular sentiments, and characteristic traits ; which, on proper occasions, he commented upon, in a manner that astonished the learned listener, not more by his profound remarks, than by his cool and sententious eloquence.

So surprisingly retentive was his memory, that he never forgot what he had once learned ; nor did it appear that he ever suffered an Image to be effaced from his mind ; whilst the ideas which he had so rapidly accumulated, existed not in his brain, as a huge chaos, but were reduced to clear and well-organized systems, illustrative of every subject, and subservient to every call.* It was this quality which made him so superior

* Some Gentlemen of Pembroke College, OXFORD, (amongst whom was the Tutor) willing to be satisfied of the reputation

a disputant ; for as his mind had investigated the various sentiments and hypotheses of men, as promulgated in different ages, so had his almost intuitive discrimination stript them of their deceptive appendages, and separated fallacy from truth, marshalling their arguments, so as to elucidate or detect each other. But in all his disputations, it was an invariable maxim with him never to interrupt the most tedious or confused opponents, though, from his pithy questions, he made it evident, that from the first he had anticipated the train and consequences of their reasonings.

His favourite studies were, Philology, History, Astronomy, Medicine, Theology, Logic, and Metaphysics, with all the branches of Natural and Experimental Philosophy ; and that his attainments were not superficial, will be readily admitted by those who knew him best. — As a Linguist, he was acquainted with the Persian, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin Languages ; together with the French, Spanish, Italian, and German ; and he not only knew their ruling principles and predominant distinctions, so as to *read* them with facility, but in the greater part *conversed* fluently.

About the age of twenty-two, he accidentally met with the acute and learned Dr. Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, in a stage coach, who soon discovered the superiority of his companion, and after a reasonable acquaintance, in

which JOHN HENDERSON had acquired for his knowledge of the SCHOOLMEN, made themselves acquainted with the arguments of THOMAS A'QUINAS on a particular point ; and then casually applied to JOHN HENDERSON for the opinions of that author on the same. Without any hesitation he gave them Thomas a'Quinas's sentiments upon the subject, in a long train of deductions and arguments. But, what rendered the circumstance most remarkable was, the strength of memory which he discovered, as he delivered himself *almost verbatim in the language of the Author he cited.*

which the opinion he had entertained of John Henderson's surprising genius was amply confirmed, he wrote to his father, urging him to send a young man of such distinguished talents to an UNIVERSITY, where only they could expand, or be rightly appreciated ; and, in the most handsome way, he accompanied this request with a present of TWO HUNDRED POUNDS. Such an instance of generosity, will confer an eternal credit on the name of DEAN TUCKER.

On John Henderson's arrival at Oxford, he excited no small degree of surprise amongst his tutors, who very naturally inquired his reason for appearing at that place, and, as might be supposed, were soon contented to learn, where they had been accustomed to teach.*

John Henderson was of a disposition to *do* as well as to *know* all things, and consequently distinguished himself for his skill in many of the mechanic arts. Though not of the higher order of attainments, it may not be improper to mention his singular talent for IMITATION.

* After JOHN HENDERSON'S acquaintance and Friendship had been matured with Dean Tucker, he informed a particular friend of the Author, "*that whenever he was in the company of young Henderson, he considered himself as a Scholar in the presence of his Tutor.*"

"This "particular friend" to whom I refer, was the late Rev. JAMES NEWTON, Baptist Minister, of Bristol, who affords one of many instances, where superior learning and exalted virtues, sink down to the grave unnoticed by the world, and wept only by that confined circle, who knew how to estimate worth, but whose praise, with its object, is soon carried away, by "the onward rolling waves of time." It affords me a gratification that I have it in my power to pay this scanty tribute of respect to a man of such inestimable worth, to whom, in various ways, in the younger part of life, I was essentially indebted, and whom, in common with all his friends, I so highly esteemed and revered.

He could not only assume the dialect of every foreign country, but the particular tone of every district of England so perfectly, that he might have passed for a native of either: and of the variations of the human accent in different individuals, his recollection was so acute, and the modulation of his voice so varied, that, having once conversed with a person, he could most accurately imitate his gestures and articulation for ever after.*

No man had more profoundly traced the workings of the human heart than himself. A long observation on the causes and effects of moral action, with their external symbols, had matured his judgment in estimating the characters of men; and, from the fullest evidence, confirmed him in a belief of the Science of **PHYSIOGNOMY**.

Though the "Phisiognomical Sensation," in a greater or less degree, may exist in all, yet the data which support it are so obscure, and at all times so difficult to

* A German at Oxford was once much *frightened* by coming into the room while JOHN HENDERSON was exercising his mimicry, for, as he protested, he thought he heard *himself* talking *at a distance*. No person needed to have gone out of HENDERSON'S company to have heard and almost seen Dr. Johnson. During one of the Doctor's annual visits to Oxford, HENDERSON and he one evening, for several hours, amused those around them, by conversing expressly in *hard words*, in which, after exhausting their *legitimate* English (which few would have understood) they resorted to a host of new words with Greek and Latin terminations. It was generally admitted that JOHN HENDERSON discovered the greater talent at this verbal forgery. And to meet the Doctor on his *own ground*, was indeed a presumptuous thing. Their conversations, *in Latin*, (often extended through a whole evening,) were deemed *splendid*, as they were classically chaste. Dr. Adams was the only man in Oxford who approximated toward an equality with JOHN HENDERSON in Latin colloquisms.

be defined, that if nature does not make the Physiognomist, study never will: and to be skilled in this Science requires the combination of such rare talents, that it cannot excite wonder either that the unskilful should frequently err, or that the multitude should despise, what they know they can never attain.

But John Henderson's discrimination, qualified him to speak with an almost infallible certainty: he discovered, in his frequent decisions, not an occasional development of character, but a clear perception of the secondary as well as predominant tendencies of the mind.

“ Making his eye the inmate of each bosom.”

COLERIDGE.

It would appear like *divination* if John Henderson's friends were to state the various instances they have known of that quick discernment which he possessed, that, as it were, penetrated the veil of sense, and unfolded to him the naked and unsophisticated qualities of the soul. There are many who will cordially admit the fact, when it is said, that his *eye* was scarcely the eye of a man. There was a luminousness in it — a calm but piercing character, which seemed to partake more of the nature of Spirit than of Humanity.

But though he was so great an adept at estimating the “invisible contents” from the “external superficies,” yet he never applied this knowledge to any uncharitable purpose. He considered it only as a coat-of-mail which nature had given him, to ward off the attacks of dissimulation: independently of which, it was a ruling principle with him, to think the *best* of all men, and to aim at discovering good, rather than at detecting evil. Nothing so influenced his friendships, or confirmed his

admiration, as ingenuousness and humility; and nothing so excited his pity, or fortified his disgust, as conceit and arrogance; for his experience had taught him that shallowness was the invariable attendant of the one, as merit was the certain concomitant of the other.

His conversation was such as might have been expected from a man whose fancy was so creative, whose knowledge omnifarious, and whose recollection so unbounded. He combined scholastic accuracy with unaffected ease; condensed and pointed, yet rich and perspicuous. Were it possible for his numerous friends, by any energy of reminiscence, to collect his discourse, John Henderson would be distinguished as a voluminous author, who yet preserved a Spartan frugality of words.

His cotemporaries at Oxford well remember the enthusiasm with which every company received him; and his friends, in that distinguished University, consisted of all who were eminent for either talent or virtue.

It would be injustice to his memory not to mention the great marks of attention which were paid him, and the high estimation in which he was held by the late Edmund Burke and Dr. Johnson; the former of whom strenuously urged him either to apply to the bar, or to the church, and told him, that, in that case, it was impossible to doubt, but that he would become either a Judge, or a Bishop: Such was the great Lexicographer's admiration, also, of John Henderson, that in his annual visits to Oxford, in whatever company he entered, he stipulated for the introduction of his Young Friend, John Henderson, which, in the result, converted a favour into an obligation. It might be named also, that many of the Heads of Colleges and other eminent characters habitually attended his *evening parties*; an honour unknown to have been conferred before on any other *Under Graduate*.

So great was John Henderson's regard for truth, that he considered it as a crime, of no ordinary magnitude, to confound in any one, even for a moment, the perceptions of right and wrong; of truth and falsehood; he therefore never argued in defence of a position, which his understanding did not cordially approve, *unless*, in some unbending moment, he intimated to those around him, that he wished to see how far error could be supported, in which case he would adopt the weakest side of *any question*, and there, intrenched, like an intellectual veteran, bid defiance to the separate or combined attacks of all who approached him.

On these occasions it was highly interesting to remark the felicity of his illustration, together with his profound logical acuteness, that knew how to grant or deny, and both, it may be, with reference to some distant stage of the argument, when the application was made with an unexpected, but conclusive effect.

He possessed the rare faculty of distinguishing the immediate, as well as of tracing the remote consequences of every acknowledgment; and, by his peculiar talent at casuistic subtleties, has been frequently known to extort the most erroneous concessions, from men distinguished for erudition and a knowledge of polemic niceties, necessarily resulting from premises unguardedly admitted.

Henderson's chief strength in disputation seemed to consist in this clear view in which he beheld the diversified bearings of every argument, with its precise congruity to the question in debate; and which, whilst it demonstrated the capacity of his own mind, conferred on him, on all occasions, a decided and systematic superiority. It must, however, be granted, that when contending for victory, or rather for the mere sharpening

of his faculties, instead of convincing, he not unfrequently confounded his opponent ; but whenever he had casually argued on this “ rotten basis,” and had obtained an acknowledged confutation, like an ingenious mechanic, he never failed to organize the discordant materials, and to do homage to truth, by pointing out his own fallacies, or otherwise by formally re-confuting his antagonist.

It might be expected that, by such a conduct, an unpleasant impression would sometimes be left on the mind of an unsuccessful disputant, but this effect is chiefly produced when the power of the combatants is held nearly in equilibrium ; no one, however, considered it as a degradation to yield to John Henderson, and the peculiar delicacy of his mind was manifested in nothing more than in the gentlemanly manner with which he indulged in these *coruscations* of argument. He obtained a victory without being vain, or even, from his perfect command of countenance, appearing sensible of it ; and, unless he happened to be disputing with pedantry and conceit, with a dignified consciousness of strength, he never pursued an enemy who was contented to *fly*, by which means a defeat was often *perceived* rather than *felt*, and the vanquished forgot his own humiliation in applauding the generosity of the conqueror.

In all companies he led the conversation : yet though he was perpetually encircled by admirers, his steady mind decreased not its charms, by a supercilious self-opinion of them : nor did he assume that as a *Right*, which the wishes of his friends rendered a *Duty*. He led the conversation ; for silence or diminished discourse, in him, would have been deservedly deemed vanity, as though he had desired to make his friends feel the value of his instructions from the temporary loss of them. But in

no instance was his superiority oppressive: calm, attentive, and cheerful, he confuted more gracefully than others compliment: the tone of dogmatism and the smile of contempt were equally unknown to him. Sometimes indeed he raised himself stronger and more lofty in his eloquence; then chiefly, when, fearful for his weaker brethren, he opposed the arrogance of the illiterate Deist, or the worse jargon of sensual and cold-blooded Atheism. He knew that the clouds of ignorance, which enveloped their understandings, steamed up from the pollutions of their hearts, and therefore crowded his sails, and bore down upon them with salutary violence.

But the qualities which most exalted JOHN HENDERSON in the estimation of his friends, were, his high sense of honour, and the great benevolence of his heart: * not that honour which originates in a jealous love of the world's praise, nor that benevolence which delights only in publicity of well-doing. His honour was the anxious delicacy of a Christian, who regarded his soul as a sacred pledge, that must some time be re-delivered to the Almighty Lender: his benevolence, a circle, in which SELF indeed might be the centre, but, ALL THAT LIVES

* Those who intimately knew JOHN HENDERSON, will readily admit, that few men ever possessed a more unbounded spirit of Philanthropy. In support of this opinion much evidence might be given, but I will mention one instance only. During an Epidemical Fever at Oxford, which proved fatal to a great number of the poor, he incessantly employed himself in visiting the lonely dwellings of indigence and disease, prescribing medicines, observing their effect, and in some instances sitting up the whole night. By these exertions the lives of very many persons were saved. But what still more illustrates his character, is this, when he had expended the whole of his money in donations and the purchase of drugs, he sold his POLYGLOTT BIBLE, (which he knew almost by heart) in order to furnish new means to extend his benevolence.

was the circumference. — This tribute of respect to thy name and virtues, my beloved HENDERSON ! is paid by one, who was once proud to call thee Tutor, and Friend, and who will do honour to thy memory, till his spirit rests with thine.

Those who were unacquainted with JOHN HENDERSON's character, may naturally ask, "What test has he left to the world of the distinguished talents ascribed to him?" — None! — He cherished a sentiment, which, whilst it teaches humility to the proud, explains the cause of that silence so generally regretted. Upon the writer of this essay once expressing to him some concern at his not having benefitted mankind by the result of his deep and varied investigations — he replied, "More men become writers from ignorance, than from knowledge, not knowing that they have been anticipated by others. — Let us decide with caution, and write late." Thus the vastness and variety of his acquirements, and the diffidence of his own mental maturity alike prevented him from illuminating mankind, till DEATH called him to graduate in a sphere more favourable to the range of his soaring and comprehensive mind. — He died on a visit to OXFORD, in November, 1788, in the 32nd year of his age.

Few will doubt but that the possession of preeminent *colloquial* talents, to a man like JOHN HENDERSON, in whom so amply dwelt the spirit of originality, must be considered, on the whole, as a *misfortune*, and as tending to subtract from the permanency of his reputation: he wisely considered posthumous fame as a vain and undesirable bubble, unless its basis was founded on utility, but when it is considered that no man was better qualified than himself to confound vice and ennoble virtue; to unravel the mazes of error, or

vindicate the pretensions of truth, it must generally excite a poignant regret, that abilities like his should have been dissipated on one generation, which, by a different application, might have charmed and enlightened futurity.

It is however by no means to be concluded that he would not have written, and written extensively, if he had attained the ordinary age of man, but he whose sentiments are considered as oracular, whose company is incessantly sought by the wise and honourable, and who never speaks but to obtain immediate applause, often sacrifices the *future* to the *present*, and evaporates his distinguished talents in the single morning of life.

But whilst we ascribe attributes to JOHN HENDERSON, which designate the genius, or illustrate the scholar, we must not forget another quality which he eminently possessed, and which so fundamentally contributes to give stability to friendship, and to smooth the current of social life. A reference is made to a *suavity of manners*, connected with a gracefulness of deportment, which distinguished him on all occasions.

His participation of the feelings of others, resulting from great native sensibility, although it never produced in his conduct undue complacency, yet invariably suggested to him that nice point of propriety in behaviour which was suitable to different characters, and appropriate to the various situations in which he might be placed. Nor was his sense of right a barren perception. What the soundness of his understanding instructed him to approve, the benevolence of his heart taught him to practice. In his respectful approaches to the Peer, he sustained his own dignity, and in addressing the Beggar, he remembered he was speaking to a man.

It would be wrong to close this brief account of JOHN

HENDERSON without naming two other excellencies with which he was eminently endowed. First, the ascendancy he had acquired over his *temper*. There are moments in which most persons are susceptible of a transient irritability; but the oldest of his friends never beheld him otherwise than calm and collected. It was a condition he retained under *all* circumstances,* and which, to those over whom he had any influence, he never failed forcibly to inculcate, together with that unshaken firmness of mind which encounters the unavoidable misfortunes of life without repining, and that from the noblest principle, a conviction that they are regulated by Him who cannot err, and who in his severest allotments designs only our ultimate good. In a letter to a young friend† he thus expresses himself, “ See that you govern your passions. What should
“ grieve us, but our infirmities? What make us angry,
“ but our own faults? A man who knows he is mortal,
“ and that all the world will pass away, and, by and by,
“ seem only like a tale — a sinner who knows his suffer-

*As a proof of his self-command, the following incident may be adduced. During his residence at Oxford, a student of a neighbouring college, proud of his logical acquirements, was solicitous of a private disputation with the renowned HENDERSON: some mutual friends introduced him; and having chosen his subject, they conversed for some time with equal candour and moderation; but at length HENDERSON's antagonist, perceiving his confutation inevitable, in the height of passion, threw a full glass of wine *in his face*: JOHN HENDERSON, without altering his features, or changing his position, gently wiped his face, and then coolly replied, “ This,
“ Sir, is a *digression*: now for the argument.” It is hardly necessary to add, the insult was resented by the company turning the aggressor out of the room.

† My late brother Amos, for whom JOHN HENDERSON always entertained the highest esteem.

“ ings are all less than his sins, and designed to break
 “ him from them—one who knows that every thing
 “ in this world is a seed that will have its fruit in
 “ eternity—that GOD is the best—the only good
 “ Friend—that in him is all we want—that every
 “ thing is ordered for the best—so that it could not be
 “ better, however we take it; he who believes this in
 “ his heart, is happy. Such be you—may you always
 “ fare well,—be the friend of GOD! again, farewell.”

The other excellence referred to, was the *simplicity* and *condescension* of his manners. From the gigantic stature of his understanding, he was prepared to trample down his pigmy competitors; and qualified at all times to enforce his unquestioned preeminence; but his mind was *SOFT*, his behaviour *UNASSUMING*, and his bosom the receptacle of all the *SOCIAL AFFECTIONS*.

It is these virtues alone which can disarm Superiority of its terrors, and make the eye, which is raised in wonder, beam at the same moment with affection. There have been intellectual, as well as civil despots, whose motto seems to have been, “ Let them hate, provided they fear.” Such men may triumph in their fancied distinctions; but they will never, as was JOHN HENDERSON, be followed by the child, loved by the ignorant, and yet emulated by the wise.

Without wishing to retract any portion of the praise which has been so justly ascribed to the subject of this essay, *Truth* (however reluctantly) exacts the acknowledgment, that he had not, it is feared, to the last, effectually escaped from that *most direful* of habits,—*the taking of opium!*—by which so many great minds have been lost to themselves, and to the world. Some there are, who are subject to *paroxysms of pain*, to whom the virtue of opium, as a sedative, is as justi-

fiable, as it is invaluable ; and most gratifying is it, to be able to ascribe this habit, in the case of JOHN HENDERSON, in part, at least, to such an origin.

The following fragment of a letter (in the author's possession) from Mrs. H. More, addressed to John Henderson, a few months only before his death, will be read by many with deep interest, and, it is hoped, with a *beneficial effect*. A reference is therein made to this habit, under the term, "unprofitable way of life," but the amiable and distinguished writer was evidently unacquainted with the precise state of the case, and misinterpreted conduct, the cause of which was the farthest from disrespect. The *faithfulness*, however, of Mrs. H. More's address, cannot but excite admiration.

Copy of a Letter from Mrs. H. More, to John Henderson.

Adelphi, 11th April, 1788.

Dear Sir,

THOUGH I do not deal much in the doctrine of impulses, yet I feel an inclination to write to you, almost as irresistible as an impulse. Why you have for a long time past estranged yourself from the society of our family, I have never been able to guess. In it you would have found a friendship that neglect has not been able to destroy. Of Patty, you *know* this to be true ; of myself, I *feel* that it is so. That I have lamented, and do lament most unfeignedly, the unprofitable way of life you are fallen into, is most true. But that I have always thought it a state to excite compassion, and not resentment, is equally true.

It was perhaps not *your* fault, but *mine*, if I raised my expectations of your future figure, and usefulness in life, too high. I had chalked out in my mind a shining path,

in which I saw God had given you talents to run an illustrious career. That you have not yet fulfilled this evident destination of Providence is, I will confess, one of the heaviest disappointments I have met with in life. You know how often I have ventured on the privilege of an animated friendship, to express to you my regret, not only at your having suppressed the brightest intellectual powers, but the happiest natural dispositions; for I confess to you, that it was the pleasantness of your temper, and the gentle, and compassionate turn of your heart, which made your wit and learning interesting to me. One may *admire* parts, and knowledge, but one never *loves* them but for the sake of concomitant qualities.

Since you have withdrawn yourself from my society, I have often thought of you, often prayed for you, sometimes wept for you.

Believe me, I still feel no harsher sentiment towards you, than that of the most affectionate compassion. I hear you are ill; judge if that does not increase my concern for you.

I entreat you to take the best advice, and the best remedies! Think of nothing at first, but of re-establishing your health. I implore you to discontinue every practice that may be unfavourable to it.

When I have formerly urged you on this head, you told me that *one righteous week would restore you*. I speak not harshly. I know nothing of your present habits of life. But I know your disposition to carry every thing to excess: abstinence, as well as indulgence. And I believe that prudence and regularity, a quiet mind, self-controul, and self-approbation, would yet restore you. I know you have so high a sense of right that you can never be well, while you are not satisfied

with your own conduct. I wish you could point out to me any possible way in which I could be useful to you. Mr. Wilberforce is at Bath. He has been dangerously ill. I have trembled for his life, as a life in which the good of many is involved. If he is well enough to invite you to see him, I entreat you to go. There is something healthful in breathing the air of *active* virtue and *steady* piety. Ask his advice ; he is as wise as he is good. O consider that it is not too late. You are yet but a young man. The little time that is lost you may retrieve. I am convinced that if you would exert — ”

* * * * *

A hope is entertained that the reader will now excuse a few sentences, expressed in the *first person*.

Having been *John Henderson's* pupil, (at least from the age of *eight* to *ten*, when Mr. H. Sen. relinquished his establishment*) I naturally felt for him great *reve-*

* As the incident which occasioned this *relinquishment* was nearly attended with the loss of *John Henderson's* life, it may not be deemed incongruous to relate it.

Mr. Richard Henderson's boys had proceeded, one summer afternoon, to *bathe* in a favourable part of the adjacent *River Avon*, where they had gone a hundred times before. *The writer of this* was standing in the water, apart, with another boy, (Robert Drummond, son of Dr. Drummond, late an eminent physician of Bristol,) when a third boy came up, to *duck* one of us. Of the *two*, he *happened* to fix on *Drummond*, who struggled hard with him, for mastery ; when, getting out of their depth, the tide carried them both away, and, in the presence of the whole school, they were *drowned* !

The boys had been accompanied to the water by the Usher and *John Henderson*. J. H.'s attention was engaged, at some distance, when, learning the accident, he hastened to the spot, but too late ! The boys had disappeared ! He then passed on by the side of the river, *with the stream*, eagerly looking at the water, to see if he could notice either of the boys floating on its surface, when one of

rence, imperfect as my estimate of his mental qualities must then have been. At the age of fourteen, however,

the boys *did appear!* at the sight of whom, John Henderson rushed down the steep and muddy bank; plunged into the river, stretching his hand out, till he was completely under the water. For a few seconds, he was considered as *drowned*, when his hands appeared above the surface, and, finally, in a state nearly of exhaustion, he, with great difficulty, recovered the bank, and ascended, with the aid of the writer, and others, up the almost impassable side of the river, to the top. What rendered John Henderson's peril the greater, arose, from his pockets, at the time, being *full of books*.

The writer having mentioned his own narrow escape from being drowned, he may be pardoned in noticing two other serious accidents which befell him at this school. One, by having been pursued, and literally tossed into the air, by a vicious *cow*; and another, in having fallen out of a high *sycamore tree*, and which was followed by a state of total insensibility, for twelve hours. No *permanent* inconvenience arose from either of *these* accidents; but fourteen years afterward, in going to visit a friend, in the country, in company with the late valuable *Dr. Ryland*, and the writer's *old and most respected friend*, the *Rev. Joseph Hughes*, Secretary of the Bible Society, he was thrown out of his *gig*, by which he dislocated his ankle, and has now *remained a martyr to the accident* for the last *thirty-five years!* But the Almighty is not more to be *thanked* when he gives, than he is to be *trusted* when he takes away.

Many individuals have cause to acknowledge a good Providence, in preserving them through moments of peril, but no one appears to have had greater cause to notice such *deliverances*, than the eminent *Richard Baxter*.

A brief notice of a few of the principal of these, to some readers, may not be unacceptable.

1st. In the tumultuous times of the *Commonwealth*, the inhabitants of *Kidderminster*, (where Baxter was clergyman of the town,) conceiving, *erroneously*, that he was instrumental in removing a *cross* from the churchyard, proceeded, in a body, to Baxter's house, threatening his *destruction*: but, half an hour before, unconscious of his danger, he had taken a contemplative

I appeared in a somewhat new character. It would be presuming, to denominate it *friendship*, but he condescended to notice me; admitted me to his company; interested himself in my plans; recommended my profession to be that of a *bookseller*; expressed some favourable anticipations, and through the remainder of his life, treated me with an uniform *kindness*, which added to my *admiration*, an indescribable feeling of walk into the country, and thus escaped the death that was designed for him. The enraged populace met one of Baxter's *friends*, whom they beat so unmercifully, that he died soon after!

2ndly. As he was once writing in his study, a high shelf, *over his head*, full of large *folios*, suddenly broke down, when the ponderous books fell, some on *one side* of him, and some on *the other*, but not one of them *touched him*! The lightest of them might have fractured his skull.

3dly. He was riding a horse, in a field, when the animal ran away, and, jumping over the hedge, threw Baxter into a lane, on the other side. The horse came down immediately afterward, upon him, but the horse's fore legs went beyond him, and his hind legs, on the other side, whilst he remained unhurt by either.

4thly. In overtaking a laden waggon, in a narrow road, where there was no room to proceed, he made his horse ascend a *bank*, on the top of which he meant to proceed till he passed the obstructing vehicle; but his horse *slipt*, and threw him down the bank, when he rolled *between* the fore and hind wheels. The horses in the waggon, at that very instant, *stopped*, of their own accord! One moment more would have crushed him to death.

But, perhaps, his most wonderful escape was from the *physicians*. An accumulation of infirmities had made him consult, in the course of his life, no less than *thirty-seven* professors of the healing art, in sundry parts of the kingdom, who differed widely in their judgments, and often prescribed, in direct *opposition to each other*; yet notwithstanding such hazards, and *assailants*, the Almighty protracted his valuable life to the age of seventy-six. It is no wonder that the good man, in his "Saint's Everlasting Rest," (a treatise not surpassed, in utility, by any work since the times of the apostles,) should have enumerated "the taking of *nauseous medicines*" amongst the *serious evils of life*!

gratitude. What other impression could be excited, when so consummate a mind, who, instead of superciliously regarding one who had *no return to make*, but was merely the recipient of his intellectual communications, on every practicable occasion, endeavoured to enlarge his views, and augment his defective stock of information ?

In this earlier, and most important period of my life, I derived from John Henderson's society, with which I was extensively favoured, incalculable benefits. The element, in which he moved, was sentient and elevating ; equally combining moral action, and christian sentiment. On one occasion, I possessed the privilege of spending a fortnight at *Hanham*, with *him*, and his enlightened *father*. On this, as well as when other opportunities occurred, he sedulously endeavoured to confirm, what already prevailed, my passion for reading ; lending me books ;* regulating my judgment ; and resolving my occasional difficulties. Upon general *criticism*, style, and composition, both in *prose* and *verse*, he, also, often descanted ; on which subjects, throughout their whole gradations, he possessed a *lucid* power of *discrimination*, combined with an exquisite *taste*. He regretted that I had not (like my *brother*,) received a *classical education*, and encouraged me to

* In an *unbending* season, John Henderson would sometimes condescend to *pun*, but then his puns were *good*.

On one occasion, in looking out some books, for the purpose of *borrowing* from his extensive library, (a privilege with which I was indulged,) amongst the rest, I fixed on "*Glanville on Witches*," and, having noticed the different *theories* on the subject of the "*WITCH OF ENDOR*," I said to John Henderson, on returning the book, "Pray, Sir, what is *your* view of this subject ?" "Joe," said he, "you could not have applied to a better person, for, I am *Hender—son*."

compensate for that loss, by availing myself of such helps as were still within my power ; particularly, by the perusal of standard works ; and it is casually mentioned, for the encouragement of other young persons, that, (in a great degree, from the influence thus early superinduced on a mind, naturally ardent in its pursuits,) I had read, before the age of twenty-one, more than a thousand volumes of the best English literature.

The generous pains thus taken with a youth, between whom, and himself, there could be no reciprocation, were followed with one *remote* consequence, not in the least calculated upon : they tended, in some measure, to form a mind, and, thereby, qualify a *pen*, to record the virtues, and commemorate the talents of a man, who was *universally* regarded, by his friends, as presenting *the highest conceivable exemplification of human attainments*. John Henderson died before I was nineteen. The evening prior to his leaving Bristol, for Oxford, where he soon after bade adieu to *time* ! I sat up with him, till three o'clock in the morning, unconscious of the waning hour, from the flow of his animated conversation.

It may be remarked, that, in those instances where eminent individuals have left no *writings*, to furnish a true standard of their minds, as in the case of *Barretier*, and *John Henderson*, &c. the only estimate which *can* be formed of them, must be derived through the sentiments of others. It has been stated that *Dean Tucker* declared, that, “ when he was in the company of *John Henderson*, he considered himself as a *student* in the presence of his *tutor*.” Other high testimonies have also been given ; the number of which might be augmented, but I shall restrict myself to one other character of this great man, expressed by the late *Edmund Rack, Esq.* ; a gentleman

possessed of much general knowledge, and antiquarian research, and whose materials for the “History of Somersetshire,” formed the *acknowledged* basis of Col-
linson’s valuable “History” of that county. Mr. Rack thus expressed himself, in writing to a friend in London.

“My friend, *Henderson*, has lately paid me a visit, and stayed with me three weeks. I never spent a three weeks so happily, or so profitably. He is the only person I ever knew who seems to be a complete master of every subject in literature, arts, sciences, natural philosophy, divinity; and of all the books, ancient and modern, that engage the attention of the learned; but it is still more wonderful, that at the age of *twelve*, he should have been *master* of the Latin and Greek; to which he subsequently added, the Hebrew, Italian, Spanish, German, Persian, and Syriac languages; and also, all the ancient rabbinical learning of the Jews, and the divinity of the Fathers: this was, however, the case. The learned DR. KENNICOTT told me, four years since, ‘*That the greatest men he ever knew were mere CHILDREN, compared to HENDERSON.*’ In company he is ever new. *You never hear a repetition of what he has said before.* His fund of knowledge is inexhaustible: his memory never fails, and (through his knowledge of *physiognomy*,) he enters into all minds he is with, and reads their thoughts, as easily as their features.”

Dr. Kennicott, (before whom nothing superficial could have stood for a moment,) died in the year 1783, and John Henderson, at the time Dr. K. passed on him this eulogium, could have been only *twenty-three years of age*!

(It may be satisfactory to the reader to be informed, that the *Portrait* prefixed to this Essay, is as complete a *likeness*, (taken at the age of twenty-five, as

was ever effected by the combined skill of painter and engraver.)

I cannot here withhold one circumstance connected with John Henderson, which, in some minds, will excite an interest. He was an *only child*. His mother loved him beyond the power of language to express, and, in return, she was loved by her son, with an intensity of affection which filial regard never surpassed. She died when he was young, and her name, through life, was never uttered by him without a tear. She was buried at St. George's, Kingswood, two miles from Bristol, in the direct road to *Hanham*; and when arrived at man's estate, John Henderson once told me, in a confidential moment, that, in the summer months, when returning of an evening, from Bristol to his home, he has often repaired to the churchyard, and lain *all night on his mother's grave!*

Sorrow I have often seen, sometimes felt it, but such unutterable *anguish of spirit* I never witnessed, as the father, Mr. Richard Henderson, displayed when the tidings arrived — ‘*that his son was dead!*’ The event accelerated at least his own death, which occurred soon after; and the mortal remains of these *three* honoured vestiges of departed worth, now have blended their dust, and repose in the full and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.

My late brother Amos wrote the following Epitaph, which is engraved on the tomb-stone.

Sculptor! forbear! nor seek the chisel's aid
 To add a mole-hill to a mount of fame;
 Say, humble stone, here HENDERSON is laid,
 And bear the best of epitaphs, — his name.

ESSAY II.
ARGUMENT IN FAVOUR OF CHRISTIANITY,
DEDUCED FROM
THE SIZE OF THE BIBLE.*

WHEN an uninspired man undertakes to write an important history, entering often into detail, of incident, description, and delineation, the work necessarily becomes extended. But, when mighty events are recorded; the rise and fall of states; the lives of warriors and kings; the principles that regulated their conduct; the aggressions of neighbouring potentates; with all the results and changes which arose from conquest or subjugation; the boldest reader is appalled at the probable accumulation of pages. If the writer has to describe also his own country and ancestors, under all the impressions of personal and national feeling, the temptation to amplify becomes still more imperative: and to what a magnitude might a work be supposed to extend, which was to comprise the labours, not only of two or three such writers, but a long succession of them, through many generations? Now the Bible is this extraordinary work, and

* A few years ago, in accompanying Dr, Chalmers on a visit to the most distinguished of *Living Females*, I observed, as we rode along, that my mind had latterly been impressed with two confirmations of the truth of Christianity, one of which, if noticed, had not been reasoned upon, while the other was unconditionally *new*. The first was “On the Size of the Bible,” and the second, “On our Saviour, Jesus Christ, having left no Writings.” I then stated, generally, my illustrations, with which Dr. C. appeared to be struck. This induced me to urge *him* to give the subject his powerful consideration, which, however, *to my great regret*, he declined, and expressed a wish, as the thoughts had occurred to me, that I would throw my views into a permanent form. The two following Essays thus originated.

it is not only totally dissimilar to all others in its nature and execution, but is equally contradistinguished by the rarely-combined qualities of comprehension and succinctness.

The transactions referred to are grand beyond comparison. The writers related occurrences which excited a supreme interest in their minds. They were personally, as well as relatively, connected with the circumstances recorded. Many of them narrated their own exploits, as well as the exploits referable to anterior ages. The multifarious writers consisted of historians, legislators, biographers, moralists, poets, and prophets. The periods described, present a matchless assemblage of important events ; — the creation ; the fall ; the antediluvian corruption of man ; the deluge ; the confusion of tongues ; the origin of all the great monarchies of the earth ; the lives of the patriarchs, entering often into the minutest statements ; their wonderful escape from famine ; the call of a particular people ; (springing from the patriarchs, in whom was preserved, amid universal polytheism, the knowledge of the one Living and True God ;) their ultimate bondage and miraculous deliverance ; their wandering, for forty years, through the desert ; the giving of the moral and ceremonial law ; the establishment of the same people in Canaan, where they were sustained for fifteen hundred years, till the coming of Christ, while all the great dynasties by which they were surrounded, successively crumbled away ; — the Babylonish ; the Assyrian ; the Persian ; the Egyptian ; and the Grecian. To these events must be added, the expulsion of numerous idolatrous long-established, and powerful nations of Palestine ; the reigns of an extensive succession of monarchs, in two different lines, under whom the grandest and most

complex transactions occurred which could pertain to so limited a region ; including the destruction of Zion and its magnificent temple ; the captivity of a whole people, for seventy years ; their ultimate redemption, with the rebuilding of their city, and the temple of their “Great King.” At length, in the fulness of time, the Saviour of the world appeared, in whom a thousand predictions all centred. His birth and ancestry are narrated, with many incidental occurrences. His sermons are given ; his precepts ; his important actions, his miracles, and his prophecies. To this are subjoined his arraignment at the bar of Pilate ; an account of the indignities which he endured ; his patient sufferings ; his death, and his resurrection. To all this are added, the lives and travels of his Apostles ; the establishment of the first Christian Churches, with a narrative of individual and general persecutions ; twenty-one Apostolical Epistles ; a voyage abounding with striking incidents ; and the whole concluding with a series of the sublimest Revelations ; yet this diversified mass of materials is concentrated into a compass which a *Finger* might suspend, and a *Wayfaring Man* can read !

This contracted “size of the Bible,” necessarily arises from the *brevity*, which, (with occasional deviations) distinguishes the whole of the Sacred Records. Would a mind, left to its own natural impulse, it may be asked, have represented the ravages of Death, sweeping away a whole race of *Illustrious Ancestors*, with a compression like that of Moses ? “And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation.” And what human composition, describing Deity, ever equalled David, in sublime sententiousness :

“Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall

perish, but thou shalt endure ; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment ; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed, but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

But, passing over the various memorable instances of consolidation of thought pervading the Old Testament, some references shall now be made to the New, where brevity still *more* characteristically predominates.

Our Saviour's summary of the Law and the Prophets, comprises, in a small space, a wider range of import than is contained in all the systems of ethics which man ever propounded. "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart; and thy neighbour as thyself."

All must feel that a few words added to, or subtracted from, many of the precepts, or parables of our Redeemer, would have jarred, and brought down the whole, comparatively, to a human level ; but they stand at present in a sacred investment of language, which, if they, (with the other Scriptures) were not guarded "by the plagues which are written in this book," none would dare to violate. To furnish an additional example of the brevity contained in Scripture, it may be remarked, what an extent of condensed meaning appears in the explanation which Christ gave of his parable of the end of the world ; "He that soweth the good seed, is the son of man ; the field is the world ; the good seed are the children of the kingdom, but the tares are the children of the wicked one ; the enemy that sowed them, is the Devil ; the harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels." In the attenuated thread of ordinary composition, what space would not have been occupied by this, and many other brief specimens of Biblical Narrative.

As a further confirmation of this brevity, it may be remarked that one portion of the Bible is preeminently

rich in materials for elaborate amplification. It is the death of the proto-martyr Stephen. He had declared the conduct of God towards the forefathers of the people of Israel, in an harangue distinguished even in Scripture, and then fearlessly accused the Jews of being the betrayers, and murderers of the “Holy One and Just.”

Here was the first blood that was shed in attestation of the Gospel. Here was the Jewish Sanhedrim; an infuriated rabble before them, invoking death on their victim. Here was Stephen, calm in the strength of virtue, and the steadfastness of faith; unawed, as he beholds the administrators of Law concur in the violation of its enactments: shrinking not, as the hands of men, (almost transformed into demoniacs,) seize him at the tribunal of Justice; indignantly drag him through the populous streets of Jerusalem, whose inhabitants outrageously exult as the disciple of the despised Galilean hastens to his destruction. This follower of his Lord, uncomplaining, is now borne along to the fatal *Golgotha*. He kneels on the ground, absorbed in holy adorations. His enraged executioners, to call forth the extremity of their strength, strip off their exterior garments; when a new character is introduced, the great Apostle of the Gentiles! on whom was, hereafter, to rest a double portion of the Spirit; whose writings, (the effusions of Inspiration) were to become the joy of successive generations, as long as the sun and moon endure. This Saul, now, however, like a true disciple of Gamaliel, is the foremost in denouncing Stephen; augmenting the cry for vengeance; urging on his assailants; and guarding their clothes, while, with ponderous stones, they crushed “to the death” this precursor of the noble army of martyrs! But the tragedy is not yet complete. The expiring saint,

in imitation of his divine master, prays for his murderers; implores that God would not lay this sin to their charge; till, amid the agonies of expiring nature, he gently falls asleep; when angels conduct his emancipated spirit to the regions of day; the incorruptible crown, and the vision of God, and the Lamb!

Here was scope for pathetic description; indignant animadversions on the living, and encomiums on the dead, thus triumphantly illustrating the power of faith, as earth withdrew, and heaven opened. But all this would have been *human*. The more impressive language of Scripture is, “and they ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him; and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man’s feet, whose name was Saul. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, ‘Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.’ And he kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, ‘Lord! lay not this sin to their charge.’ And when he had said this, he fell asleep.”

What, in addition, must have been the impressive and edifying nature of those discourses the Saviour addressed to the men of Samaria; continued for *two days*, which overcame their inveterate prejudices, and, by their salutary effect, brought them into the number of true believers? But all that could be expressed, is implied in these brief words:

“And many more believed because of his own word; and said unto the woman, ‘Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.’”

To furnish one other instance of the concentration of thought contained in the Bible, it may be noticed, that there is a brief portion of the New Testament which

transcends all others in its sententious meaning ; absolutely constituting, in itself, an epitome of the whole Christian System.— The natural state of the human heart ; the illuminations of the spirit ; the power of our grand adversary, till that domination is counteracted by divine grace ; the pardon of sin through the great atonement, with the eternal inheritance which awaits the righteous, in perpetual community with the glorified inhabitants above, derived alone through faith in the merits and intercession of Christ.

The reader will immediately recognise *that* one verse in the 26th of Acts, uttered with the majesty of heaven, by the risen Saviour, and crowding into a few words a greater condensation of solemn truths than human language, aided even by inspiration, ever before contained. His words to Paul are, “ I now send thee to the Gentiles, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God ; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified, by faith that is in me.”

But to recur, finally, to the “ size of the Bible.” With such strong inducements to expatiate, in the respective writers, had it not been for an *Overruling Providence*, in restraining their natural dispositions, a hundred folio volumes could scarcely have contained so vast a depository as the *sacred volume*. In this case, for all practical purposes, it must have become nearly a sealed book ; independently of the impossibility which would have existed, in a *Manuscript Age*, of disseminating copies sufficient to guard against the ravages of Time, or to allow *three* transcripts to the whole world. This compression must be viewed as one of the most striking of the Scripture Miracles.

If any section of this great work can be separated, as furnishing a superior subject for astonishment, when we consider the copious *nature* of Biography, it is, that *such a Life* as that of our Saviour should have been so briefly narrated; a life which was written by *four* of his followers; all of whom revered his character; regarded him as their Lord; beheld his miracles; recorded his mandates; related his actions; attended his footsteps for three years, through all the wanderings of his active life; which consisted almost of a continuity of either *doing*, or *saying*; who witnessed his contemptuous rejection by the Jews; his agonies; his death, and resurrection! yet such was the *Invisible Influence* to which they were subject, in their adoption of words, and their *selection* of actions, that *each* of these Biographers of Christ has so circumscribed his narrative, that it may be read *at a sitting*.

The hand of God is as manifest in this superintendence, as it is in the formation of a world!

ESSAY III.

ARGUMENT IN FAVOUR OF CHRISTIANITY,

DEDUCED FROM

OUR SAVIOUR HAVING LEFT NO WRITINGS.

HAD our Saviour appeared upon earth in a merely human character, bearing a divine commission, like the old prophets, it might reasonably be supposed, that he would have written, as they did. He would have been influenced by *human feelings*, and must have experienced an earnest desire that the various sentiments he inculcated should not be misstated, nor the order even of his words be changed: but what corresponding means were adopted to guard against the one, or to secure the other? The angel of the Apocalypse commanded John to ‘*write in a book*’ what he heard and saw, to prevent his injunctions and supernatural visions, from being forgotten: Christ, on the contrary, entertained no apprehension lest *his* actions, miracles, and precepts, on which so much hereafter was to depend, should be *unfaithfully* stated, and the effect thereby be lost on posterity, *to which his eye was habitually directed*.

Christ professed to have come into this world for the purpose of consolidating a Religion which was from above; to fulfil the Law and the Prophets, and to establish what had never before entered into the thought of man: a pure and spiritual empire. Influenced by such anticipations, his days and his nights, it may be supposed, must have been occupied in minutely arranging this unprecedented assault on the Kingdom of Darkness. With views so calculated to animate and impel, every human character would infallibly have left behind him deliberate and indelible writings, *as a permanent standard of appeal*.

If, however, from any possible cause, Jesus Christ had declined, like Mahomet, the task of transcription, like Mahomet, he would have felt a proportionate increase of anxiety to secure sage and competent assistants, to whom he would have imparted his doctrines, and recited the most important of his actions, with the *plausible motives* for those actions ; and, finally, he would have inspected all their statements with the most scrupulous care. It was not in man's nature to have neglected any *probable* means for effecting such an end, or to have felt *indifference*, when every thing interesting to our race was implicated in the result ; when a Religion was about to be promulgated, which was speedily to subvert the power of Roman, and Barbaric superstition, and, ultimately, to regenerate the world. His attention would have been especially directed to that *testamentary account*, which was designed for other times, and where a few uncorrected errors, and slight inconsistencies, might have demolished, irretrievably, the whole edifice. With such objects to obtain, and such dangers to avert, what was the *fact* ?

Jesus Christ, instead of preparing this well-digested statement of his actions, doctrines, and miracles, *never wrote one word* ! Instead of selecting historians to record his life, from among the learned, and the refined, he chose rather for his coadjutors, and biographers, illiterate fishermen ! Instead of providing for the future, and testifying an earnestness, lest succeeding generations should but imperfectly comprehend his designs, arising from the incompetency of the agents who were to transmit a statement of them to posterity ; instead of cautioning those of his followers who might project a history of their Master, for distant ages, to be faithful, and to omit no part of those *leading points*, on

which the strength of his mission rested, he absolutely gave *no* directions ; made *no* provision ; and discovered *no* solicitude !

Could the mind devise a procedure more directly calculated “ to bring to naught ” all the objects at which he professedly aimed ? It bears as little resemblance to the uniform workings of the heart, and is as inconsistent with *design* and *imposture*, as it was in Christ, at the very moment his disciples distinctly recognised him as the *Messiah, the Son of God*, to predict his approaching *death* at Jerusalem, and in the prospect of that death, to utter, with a superhuman solemnity, “ O, Righteous Father ! the world hath not known thee, but I have known thee, and these have known that thou hast sent me.” Or, as his last hour approached, to set his face, “ steadfastly to go to Jerusalem,” though he knew and had predicted, that, at that place, (the grave of the prophets !) he should “ suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders, and of the chief priests, and scribes, and be killed, and after three days, rise again.”

One species of instruction Christ indeed conveyed to his disciples, *contrary to the established maxims of policy*, and which would have alienated from his cause all who had not “ some good thing ” predominant in their hearts “ toward the Lord God of Israel.” He “ forewarned ” them that their fidelity to him, would entail the loss of all things. He informed them that they would endure privation “ for his name’s sake.” He authorized them to expect no better fare than their Master had experienced, “ who had not where to lay his head.” He taught them that they would be hated of all men, and sustain contumely and reproach ; that, through adherence to him, they would be dragged before potentates ; that bonds and imprisonment would await them, and, in some

instances, death itself. But these, like his other instructions, were all *verbal*, and in the plenitude of such communications, they still remained but partially illuminated; beholding little of the symmetry of that Salvation which was about to be unfolded to the world. But if the disciples were perplexed, *at this time*, as to the true nature of the Gospel, with all the advantages of the Saviour's *oral* instructions, what prospect was there that they would more lucidly comprehend its scope and tendency *after his decease*, seeing that no documents existed, to which, on dubious points, they might refer for explanation? In the midst of this immediate doubt, and prospective uncertainty, it remains as a memorable opposition to all that is human in calculation, Jesus Christ gave not to his followers those *writings*, which alone would have specifically defined his immediate and remote views, and would have remained as a lasting test of his Religion, both to themselves, and all generations; so that, without analogy in the annals of man, he felt wholly insensible to those anxieties which, under such circumstances, would be inseparable from our nature, and deliberately renounced all that is desirable in life, and even life itself, to effect objects which he took no rational means to secure! But the subject admits of being viewed in a still stronger light.

Christ declared, “The *Word* that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the Last Day.” What words? *Words!* so fleeting! so liable to misconstruction! and yet to *words* is it that so vast an influence is ascribed! — on which are to hang the future destinies of mankind! Human prudence would have suggested the *importance*, or rather the *necessity* of recording in the *clearest language* those *express words*, by which mankind were to be judged in the great day of account, but not

one expression was thus written, and those who heard the language of Christ, were “unlearned and ignorant men!” If any *unassisted faculties* had attempted to state the discourses of Christ, these discourses would have descended to our time in an inaccurate, and deteriorated state, in which something of the *sentiment* might have been preserved, but the *exact words*, (of such stupendous import!) would probably have been represented with no more fidelity than the orations of Cyrus were, and those of other ancient chieftains who, with such fictitious eloquence, are stated to have harangued their followers at the moment of conflict.

It is obvious that no beneficial result could be expected from a Judicial Act, which merely passed in the Legislature, but which was never transcribed, and dispersed, in undeniable characters, and yet the *words of Christ*, his *perpetual Laws*! so briefly expressed! so sententious! so liable to be perverted by the least infraction on their exact order of utterance, and on which rested such momentous consequences! (which were “*Spirit*,” and which were “*Life*!”) were *unrecorded*, and the disciples, themselves, preserved no vestige at the time, what those awfully-important *words* were, nor even charged their memory with collecting them, till after the revolution of *many years*! What a pause! How might feeble and short-sighted humanity have trembled, lest this great gift of God to the world should have perished! and the memorial of a Saviour have been lost!

Regarding the circumstance with a merely human aspect, was it consistent with ordinary foresight, or even with *equity* itself, that Jesus Christ should have pronounced *words* to his disciples, which involved, as he declared, the eternal happiness or misery of all mankind!

and yet that he should have neglected the only certain and indispensable means for giving to them an undoubted accuracy, and a general dissemination ; namely, *by distinctly recording those words*, that future generations might clearly comprehend the exact foundation on which they were to be judged in the Last Day ? This general abandonment of the *means* essential to a proposed *end*, is utterly irreconcilable with all the principles which habitually regulate man.

But if Jesus Christ did not *write down* his memorable words, he did that which was transcendently more calculated to impress, and demonstrate *that the work he had to accomplish was from God*. He declared that his kingdom was not of this world, and its maxims therefore he disowned. He affirmed that he received not honour from men, and discarding the contrivances that the heart would have naturally suggested, with a dignity and elevation according with his *real character*, he calmly told his disciples, “ The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, *and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.*” Is this the language of a man ? and how was the promise verified ? — These ignorant fishermen *did* produce writings, which, in a moral light, infinitely surpass the proudest efforts of human learning. The very words of Christ, bearing the clearest internal marks of authenticity, *were* brought again to their remembrance, and the Holy Spirit so influenced the minds of these unlettered men, that they became the vehicle for giving to earth an immaculate work, in which *self* is annihilated ; *vanity* unknown ; *impartiality*, in its most rigid sense, exemplified ; where the individual sentiments, even of the actors themselves, in panegyricizing their Lord, or reviling his

foes, are repressed ; in which all that is earthly is separated ; and the whole is consolidated into one coherent aggregate, which bears the impress of Heaven, and the stamp of immortality.

Whilst the *words* and actions of Christ appeared to common spectators as casual, and unconnected with a majestic series and result, *an unseen and interior machinery* was in full operation, and a stupendous whole proceeding fast toward its accomplishment. Some intimations of this august, but invisible œconomy, was given to the disciples, when, on the mount of Transfiguration, “two men appeared in glory, and spake of his decease, which he should accomplish at Jerusalem ;” as well as when Christ mysteriously said, “I beheld Satan, like lightning, fall from heaven.” It was a reliance on this ample and miraculous influence, which produced in the Saviour that *mysterious composure*, under circumstances calculated to excite anxiety or alarm ; whether exposed to the machinations of the Sanhedrim, or the rage of the populace ; confiding in his invulnerable panoply till his “*work*” was accomplished. This incited him to discard the precautions essential to the success of an *earthly scheme* ; and caused him to warn his disciples, when they were brought before kings and governors, for his sake, not to take thought, how, or what they should speak, for that it was not *they* who spake, but the *Spirit of his Father* which spake *in them* ! and this is the solution which reconciles all difficulties, and throws lustre over the obscure.

An infidel has remarked that the greatest miracle in the Bible, was, that Jesus Christ should so easily have found *twelve men*, like the Apostles, who proved to be such efficient auxiliaries in his cause ; and, on *his* principles, it must have appeared *inscrutably marvellous* :

but to him who remembers, — *the Governor of all hearts*, no difficulty will appear in the assemblage of the Twelve, nor any wonder be excited, that the Saviour should have abstained from *recording his words*, and have rejected the round of *obvious means* for establishing and perpetuating his Gospel.

The whole argument is conclusively illustrated by the following consideration. No system was projected by the Apostles. At the crucifixion of their Lord, *they* had written nothing, and nothing was written for them, and with frustrated hopes, each said to the other, in despair, “I go a fishing!” But the end was not yet. This was the moment for Omnipotence to make bare his arm. The consummation now began to unfold. Though each of the Prophets, and Apostles, had to perform what resembled an insulated and detached work, yet, when the scattered elements were combined, and the CANON OF SCRIPTURE was formed, a result arose, magnificent as it was harmonious, and which at once disclosed the *Invisible Hand*, by which the “STONE was cut out of the MOUNTAIN !”

ON CHATTERTON, AND THE ROW- LEIAN CONTROVERSY.

A subject, like that of the respective claims of Rowley and Chatterton, which has so long divided the Literary World, and ranked amongst its zealous disputants, on both sides, men of the most distinguished acuteness and learning, cannot be regarded as uninteresting, or as unworthy of a full discussion, and a final settlement.

It will be in the recollection of many readers, that the author, in conjunction with his friend, Dr. Southey, several years ago, edited the “Complete Edition of Chatterton’s Works,” in three volumes, octavo; which was undertaken purely for the benefit of the bard’s widowed sister, Mrs. Newton, and the profits of which, cheered her declining life. On that occasion, the investigation of the *Controversy* exclusively devolved on the writer of these pages, the result of which, in a consolidated form, will now be made the subject of the three following Essays.

ESSAY IV.

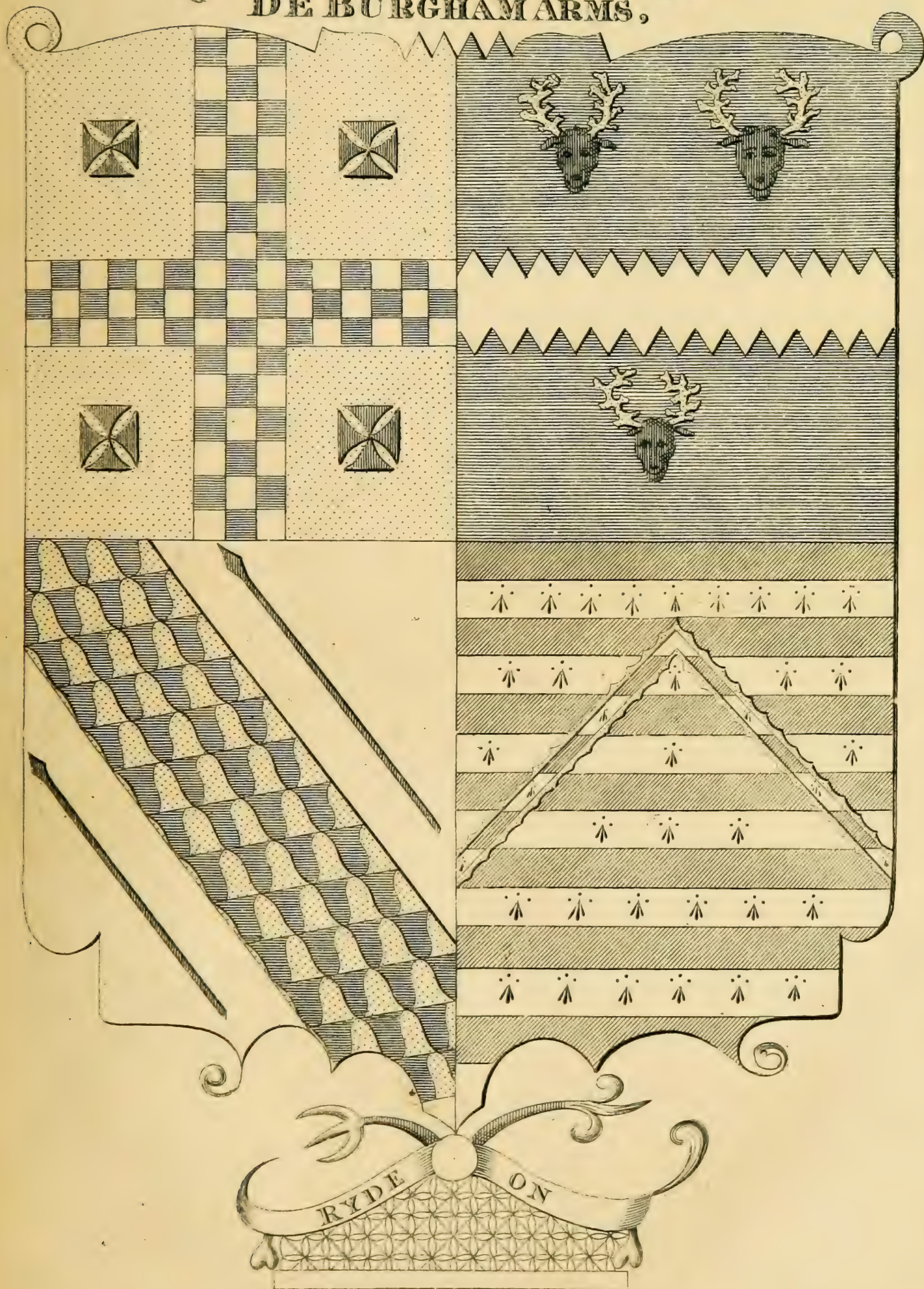
SUGGESTED BY CHATTERTON’S PEDI- GREE OF DE BURGHAM.

THE pedigree of De Burgham is one of the most ingenious and complicated of Chatterton’s Forgeries. It is contained in two volumes, each the size of a boy’s copy book. The circumstances attending its production are the following; and which must be familiarly stated.

Mr. Henry Burgham was a Pewterer, who had come to Bristol early in life, in a very humble capacity, from Gloucestershire. He had often noticed Chatterton, as an acute blue-coat boy, fond of talking about books, and had given him an occasional sixpence. This boy subsequently appeared in a somewhat higher capacity, from having been the *lucky discoverer* of sundry ancient



DE BURGHAM ARMS,



manuscripts, in both prose and verse, deposited, many ages back, it was stated, in the Muniment-Room of Redcliff Church.

That the subject may be elucidated, it is necessary to mention, that Mr. Burgham, (with some counterbalancing qualities, it is hoped,) was a vain man; credulous; and fond of notoriety: of whose mind Chatterton had, no doubt, taken due admeasurement, and, as a proof of his discernment, the stripling deemed *him* a fit subject for a grave deception.

One Saturday afternoon, Chatterton called on Mr. Burgham, in his blue-coat habiliments, and, with unusual solemnity, told him, that he had made a discovery! "What?" said Mr. B. eagerly, "Why," replied the young bard, "that you are related, in lineal descent, to some of the first nobles of the land." "I did not know it, Tom," was Mr. Burgham's reply. "Perhaps not," rejoined Chatterton, "but amongst the treasures which I have obtained from Redcliff Church Muniment-Room, I have found *your* pedigree, clearly traced from a very remote period." "Let me see it," said Mr. Burgham: when two or three days afterward, he presented him with the *first* of the two books, (to which a reference has been made.) To this book were prefixed the *De Burgham Arms*, laboriously painted on parchment, and which bears all the genuine marks of antiquity, being precisely the same *kind* of parchment, as that on which all the presumed originals of Rowley are written; now placed in the British Museum. The volume bears the following title: "An Account of the Family of the De Burghams, from the Norman Conquest to this time; collected from original records, Tournament Rolls, and the Heralds of March and Garter Records, by T. Chatterton." "The documents in Redcliff Church," said

Chatterton, “extended only to a certain period, and I have been obliged to fill up the hiatus, by a reference to other sources.”

Mr. Burgham instantly perceived its genuineness, especially as he had received *ocular proof* of many undoubted *ancient poems*, discovered in the same place; when, in the exuberance of his joy and gratitude; and deeming it folly to question the validity of a record, in which his own honours were so deeply implicated, he presented the poor blue-coat boy, who had *happened* to *find* so much, and to *collect* the remainder, with the generous remuneration of *Five Shillings!*

Mr. Burgham thought it unnecessary to dwell long on the miraculous manner in which this MS. was preserved for so many ages, amid the revolutions of states, and the decay of empires; the exemption from the ordinary lot of papers might be accounted for, in different ways, agreeably to the taste of the enquirer, but the fact itself was undeniable. Here *was* the pedigree, embodying information which *could* have been collected from no other source! As a conclusive argument, it was as true as *Rowley* himself, whose reality, at that time, no one, for a moment, could presume to question.

This gift of five shillings, more, perhaps, by half-a-crown than Chatterton had expected, and far more, probably, than ever he had possessed before, abundantly compensated him for his labour; and, finding that he had now discovered a mine which might still be advantageously worked, a fortnight afterward, Chatterton voluntarily brought the Pewterer a second book, being a supplement to the pedigree, bearing the following title. “Continuation of the Account of the Family of the De Burghams, from the Norman Conquest to this time, by Thomas Chatterton.” In this second part, to flatter his

Mæcenās, as well as to remove suspicion, Chatterton introduced one of the identical poems which he found in the Muniment-Room, in the true old English, with a *modernization* by himself. But the singularity was augmented by its being found that this genuine old poem, entitled “The Romaunte of the Cnyghte,” commencing thus,

“The sunne ento Vyrgyne was gotten,” &c. was absolutely written by *John De Burgham*, one of Mr. Burgham’s own ancestors! who was, (Chatterton affirmed,) “the greatest ornament of his age;” and whom he introduces in the following familiar way. “To give you, (Mr. Burgham,) an idea of the poetry of the age, take the following piece, wrote about 1320.” This incident pleased the Pewterer exceedingly, and, not to fail in his patron-like munificence, he presented “Poor Tom” with a second five shillings!

It would be an insult to the reader’s understanding to question his conviction that the whole of the De Burgham Pedigree was a fabrication, in which, however, the character of Chatterton is preeminently developed. It appears quite clear that he was in the habit of collecting obscure facts, which, by a dexterous adaptation, he incorporated with fiction, so as to exhibit the semblance of reality. This is well exemplified in the De Burgham Pedigree, which commences with truly affirming that “Simon De Leyncte Lyze, alias Senliz, in the reign of William the Conqueror, married Matilda, daughter of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, Northampton, and Huntingdon;” (who was subsequently executed for treason.) Chatterton may have had access to a wider range of books than has yet appeared, but we know him to have been acquainted with Holinshed, and the roll of Battle-Abbey, in both which works, references are made to this “Seint Les or Lyse.” s

In Bolton's extinct Peerage, (with which, it is probable, Chatterton was unacquainted,) it appears that in 1066, at the coming of William the First, Waldeof or Waltheof, was Earl of Northumberland, and that in 1068, he was made Earl of Northampton. In 1072, Waldeof, the son of Waldeof, was restored to his father's honours, but dying in 1075, without male heir, Simon Seint Lis, having married Matilda, the daughter of Waldeof, was made Earl of Northampton and Huntingdon. (This is confirmed also by Dugdale.)

Chatterton proceeds to say, that by a deed granted to the Earl of Northampton, it appears he was possessed of "Burgham Castle," in Northumberland. This declaration was supposed, at first, to be *imaginary*, but it has since been ascertained, on the testimony of Dr. Campbell, that the family of *Brougham*, (ancestors of the celebrated barrister,) were resident at Brougham, in *Cumberland*, (not Northumberland,) before the conquest, known, antecedently, *even* by the name of "*De Burgham!*" According to Hutchinson, in his history of that county, in the time of Edward the Confessor, Walter De Burgham was in possession of the estate and manor of Brougham. We find also, that in the reign of Henry the Second, Odard de Burgham was Lord of the manor of Burgham. In the succeeding reign, we find Gilbert, the son of Odard, in possession of Brougham. In the Seventh of Richard the Second, John De Burgham was Knight of the shire of Cumberland, and the family of the De Burghams flourished, undoubtedly, in the northern counties, for several successive ages.

It appears quite certain that Chatterton derived his information from some source, that the *Burghams* were once famous, and, on the coincidence of the *name*, with the basis of a few insulated facts, raised his ingenious

and complicated superstructure. How soon, however, he had recourse to pure fiction, will appear, when he states, (what the best heralds would shrink from affirming;) namely, that the arms of Simon De Lyse, (contemporary with William the Conqueror,) were “Per Pale indented, Or and Gules:” that those of Waltheof were “Argent, a Lion rampant, Azure, a Chief Gules:” that Nigell De Lea, son of the Earl of Northampton, bore, “Bendy, Or and Azure, a Pale counterchanged;” and that Normannus, the son of Nigell, bore on his shield, “a Cheveron, between two Gauntlets.”

It now required some management to *reduce* a descendant of so high an ancestry to a plain Bristol Pewterer, and to transfer his seat from the north to this vicinity: Chatterton’s ingenuity was, however, equal to this, *and much more*, as will presently appear. The following notices are from the De Burgham Pedigree.

“John Burgham, Esq. was, (it seems,) a particular favourite of Cardinal Wolsey, and was employed by him in many affairs of consequence. He was the first of his family who settled in the *west*. He sold his estates in Westmoreland and Northamptonshire, to purchase others in *Gloucestershire*.” Chatterton had now to accomplish the more difficult task of *abasing* the *mighty*, which he does, by making the grandson of the above John, expend his fortune in the vain, but magnanimous endeavour to surpass all the nobles of the land, in the costly *train* which attended him, in a grand Tilting Match, given in honour of Queen Elizabeth! His words are, “William Burgham served under Sir Francis Drake, in the memorable year 1588. He jousted at the Tournament held in honour of the Queen’s accession, and appeared with a *train* equal to any in the lists, though his magnificence, on the occasion, *greatly* diminished his

fortune, to compensate for which, Queen Elizabeth made him keeper of three forests in *Gloucestershire* !”

Chatterton’s incongruity will ludicrously appear in bringing down to the latter years of Elizabeth, *Tilts* and *Tournaments* ! the characteristics of the chivalrous times of our Edwards, and our Henries ! It however suited *Henry Burgham*, and nothing more was regarded by the young deceiver ; who should however have known that this said William Burgham, *Esq.* according to the inflexible laws of chivalry, could not be admitted to *any* Tournament, with *a train*, or be found in any other capacity than the humble servitor of a *knight* ! The squire attended on the knight, the knight on the baron, and the baron on the king.

Chatterton concludes the pedigree with the following notable words : “ He, William Burgham, married Mary Walworth, by whom he had one son John, who lived in the reign of Charles the Second, and James the Second.” Here Chatterton discreetly terminates his inquiries ; shrewdly recollecting, that, if he trespassed on a more recent period, some oral or written evidence might awkwardly contravene his assertions.

But the most singular occurrence still remains to be noticed. Chatterton had no pence to spare, and after he had determined on transcribing Mr. Burgham’s Pedigree, he could command no *book* to appropriate to the purpose ; when he happily recollected he possessed a book, written only *half through*, and *that* writing was no other than portions of most genuine ancient poems, faithfully transcribed from the originals, with the following title :

“ Poems by Thomas Rowley, Priest of St. John’s, in the City of Bristol, containing the Tournament, an Interlude ; and a piece by Cannyng, called the Gouler’s (Usurer’s) Requiem.”

After receiving Mr. Burgham's first generous gift of five shillings, he purchased a fair new book, for the *second part* of the pedigree, and, in due time, presented it to Mr. B. "unmix'd with baser matter."

At the time when Mrs. Newton received from the author, the *first payment*, of one hundred and eighty-four pounds, fifteen shillings, from the profits of her brother's works, (a receipt for which is retained,) as a grateful memorial, she presented him with the *identical pocket book* which Chatterton had taken with him to London, and in which he had kept his *cash account*, with a list of his different *political letters*. If the result had been less melancholy, it would have been amusing, to find our young bard magisterially addressing some of the first personages in the land! (See Page 5, Note.)

The following is also Chatterton's private cash account, (never before made public.)

	£	s.	d.
Recd. to May 23, of Mr. Hamilton,			
for Middlesex	1	11	6
Recd. of B.	1	2	3
— of Fell, for the Consuliad ..	0	10	6
— of Mr. Hamilton, for Candidus, and			
Foreign Journal	0	2	0
— of Mr. Fell	0	10	6
— Middlesex Journal	0	8	6
— Mr. Hamilton, for 16 Songs ..	0	10	6
	<hr/>		
	£4	15	9
	<hr/>		

From this statement it will be found, that the unfortunate Chatterton, the illustrious author of *Rowley*! received from the booksellers, during the four months of his residence in London, (notwithstanding his dreams of

fame and fortune,) no more than *four pounds, fifteen shillings, and nine pence* ! something less than six shillings per week ! At a period a little preceding his *starvation and death*, he has recorded, (who can tell with what agony of mind !) that the various publishers owed him “ *ten pounds, nineteen shillings, and nine pence* !”

It may here be remarked, that the officers at the Heralds' College remembered, they told the writer, Mr. Burgham formerly to have submitted to them *this*, his pedigree, found, for the most part, in the archives of Redcliff Church. Its authenticity, he affirmed, could not be questioned for a moment, and he appeared to have brought it to the college, not to excite doubt, or to provoke discussion, but merely, as a matter of course, to receive the heralds' corroborative attestation. The affair, however, was not so soon to be settled. The officers of the institution examined this authentic pedigree, with the closest attention, *this very pedigree*, which was founded, professedly, on the records of March and Garter, and yet the very Heralds of March and Garter, unspeakably surprised and mortified the half-ennobled Mr. Burgham, by informing him that the whole was a *hoax* by that prodigy of genius and deception, the Bristol Boy, Tom Chatterton !

The authorities will now be noticed that Chatterton cites, and which will be found, (as might be expected,) for the most part, to be of no credit. We have heard of oral tradition, but *oral deeds* are a new, and inadmissible species of evidence ; and though, with some, the authority of Rowley may still be deemed legitimate, yet *March and Garter*, so often referred to, are absolute nonentities ; these titles being applied to *officers*, in perpetual succession, in different departments of heraldry, and not to particular *writings*.

With respect to emblazonments, also, which systematically follow every new name, Chatterton equally exposes himself to detection. The coats of arms ascribed to different individuals, throughout the work, are almost universally the direct reverse of those which the respective families have ever borne; independently of which, some are imperfectly defined, and other fields superabundantly charged, not accordant with the customs of the age; whilst there is almost a total absence of the cross and the escalop-shell, so common to the bearings of the middle ages.*

These mistakes and inadvertencies may fairly be ascribed to the haste with which the pedigree was, probably, written, designed merely to answer some temporary purpose; and they are named only to infer that no person would have been exposed to such errors, who primarily respected facts, and adhered to authorities.

It is evident that Chatterton had paid particular attention to heraldry, both from the present pedigree, and his letter to Ralph Bigland, but there are few who will not smile, when they find the young bard of Bristol gravely telling his relation, Mr. Stephens, Leather Breeches Maker, of Salisbury, that he traces his descent from Fitz-Stephen, Grandson of Od, Earl of Bloys, and Lord of Holderness, in the eleventh century!

With respect to the authorities which Chatterton gives for his emblazonments, they will be found to consist of

* There are two Lancashire families of the name of Chatterton, but the arms of neither bear any resemblance to those in the pedigree ascribed to Radcliff de Chatterton, (a most appropriate name!) The first being, "Gules, a Cross Potent Crossed, Or;" and the second, "Argent, a Cheveron, Gules, between three Tenter Hooks."

a profusion of names well known in heraldry, and, as might be supposed, without any *particular reference*, amongst which, frequently appear March, Garter, and Rowley !

In order to ascertain, in a general way, what portion of truth was contained in the Pedigree of De Burgham, the writer examined several of the works referred to, in the margin of the MS. (through the urbanity of Sir George Nayler, Garter King at Arms, who politely allowed him access to the library of the Heralds' College,) and found, except in one instance, the whole to be fabulous. This one exception refers to Sir William Moleneux, who is stated, in the pedigree, to have died at Canterbury, on his return from the wars in Spain, in the year 1372, and at which place, it is affirmed, he was buried, with a latin inscription. This information, and inscription, are accurately taken from Weaver's Funeral Monuments, p. 234, and to which Chatterton refers the reader ; but, with this work, Chatterton was acquainted, as he adverts to it in his account of the Christmas Games.

The following singular fact may be noticed. In the De Burgham Pedigree, Chatterton had the *temerity* to introduce several paragraphs, and epitaphs in Latin and old French, some of them extensive, without knowing one word of what he had written ! He obtained these from *Weaver*, and other writers, and collected their *meaning* by the manner of their introduction. His extreme sagacity enabling him to judge of the general import, and appropriateness to his purpose, and then, by excluding the original proper names, and substituting his own, the learned references fitted with "dove-tail'd exactness." After Chatterton had crowded his pages with this imposing erudition, he was totally ignorant of

the *specific meaning*, and applied to Mr. Barrett for the various translations ; and, through the whole pedigree, these Latin and French extracts are regularly translated by Mr. Barrett, in his own hand-writing ; spaces being left in the MS. for that purpose. Such is the exact adjustment of those extracts to the subjects they illustrate, that no reader, who did not know the fact, would consider it *possible* for a mere English scholar to wield so dexterously the weapons of the learned.

The pedigree of De Burgham will strikingly illustrate the character of Chatterton. It will exhibit him, to the advocates of Rowley, in a new light : it will demonstrate him to have indulged a peculiar taste for subjects connected with antiquities : it will prove him to have been directed by a sound judgment in selecting names and incidents adapted to his purpose ; and will evidence a mind capable of forming a great and intricate plan, on the most slender materials, where success could result alone, from the nicest arrangement.

The ingenuity, also, which Chatterton discovered in comprehending, and applying quotations from languages which he notoriously did not understand, will be observable, and show that he possessed, not only no ordinary share of perseverance, but a power of assembling the plausible, and, it may be added, a love, a very *passion*, for imposing on the credulity of others.

It may fairly be presumed, that there will be but one opinion respecting the spuriousness of the De Burgham Pedigree, but this admission involves other, and serious consequences. If one be abandoned, what becomes of that fine old poem, “The Romaunte of the Cnyghte,” by John de Burgham, composed about the year 1320, and written in a style so similar to that of the “Gode Priest, Thomas Rowley,” that it is an effort not to

believe that both were manufactured in the same loom. But to come directly to the point. If Chatterton was equal to the De Burgham Pedigree, and the Romaunte of the Cnyghte ; forgeries, particularly the *first*, requiring great complication of plan and mental effort, who shall deny to him the power of producing Rowley ?

The subject must not, however, terminate here. What were the stupendous talents of that boy, who could imitate, (in spirit, rather than in language,) our elder writers, and compose a series of poems, exhibiting high and diversified excellencies ; as coherent in their plan, as they were correct in their execution ? What were the limits of *his* capacity, who could give to this complicated imposture, an origin so plausible, and support his various fabrications, by an exuberance of “ Antique Lore,” such as appeared to transcend the possible acquirements of a boy of fifteen or sixteen ? It should be remembered, also, that the whole deceived men of clear judgment, and sound erudition ; such as Jacob Bryant, and the Dean of Exeter, who were proud, as they professed themselves to be, of “ England’s Ancient Glories,” thus suddenly emerging from oblivion ; whilst they bestowed encomiums on their genius ; wasted learning in their illustrations, and absolutely divided the suffrages of the nation !

It does not militate against Chatterton’s consummate talents, that many disbelieved, and more doubted. Thousands, with literary champions at their head, inflexibly upheld this “ Thomas Rowley, Priest of St. John’s ;” but the present age has effectually torn the mask from specious deception ; and it is fitting that *Bristol*, where the imposture originated, should be the first, also, effectually to dissipate the delusion.

The author may further remark, that, in identifying

the priest of the fifteenth century, with the bard of the eighteenth, Chatterton must be considered as an almost miraculous being! on whom was showered, “The pomp and prodigality of heaven!” Independently of his creative faculty, he is to be recognised as one who seemed intuitively to possess what others imperfectly acquire by labour. All difficulties vanished before him; and every branch of knowledge *became familiar*, to which he directed his luminous attention.

When we consider the wonderful acquirements of Chatterton in his short life, the mind indulges a melancholy reflection on what another seventeen years might have produced! But, as it is, in his works, he has reared to himself an immortal cenotaph, and it is high time for the public, with a decisive hand, to pluck the borrowed plumes from a *fictitious Rowley*, and to place them on the brow of a *real Chatterton*. With a fame no longer divided, the present generation should boast the honourable distinction of having produced, in “Bristol’s ornament and glory,” one of the greatest geniuses that ever floated on the “Tide of Time!”

ESSAY V.

ON

ROWLEY'S ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS.

DEAN Milles, in the midst of his zeal for Rowley, has candidly remarked that the genuineness of Rowley's Poems must necessarily depend on the authenticity, or spuriousness, of those MSS. that Chatterton produced as the originals. This is an equitable test, which the Anti-Rowleians readily admit.

These MSS. were long in the possession of the late Dr. Glynn, of Cambridge, a zealous Rowleian, who affirmed that he could as soon believe the moon was made of green cheese, as admit that the Poems of Rowley were written by a Bristol charity-boy of fifteen: and this objection, in the case of a hundred million of boys, would have been conclusive, but the compass and precocity of Chatterton's mind absolutely confound all human calculations.

Dr. Glynn, at his death, bequeathed his *Relics* to the British Museum, where they are now deposited, and, consequently, are open to the public. The writer, from having minutely inspected the whole of these MSS. will now detail the deliberate impression which they left on his mind: writings, in which Chatterton's character is so deeply implicated; which place him in the very foremost ranks of genius, or reduce him to a comparative insignificance.

The reader will be filled with surprise, upon learning that, of the forty-two pretended Originals of Rowley, (independently of the *authentic* prose account of the

Fac-simile of Rowley's Hand Writing.

The A Court of Chancery

[illegible]

Armo Antyannze zomoe long^s.



⑥ FM Comyuc-Rosco No 63-

R^m Canyngre.

Fac-simile of Chatterton's Hand Writing.

The Romaunte of the Bryghte.

The Sunne unto Virgine was gotten

The flowers all arounde on prynged

Churches of *Brystowe*, with which Mr. Barrett has enriched his “History of Bristol,”) *two only are the Poems of Rowley!* The first of the manuscripts begins thus:

“Johaes Chatener, a Monk of Seyncte Augustyne’s, Mynsterre yn, and a native of Brystowe, was a carveller in Stone and Wode. He done the Tombde of Fytz-Herdsdinde, Barkelaie, in his Mynstere: the Armes of Brystowe at Slefordes, the Ymageryes of Robynne à Glousterre, and the Tombe of Framptonne, yn Seyncte Johnys Chyrche. He deceased yn M,CCC,XV, beyng buried ynne the Chyrche of the Templars. His Armes, Argent, &c. &c.” Then comes the account of William Cannyngge, as follows:

“Wyllyam Cannyngge was borne seconde Sonne of John, Sonne of W. Sonne of Roberte Canyngge, alle of Seyncte Marie Redclefe. Hee was related to y Nevylles, Monteacut, ande other gentylle houses, butte he deserveth hys storie yn ogyse than Poynters, and Carvellers, and so shall I give it yn Vear.” Here follow the thirty-four first lines, entitled “the Storie of Wm. Canyngge,” beginning,

“Anent a brooklette as I lay reclined,

“Listenynge to heare the water glyde along,” &c.

and these thirty-four lines, and one other short piece, are the only *Poems, or scraps of Poems*, which Chatterton ever produced as the Originals of Rowley!!!

This first parchment is about *nine* inches long, by five wide. The parchment, for the most part, has been coloured brown, and then varnished, but for what cause is uncertain, unless it be to communicate the artificial appearance of age. The edges, in some places, exhibit the natural colour of *recent parchment*. The characters are extremely difficult to be understood, and scarcely any two of the same letters are formed alike. The letter

“*e*,” in particular, is represented in twenty different forms, [see fac-simile,] whilst the writing is dissimilar, and in a constrained hand.

A minute description of Rowley's Remains was given by the writer, in the third volume of Chatterton's Works, to recapitulate the whole of which, in this place, would be, therefore, unnecessary, but as such supreme importance is attached to these originals, involving the ultimate decision of the question at issue, it may be proper to make some slight references to a few of the *most remarkable*.

The strips of parchment are passed over, ostentatiously denominated “*The Yellow Roll*,” and “*The Purple Roll*,” which are destitute, not only of all the indications of antiquity, but, in certain parts, present the unequivocal appearance of *new parchment*! retaining even its very gloss. The “*Purple Roll*” is remarkable as being the *largest* of the MSS. which Chatterton professed to have obtained from Redcliff Church; yet its size is only thirteen inches by ten, and filled with writing, which is called a “*Section of Turgotus*.” The ink is yellow, the letters not uniform, and it requires ingenuity, and the spirit of perseverance, to comprehend, without conjecture, three words together, in any part of it.* If

* The fac-simile of Rowley's hand-writing, (see plate,) will illustrate this remark. Who, unassisted by *Chatterton*, could have traced out the following lines in that fac-simile? It is absolutely a riddle, and its explanation.

Thorowe the halle, the belle han sownde;
Byelecoyle doe the grave beseeme;
The ealdermenne doe sytte arounde,
Ande snoffelle oppe the cheorte steeme.
Lyche asses wylde ynne desarte waste,
Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taste.

this parchment was kept in a box in Redcliff Church Muniment-Room, for three hundred years, it must have been *miraculously preserved*, as it is perfectly smooth, perfectly clean, not more yellow than the tinges of many new parchments are, and completely devoid of those mildew spots which soon affect both paper and parchment, when placed in a damp situation. It should be remembered also, that the Muniment-Room is a sort of attic, lying over the north porch, with numerous apertures, open to the *wind* and *rain*, where a box of papers would literally decay in twenty years, and yet these delectable poems and records, (not the smallest vestige of which had ever transpired,) are stated to have been preserved, immaculate, in this situation, for fifteen times twenty years!

Number 4, is the "Roll of St. Bartholomew's Priory." The first line is composed in the large modern *round-text* hand, with which attorneys commence their deeds; then, a sudden transition takes place, and the remainder is written in characters so small, and unintelligible, that if Chatterton, at the time he gave it to Mr. Barrett, had not accompanied it with what might be called a *translation*, it is hazarding little to say, it never could have been made out. Sixty-three lines are crowded into a space of $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It is more than probable, that Mr. Barrett had often importuned Chatterton for a sight of the *originals*, the communication of which, would too severely have taxed his ingenuity; the wily boy, there-

Syke keene thie ate; the minstrels plaie,
 The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe;
 Heie styлле the gwestes ha ne to saie,
 Butte nodde yer thankes ande falle aslape.
 Thus echone daie bee I to deene,
 Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb Gorges be ne scene.

Account of W. Canynge's Feast.

fore hit upon a most ingenious plan for allaying this troublesome curiosity ; which was, to present *a few* of the originals, but written in characters, almost as inexplicable as the Chinese. This expedient appears completely to have succeeded, for, in order not to be *teased* with these *antediluvian* parchments, Mr. B. was satisfied to transfer the labour of development to the blue-coat boy, (who did not regard the trouble, and was, moreover, *expert* at such things,) and contentedly to receive from him, the inestimable communications *in Chatterton's own handwriting*, doled out in proportion to his success in *deciphering* !

Number 7, is entitled “Vita Burtoni,” partly written with *brown* ink, and, in other parts, with ink, perfectly *black*. In the centre, it is smeared with brown varnish, to assume, perhaps, the appearance of age, but the writing strongly resembles the attorney's common engrossing hand. There are some drops of *red ink* in different parts of this parchment.*

Number 8, is called “St. Mary's of the Port.” The characters here are large, but so confused, and involved, that they could be solved by no one but by him who wrote them.

Number 11. ‘This is a mere scratch with a pen, of an ancient castle. To this *original* is affixed a more correct drawing by Chatterton, which he denominates “The Chapel, beinge the Wardour's Palace Affronte.” In this

* The Pedigree of De Burgham (in the author's possession, with other MSS. of Chatterton and Rowley,) presents a *systematic* use of *red ink*. All the *proper names* are written with red ink, as are all the *authorities* in the margin, and all the numerous *coats of arms* at the bottom of the pages ; nor is there a single obliterated line or word in the whole MS. The MS. resembles an almanack, from the intermixture of *black* and *red* letters.

parchment are found, it is true, some faint marks, which a strong imagination might suppose *once* to have been writing, and Chatterton having given a correct translation, shows that *he* could comprehend what would puzzle all others.

Number 12. This is a sketch with a pen, of a church, (neither Rowley nor Chatterton ever drew with any thing but a *pen*!) in one place rather soiled, or otherwise the parchment is as white as the paper to which it is affixed. At the bottom of this notoriously modern drawing, appears a portion of the *true old writing*, so illegible, that as Chatterton did not think proper to declare its import, the signification must henceforth be buried in oblivion.

Number 20. This is a view of the pretended old Bristol Castle, scratched with a pen, on a piece of *new parchment* with the name of *Thomas Rowley*, affixed, but which bears a resemblance to no Saxon, or Norman Castle on record. The old Priest of St. John's has exhibited, oddly enough, at the top of the castle, eight heraldic fields, alternately, a chief two bendlets, and a chief two clarions.

Number 30. This is a drawing of the Strong Hold of Bristol Castle, by Thomas Rowley, on a strip of new parchment, 9 inches by 4. No one could possibly suspect this to be *AUNCIENT*, if they did not perceive at the bottom, in the genuine *old hand*, "This Stronge Holde onne the Banke of Avonne ybuildenne, bie R. G. neere the olde walle of the myttier Castle."

It is presumed that this brief description of a few of Rowley's original MSS. will satisfy every reader, that, in the aggregate, they are totally spurious; yet, on a question like the present, which has so long, and resolutely been contested, nothing ought to be admitted which is not proved. But, before the writer proceeds to

other reasoning, as a little divertisement, he will here bestow a remark or two on *Horace Walpole*, who, in the affair of Chatterton, has been screened from more censure than he *equitably deserves*.

Mr. Walpole received a long letter from a stranger, professedly versed in antiquities, who announces to him that he is possessed of several curious and ancient MSS. and, as a specimen, transmits “The Ryse of Peyncteyne in Englande, wroten bie T. Rowlie, 1469, for Mastre Canynge.” This communication completely deceived Horace Walpole, who subsequently became ashamed of his credulity, but the tenor of his answer best evidences what were his immediate impressions. He wrote thus in reply :

“I cannot but think myself singularly obliged by a gentleman, with whom I have not the honour of being acquainted, when I read your very curious letter, which I have this moment received. I give you a thousand thanks for it, and for the very obliging offer you make me of communicating your MSS. What you have already sent, is *very valuable*, and full of *information*, but instead of correcting *you*, Sir, you are far more able to correct *me*. I have not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language, and without your *learned notes*, should have been unable to comprehend Rowley’s text. The Abbot John’s verses, (written about 1186,) that you have given me, are wonderful for their harmony and spirit.”

How it was possible for a man, endued with an ordinary measure of discernment, to have supposed that a poem, written in the barbarous reign of Henry II. could bear any resemblance to a *modern ditty*, is inexplicable ! beginning in the true lyrical cadence, though obscured by old spelling.

“ Harte of lion ! shake thy sword,
Bare thy murther-stained hand !” &c.

Chatterton now transmitted to Horace Walpole a second letter, containing a continuation of “ *Peyncters in Englande,*” including a poem by Ecça, Bysshoppe of Hereforde, wroten in 1057, in gode Saxon, and which *Rowley* had translated ; commencing thus,

“ Whan azure skie ys veylde yn robes of nyghte,” &c.
Chatterton sends also another poem by the same hand, beginning thus,

“ Whanne sprynge came dauncinge onne a flowrette
bedde,” &c.

After Walpole had received this second communication, without, as it appears, entertaining any apprehension of a forgery, he wrote to Chatterton, doubtless in a strain similar to his first letter, earnestly soliciting some further account of *Rowley*, and his productions ; and received, in reply, a large portion of these professedly ancient poems.

The moment was now arrived for a grand development. Walpole declares, in his narrative of this affair, that his suspicions were excited, and this declaration, which he advanced as a *palliative*, re-acts on him with an overwhelming force ! Chatterton, with all the simplicity of one who knew little of the callous structure of the human mind, with a touching, and generous confidence, threw himself on the pity of Walpole, and disclosed his necessitous condition : declaring that he was only sixteen years of age, (at which period all *Rowley* had been written !) that he was the son of a poor widow, who supported him with great difficulty : that he was clerk to an attorney, but had a taste for more elegant studies, and delicately intimating that he, to whom he was writing, might, if disposed, render him a service. This is the very point on which the question turns.

Horace Walpole had no *right* to feel very indignant at a literary forgery, after the deception he had practised on the public, in affirming that his "*Castle of Otranto*" was a translation from the Italian. He expressly admits that no doubt rested on his mind, that Rowley was a fictitious character, and that all Chatterton's communications were spurious. He must have asked himself, by whom then *were* they written? embodying a mass of ingenuity and excellence, which, in the first instance, had extorted from him the highest encomiums! He must have known that the whole was written by that marvellous boy, who now stood before him as a humble dependant, and who had thus given evidence of a genius susceptible of unlimited attainments! What was now the conduct of Horace Walpole, the man who could fly to Tunbridge Wells, or hurry down to Bath, to meet a favourite party? What was his procedure at the period when a noble spirit would almost have rushed to administer both solace and relief to a poor boy of sixteen, who could not then be contemplated without wonder, and within whose reach, had he met with moderate encouragement, lay all that man was capable of attaining!

Chatterton constantly affirmed to Mr. Catcott, (and with the appearance of justice,) that Horace Walpole *despised* him from the time he disclosed his indigent circumstances. It is certain that, from that moment, his admiration, once so ardent, abruptly ceased, and that, on an occasion, when new admiration ought to have been excited, and respect unspeakably augmented; instead of which, he stabbed to the heart the high-minded bard of Bristol, by abandoning his former *deference*, and transmitting to him, as cold, phlegmatic, and revolting common-place advice, (considering the occasion,) as ever issued from hard-hearted dulness. Ac-

according to Mr. Walpole's own statement, he wrote to him, what he calls "a kind letter, urging to him, that, in duty and gratitude to his mother, who had straitened herself to bring him up to a profession, in which he ought to *labour*, that he might absolve his filial debt; and that when he had *made a fortune*, he might unbend himself with studies more consonant with his inclination."

A slight effort, at this time, on the part of Horace Walpole, might have saved from destruction *Thomas Chatterton*! That he should have suffered so "fair an occasion" to pass for ever by, will associate no *blessings* with his name; whilst, in every generous breast, it will awaken keen, but unavailing regrets, that the appeals of this fine spirit should not have been made to one, endowed with the *best* sympathies of our nature, and who could foster and recognise genius, even under the uncourtly garb of poverty.

What a contrast to Horace Walpole was furnished by the noble conduct of Dr. Fry, head of St. John's College, Oxford. He had seen some manuscript copies of Rowley, when discerning their extraordinary merit, he came to Bristol, with two express objects:—*first*, to ascertain on the spot, whether the poems *were* the genuine production of the fifteenth century, and, *secondly*, if they should prove to be merely a successful imitation, to patronize the writer, whoever he might be, justly inferring that the man who could produce *such* compositions, *might* become an ornament to his country. With these beneficent views he arrived in Bristol, when, the first intelligence he received was, that Chatterton, a few days before, had sunk under the combined influence of poverty and insanity! Had the poor bard's application been made, in the first instance, to *Dr. Fry*, rather than to

Horace Walpole, Chatterton might have lived, and his country have rejoiced!

After this, perhaps, too long digression, the elucidation of the grand question requires it to be noticed, that of the whole collection of Rowley's alleged originals, not one has the semblance of antiquity, either in the writing, or the substance of the parchment; and is it for *these*, it may be asked, for which so many grave and learned men have contended, with such marvellous pertinacity? whilst one in particular, (Jacob Bryant,) traces *intimate resemblances* between *Rowley* and *Homer*, and deduces, as he conceives, a conclusive argument against Chatterton, by showing that the priest of St. John's was, unquestionably, a *very learned man*, and quite familiar with all the *best Greek and Latin classics*!

Mr. Walpole appears to have imbibed the opinion that, in proportion as he *discredited Rowley*, he *exonerated himself*, but an inference, *the very reverse*, should have been drawn. He, however, justly remarks, that Chatterton's drawings of Bristol Castle "are a fictitious style of architecture, reducible to no age." They are, indeed, with his numerous other drawings, a compound of all that is fanciful and incongruous. Sometimes a Gothic window adjacent to a Saxon door; sometimes a Gothic shaft surmounted by an Ionic capital, (and this, long before the introduction of Grecian architecture into England!) sometimes a tower, with the *whole* of its base occupied with one large *door*; sometimes a perspective, taken from two different points of view, so that *both* gable ends are visible at the same time; and Rowley on one occasion, in his zeal for the honour of *heraldry*, has introduced in a building, twelve cross pattees!

Nothing less than full demonstration of the authen-

ticity of the original manuscripts, could substantiate the claims of Rowley, but, instead of these being unexceptionably genuine, there is not one in the whole collection which is not calculated to raise accumulated suspicions; whilst the majority of them are such flagrant counterfeits, that those who remember Chatterton's ingenuity, are necessarily surprised, that, on so important an occasion, he should have exerted it with so little success.

That the possessors of these pretended originals should so scrupulously have guarded them, (as they are well known to have done,) from *unenlightened eyes*, excites no astonishment, nor can we wonder that the advocates of Rowley should have derived none of their arguments from the MSS. and have confined their strictures, for the most part, to points, not involving the grand question; but the impartial investigator will deem it no presumption in their favour, that, in supporting their cause, they should wholly have passed over that species of evidence which was, in itself, the most appropriate and conclusive, and to which an impartial, and judicious examiner would most readily have appealed, as to a decisive criterion.

But to illustrate this argument still more strongly, it may be remarked, that, if those who possessed the MSS. of Rowley, had not suspected the accuracy of what they professed to believe, and been more solicitous to support an *hypothesis* than to discover *truth*, it is reasonable to conclude, that they would, in the first instance, have submitted the presumed originals to public scrutiny; courting that investigation which they invariably shunned. Such an obviously proper, and ingenuous conduct, would have produced the effect, beyond all doubt, of immediately terminating this protracted and acrimonious controversy.

Many remember that, prior to the appearance of *Barrett's* "History of Bristol," if any one presumed to doubt the authenticity of Rowley, he was instantly silenced with the unanswerable remark, "Stay till Barrett is published, and then all objections will vanish." This star at length arose above the literary horizon, but instead of becoming the harbinger of light and peace, it was the precursor of discord!—and suspicions, instead of being suppressed by this boasted work, were only multiplied, and confirmed. Mr. Barrett has introduced in his history, minute accounts of all the churches and chapels in Bristol, from the writings of Thomas Rowley, furnished by Thomas Chatterton; and this he did, "good easy man," without entertaining a doubt of their authenticity. How *could* he doubt, when they were faithfully *transcribed* from the originals, by a young blue-coat boy, and carried on their face an unquestionable proof of their validity, from being in the old obsolete language of former ages, which he himself could not even have comprehended but for *Chatterton's gratuitous glossary*!

The more the subject has been investigated, the less valid have been found the pretensions of Rowley. Both Tyrwhitt and Warton, with many others, repelled the arguments of Bryant and Dean Milles, and proceeded far towards demolishing the claims of the Bristol Priest, but the objections to Rowley, advanced in these essays, are derived, for the most part, from *new sources*, to which former *Chattertonians* had no access, and the weight of which, the judicious reader will duly appreciate.

Those advocates for Rowley who were mortified by the unsatisfactory nature of Mr. Barrett's communications, now transferred all their confidence to *Dr. Glynn*, of Cambridge, who, from being in possession of

all the *originals*, might, in any hour he thought proper, (so it was said,) elucidate the obscure, and command credence, by producing demonstration; but that bubble, also, is burst; and the controversy, it is presumed, is so far determined, in the judgment of all who are capable of estimating the force of moral evidence, that *now* to advance any new argument against Rowley, appears almost ungenerous, and like the smiting of a prostrate foe.

But the confidence we express, as to the result of this inquiry, must be tempered by an abstinence from all asperity towards those who have confided in the reality of the Bristol Priest. When the public saw men of great research, like Dr. Glynn, and Jacob Bryant, affirming the genuineness of Rowley; and when they found the learned Dean Milles, *President of the Antiquarian Society*, not only concurring in their views, but publishing a splendid *royal quarto edition of Rowley's Poems*, accompanied with corroborative dissertations, it required, in every oppugner, the profoundest reliance on the convictions of his understanding. In the calmest estimation it *did* appear little less than *impossible* that an uneducated boy, of about fifteen, should have produced the matured excellencies of Rowley; but genius expatiates in an atmosphere of its own, and, occasionally confounds the rigid scrutinizer, by exhibiting effects beyond the range of his calculation; and this example of Chatterton absolutely furnishes a *New Feature* in the History of the Human Mind!

REMARKS,

PRELIMINARY TO THE CONSIDERATIONS ON

CHATTERTON'S ARMORIAL BEARINGS.

IT will now be necessary to notice a subject on which Rowleians have laid great stress. Four of Chatterton's juvenile friends, Thistlethwaite, Cary, Smith, and Rudhall, have concurred in expressing a decided conviction that his natural *talents* were not, *by any means*, equal to the composition of Rowley. These opinions, so confidently pronounced by those who were the associates of Chatterton, and which many have received as *oracular*, will require a few observations.

If these young depreciators of Chatterton's genius had known more of the human mind, even though our illustrious bard *had* failed in conversational power, they would have calculated less on the external, and been aware that the man of genius often surveys, with a dignified unconcern, the flippancies of the declaimer, and that, (from moving in a wider sphere,) he is *indifferent* to the applause with which inferior minds are inflated. Participating in these views, it was, doubtless, a subordinate object with Chatterton to shine, invariably, in those scenes of verbal gladiatorship, where his companions, perhaps, out-talked him, and congratulated themselves on an imagined superiority! If, however, in these seasons of social intercourse, he condescended to act a secondary part, desiring, (with a provident reserve of strength,) to *unbend*, rather than to *astonish*, he still knew, that, by his *writing*, (the most infallible test,) he could ascend, in any moment, to a sufficient height above his feeble competitors.

Maturer experience would have taught these presuming youths that the man, possessed of much original vigour, has generally cultivated a *fastidious taste*, which is satisfied with nothing short of *excellence*, either in writing or conversation, and as excellence, in its loftiest sense, is of slow growth, and attained with difficulty, even when all the faculties are deliberately called into exercise, in his desultory moments he is frequently, from a distrust of being able, *extemporaneously*, to do *justice* to his sentiments, content to remain silent, or to discourse on those casual, and unimportant subjects, where he voluntarily descends to the common level; and yet *this* perhaps is the season when some superficial observer forms his settled estimate of him, and takes the “gauge and dimensions” of his intellectual powers.

From having conversed with some, (of undoubted competence to decide,) who personally knew Chatterton, the writer is authorized in affirming, that, instead of sinking below the average standard, as many talented men have done, his conversation was ingenious, and often strikingly animated. It is impossible to know what these companions deemed to be essential to the author of Rowley, but one who well knew Chatterton, described him to the writer, as a boy who appeared “*like a Spirit*,” and to be possessed of, almost, supernatural attributes. His eye was black and penetrating; his forehead broad, and his whole aspect, in moments of excitement, *unapproachably commanding*: and if there occasionally appeared a vacancy in his countenance, with an inattention to passing occurrences, instead of resulting from dulness, as was apprehended, it originated in some mental process, above the comprehension of these his associates, and which, for a season, as might readily be conceived, abstracted him from the world.

The author well knew *Mr. Thistlethwaite*, the friend of our bard, and who, in his letter to Dean Milles, was the first to deny to Chatterton, (and that most strenuously,) the *ability* of producing Rowley. In an interview, however, with him, in the year 1798, Mr. Thistlethwaite had evidently modified his views on the subject, and, at that time, testified even *zeal* in exalting the capacity of Chatterton.

The late Mr. George Catcott also appeared to be *shaken* in his reliance on Rowley, and, in one of his last conversations, emphatically declared, that “*Chatterton’s talents were equal to any thing.*”

The writer may also further state, in these slight reminiscences, that when he once named to Mrs. Newton, Chatterton’s sister, that he had satisfactorily ascertained that her brother was the writer of the *whole of Rowley*, her countenance suddenly *brightened*, and, with a *singularly arch smile*, she replied, “Aye, to be sure : any body might have seen that with half an eye.”

But the more conclusive remarks now follow.

ESSAY VI.

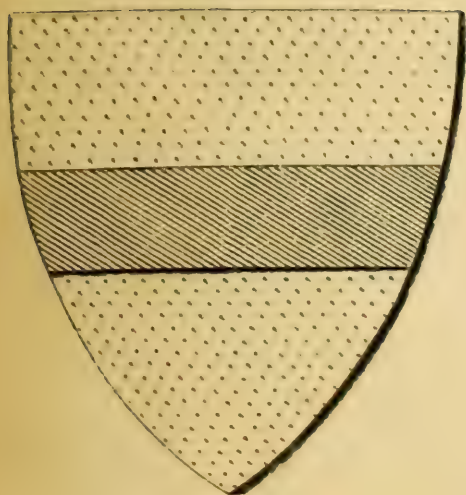
ON

CHATTERTON’S ARMORIAL BEARINGS.

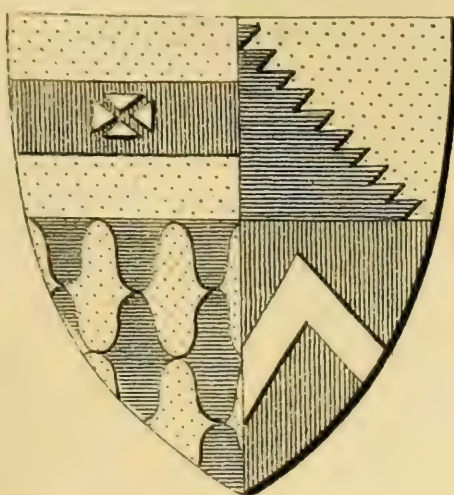
THERE are preserved, in the British Museum, nine distinct escutcheons, drawn by Chatterton, as being his family arms.

No. 1. Has the following description attached to it, by Chatterton : “ Descended from Sire De Chasteautonne, of the House of Rollo, the First Duke of Normandy, and Eviligina, of Ghent.

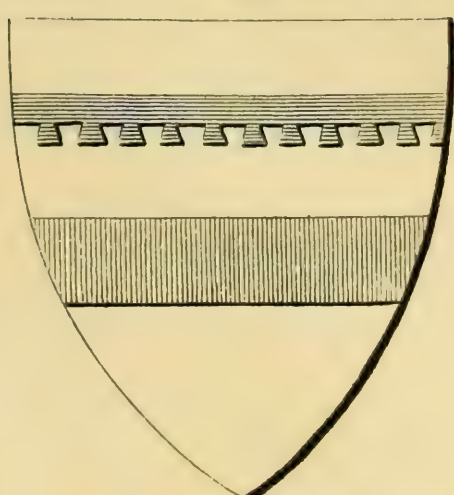
CHATTERTON'S ARMS.



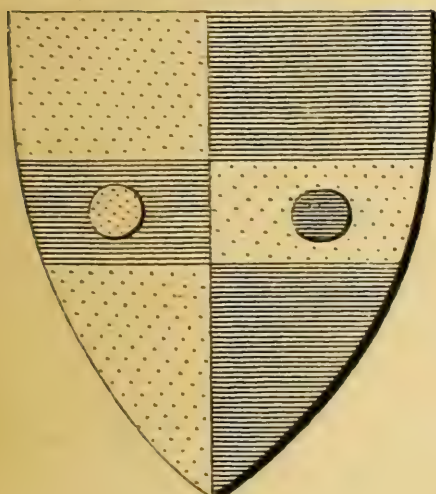
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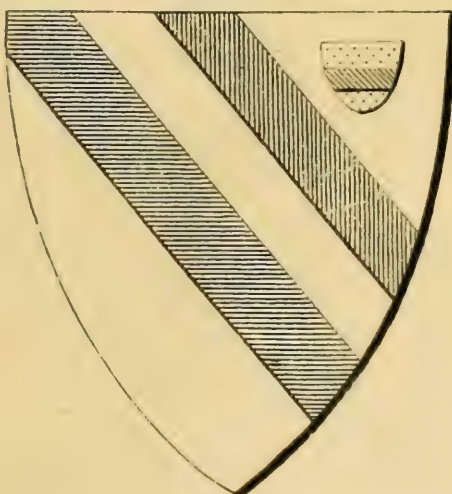
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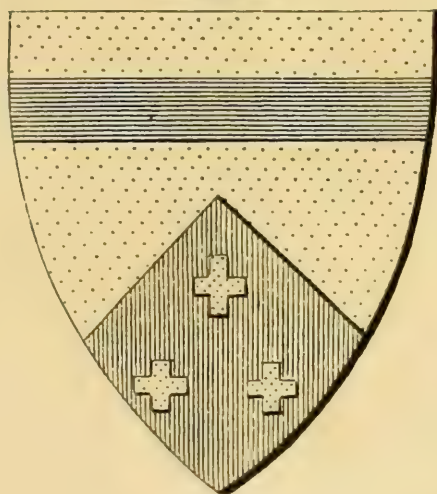
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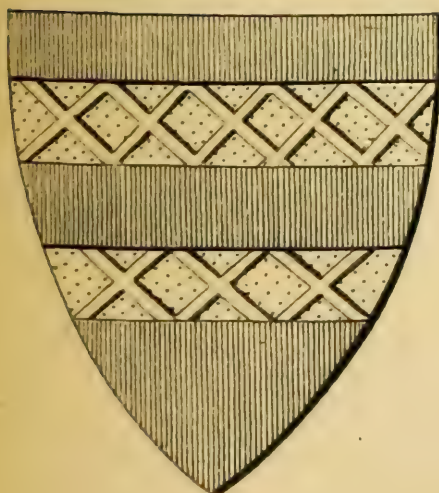


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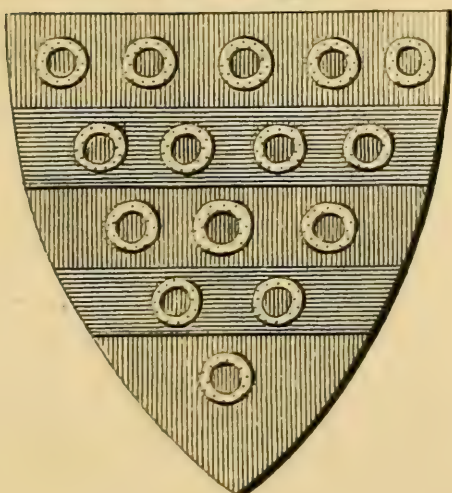


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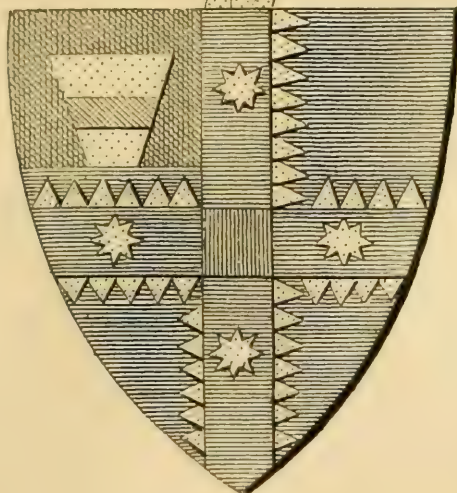
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8



9



Elhall, Dreighton, and Syesston, principal Seats of the Chattertons, in Lancashire. Went to Sir Rich. Molineux, Knight and Banneret, on the demise of Sir Thomas Chatterton, Knight and Banneret, of Elall, 13 Henry 4th."

No. 2. ——— "Syr Syward De Chattertonne of Draycheloe, 3d. of Wm. 1st. (Collins) Took this difference at the Fortuny of Roene."

No. 3. ——— "Saer Baron De Quinsie, Earl of Winchester, 1207. Half-brother to Syr Nigel De Chasterton, of Dreton."

No. 4. ——— "Syr Waleran Chatterton, surnamed De Ghent, 4th of Henry 1st."

No. 5. ——— "Eudo De Elall, took by assumption an Innescotcheon of Chatterton. 13th of Henry 1st."

No. 6. ——— "Vevyan Chatterton, Prior of Elall Priory, of Assumption."

No. 7. ——— "Gualter Baron Fortibus, Cousin to Sir Nigell De Chatterton, of Dreton. 2d. of Henry 2d."

No. 8. ——— "Geoffery De Placetis, half-brother to Syr Thomas Chatterton, of Elhall, 9th of Stephen."

No. 9. ——— "Engebram, Baron Chasteau Revignie, a Norman Lord, Chatterton by Assumption."

It is possible that these Arms were treasured up as the incipient materials of a "*De Chatterton Pedigree*," all compiled "from Tournament Rolls, and the Heralds of March and Garter Records," similar to the "*De Burgham Pedigree*."

Few persons, in the lower walks of life, are able to trace their descent for more than a hundred years, and when it is remembered that Chatterton's ancestors had been sextons of Redcliff Church for nearly one hundred and

fifty years, we cannot but notice his modesty, in ascribing his origin to Rollo, the 1st Duke of Normandy, whom the Great Alfred repelled, in the ninth century, from the shores of Britain, and obliged to seek for an asylum on the coast of France.

South speaks of some men “who see a little, and imagine a great deal;” but Chatterton imagined *a great deal*, without seeing *any thing*! resigning himself intrepidly to the unconstrained dominion of Fancy. As one evidence, he was able to ascertain the precise arms of *any* individual, so far back as the seventh century, and which is the more to be admired, as he promptly determines on points which would have puzzled all the heralds in Europe.

In a recent communication from the first *heraldic* authority in the country, the writer finds, that, though the De Burgham family was once so eminent, yet the *Heralds’ College* furnishes *no* record of *any* arms borne by that family!* What therefore, but *fancy*, could

* From an early period, and as late as 1683, the heralds proceeded to “visit” the various counties in the kingdom, and summoned before them all persons moving in the rank of nobility, esquires, or gentlemen, to enter on record their pedigree, and prove their right to armorial ensigns. The expense was inconsiderable, and those who were unable to adduce such proofs of their right, or were unwilling to discharge the fees of “taking out arms,” were recorded in the “*visitation books*,” as *disclaiming* such ensigns of honour; and these entries, renouncing the titles of esquires, and gentlemen, are often in the hand-writing of the individuals themselves.

These “*visitation books*” form most valuable records, and are admitted as evidence in the House of Peers, and in the several courts of law. They commence in the reign of Henry VIII. and are brought down to 1683. Of *London*, there is preserved in the *Heralds’ College*, a “visitation” in 1687.

have furnished Chatterton with so many *Bearings*, in remote periods, when, (as Camden has remarked,) “the change of appellation, customary upon accession of feudal property, throws continual obstructions in the progress of a genealogist, [as well as a heraldist ;] so that accuracy of deduction, (he says,) is hardly to be attained, with respect to the earlier times.”

If no memorials are preserved of the *Burghams*, for the above reasons, can the family of *Chatterton*, during the Norman times, possess an exemption from laws so general? But, lest there should be any advocates of Rowley now honouring these pages with a perusal, who, notwithstanding all that has been advanced, still cast “a longing, lingering look behind,” it is further remarked, that Chatterton’s escutcheons are *separately* objectionable, and inconsistent in the *aggregate*.

It has been the common practice of heraldry for the same family to bear the same arms, with certain established *differences*; and the exceptions which have arisen to this rule, consist of additions, whilst the colour of the field, and the charges, remain the same; the quarterings, arising from marriages, and intermarriages, (chiefly with heiresses,) not interfering with the original arms: but here are the *males* of the same family, who should have retained their patrimonial bearings, (at least, on the dexter side,) yet who all possess different escutcheons, from the appearance of which, the beholder would conclude that they belonged to totally distinct families; between whom, a couple of *inescutcheons* form but an imperfect union.

Whoever examines the conduct of Chatterton, will find that he was preeminently influenced by one particular disposition of mind, which was, through an excess of ingenuity, *to impose on the credulity of others*. This

predominant quality elucidates his character, and is deserving of minute regard, by all who wish to form a correct estimate of the Rowleian Controversy. A few of these are here recapitulated.

1st. The Rev. Mr. Catcott once noticed to Chatterton the inclined position of Temple Church, in the City of Bristol. A few days after, the blue-coat boy brought him an old poem, transcribed, as he declared, from *Rowley*, who had noticed the same peculiarity *in his day*, and had moreover written a few stanzas on *the very subject*.

2ndly. A new bridge is just completed over the River Avon, at Bristol, when Chatterton sends to the printer a genuine description, in antiquated language, of the passing over the old bridge, for the first time, in the thirteenth century, on which occasion two songs are chanted, by two Saints, of whom nothing was known, and expressed in language precisely the same as Rowley's, though he lived two hundred years after this event.

3dly. Mr. Burgham is credulous, and, from some whimsical caprice in his nature, is attached to *heraldic honours*. Chatterton, who approaches every man on his blind side, presents him with his pedigree, consecutively traced from the time of William the Conqueror, and coolly allies him to some of the noblest houses in the kingdom !

4thly. Mr. Burgham, with little less than *intuitive discernment*, is one of the first persons who expresses a firm opinion of the authenticity and excellence of *Rowley's Poems* : Chatterton, pleased with this first blossom of credulity, and from which he presaged an abundant harvest, with an elated

and grateful heart, presents him, (together with other testimonials,) the “*Romaunte of the Cnyghte*,” a poem written by *John De Burgham*, one of his own illustrious ancestors, who was the great ornament of a period, four hundred and fifty years antecedent ; and the more effectually to exclude suspicion, he accompanies it with the same poem, modernized by himself !

- 5thly. Chatterton wishes to obtain the good opinion of his relation, Mr. Stephens, of Salisbury, and, from some quality, which it is possible, his keen observation had noticed in this Mr. Stephens, he deems it the most effectual way to flatter his vanity, and accordingly tells him, with great gravity, that he traces his descent from Fitz-Stephen, son of Stephen, Earl of Ammerle, who was son of Od, Earl of Bloys, and Lord of Holderness, who flourished about A. D. 1095!
- 6thly. The late Mr. George Catcott, (to whom the public are so much indebted for the preservation of Rowley,) is a very worthy and religious man, when Chatterton, who has implements for all work, and commodities for all customers, like a skilful engineer, adapts the style of his attack to the nature of the fortress, and presents him with a fragment of a sermon, on the divinity of the Holy Spirit, as “*wroten by Thomas Rowley*.”
- 7thly. Mr Barrett is zealous to establish the antiquity of Bristol. As a demonstrable evidence, Chatterton presents him with an escutcheon (on the authority of the same Thomas Rowley) borne by a Saxon, of the name of Ailward, who resided in *Brystow*, A. D. 718 !

8thly. Mr. Barrett is also writing a comprehensive History of Bristol, and is solicitous to obtain every scrap of information relating to so important a subject. In the ear of Chatterton he expressed his anxiety, and suggested to him the propriety of his examining all Rowley's multifarious manuscripts, with great care, for an object of such weight. Of all the men in the world, Mr. Barrett could not have applied to so suitable a person as our young bard, for the amplest communication on this obscure subject. Chatterton had hitherto conducted a manufactory of a different kind, yet he possessed an anvil of all work, and, with the same ease, could sharpen a needle, or mould a Colossus,

Soon after this, the blue-coat boy came breathless to Mr. Barrett, uttering, like one of old, "I have found it!" He now presented the historian with two or three notices, (in his own handwriting, copied, as he declared, faithfully from the originals,) of some of the ancient Bristol Churches; of course, wholly above suspicion, for they were in the *true old English style*. These communications were regarded as of inestimable value, and the *lucky finder* promised to increase his vigilance, in ransacking the whole mass of antique documents, for fresh disclosures. It was not long before other important scraps were discovered, conveying just the *kind* of information which Mr. Barrett wanted, till, ultimately, Chatterton furnished him with many curious particulars concerning the castle, and *every* church and chapel in the city of Bristol! and these are some of the choicest materials of Mr. Barrett's,

otherwise, valuable History ! What an unprecedented instance of credulity appeared in these transactions ! The whole of the information, thus unhesitatingly received, being unsupported by either *document* or *tradition* ! and resting alone on the evidence of the “ Gode prieste,” *Thomas Rowley* ; between whom, and *Thomas Chatterton*, prejudice itself must allow, there was a great equality of talent, as well as a great similitude of pursuits ; they were both poets ; both antiquarians ; and both perpetually adverting to *heraldry* !

9thly. Public curiosity and general admiration are excited by poems, affirmed to be from the erse of Ossian. Chatterton, with characteristic promptitude, instantly publishes, not imitations, but a succession of genuine *translations* from the *Saxon* and *Welsh*, with precisely the *same* language and imagery, though the *Saxon* and *Welsh* were derived from different origins, the *Teutonic* and *Celtic* ; (which Bishop Percy has most satisfactorily shown in his able and elaborate preface to “ Mallett’s Northern Antiquities,”) and whose *poetry*, of all their writings, was the most dissimilar ; as will instantly appear to all who compare ‘Taliessen, and the other Welsh bards, with the Scandinavian Edda of Sæmond.

10thly. Mr. Walpole is writing the history of British Painters ; Chatterton, (who, to a confidential friend, had expressed an opinion that it was *possible*, by dexterous management, to deceive even this master in antiquities,) with full confidence of success, transmits to him “ An Account of eminent Carvellers and Peyncters who flour-

ished in Bristol, and other parts of England, three hundred years ago, collected for Master Canynge, by Thomas Rowley !”

Chatterton’s communication furnishes an amusing specimen of the quaint language with which this beardless boy deceived the old antiquarian. It commences thus :

“Peyncteynge ynn Englande, haveth of ould tyme bin in ure ; for sayeth the Roman wryters, the Brytonnes dyd depycte themselves yn soundry wyse, of the fourmes of the sonne and moone, wythe the hearbe *woade* : albeytte I doubt theie were no skylled carvellers,” &c. &c.

Mr. Walpole was so completely imposed upon, that, in his reply, without entertaining the slightest suspicion of the authenticity of the document, he reasons upon it, *as valid*, and says, “You do not point out the exact time when Rowley lived, which I wish to know, as I suppose it was long before John al Ectry’s discovery of oil painting ; if so, it confirms what I have guessed, and have hinted in my anecdotes, that oil painting was known here much earlier than that discovery, or revival.”

But these are all subordinate acquisitions. Chatterton’s ambition embraced a larger range, and was circumscribed by no other limit, than, in the person of *Rowley*, to deceive the whole world ! and that he succeeded to a wonderful extent, is attested by the voluminous dissertations of antiquarians, historians, and poets. The grandeur of the object indicated the comprehension of his mind, as well as his inexhaustible resources, and its partial success stands as a lasting monument of the height to which deception may attain, when conducted with

skill, and supported by the essential prerequisite of genius.

Another argument, of overwhelming importance, may be deduced from the following reflection : all the poets who thus owe their existence to Chatterton, write in the same harmonious style, and display the same *tact*, and superiority of genius. Other poets, living in the same, or different ages, exhibit a wide diversity in judgment, fancy, and the higher creative faculty of imagination, so that a discriminating mind can distinguish an individual *character* in almost every separate writer ; but here are persons living in different ages ; moving in different stations ; exposed to different circumstances ; and expressing different sentiments ; yet all of whom betray the same peculiar habits, with the same talents, and facilities of composition. This is evidenced, whether it be

The Abbatte John living in the year	1186
Seyncte Baldwynne	1247
Seyncte Warburgie	1247
John de Burgham	1320
The Rawfe Chedder Chappmanne	1356
Syr Thybbot Gorges	1440
Syr Wm. Canynge	1469
Thomas Rowley	1469
Carpenter, Bishoppe of Worcester	
Ecce, Bishoppe of Hereforde	
Elmar, Bishoppe of Selseie	
John Ladgate, or,	
Mayster John à Iscam	

And the whole of these poets, with the exception of Ladgate, completely unknown to the world, till called from their dormitory by Chatterton ! Such a fact would be a phenomenon unspeakably more inexplicable than that of ascribing Rowley to a youth of less than sixteen, who had made “ *Antique Lore*” his peculiar study, and

who was endued with premature, and almost unlimited genius.

Those who are aware of the transitions and fluctuations which our language experienced in the intermediate space comprised between Chaucer, and Sir Thomas More; and still greater between Robert of Gloucester, 1278, and John Trevisa, or his contemporary, Wickliff, who died 1384, know, to a *certainty*, that the writers enumerated by Chatterton, without surmounting a physical impossibility, *could not* have written in the same undeviating style.

No sophisticated reasoning can undermine this impregnable argument. But, perhaps, it may be affirmed that numerous old parchments *were* obtained from the Muniment-Room, or *elsewhere*.* This fact is undeni-

* The word *elsewhere*, is here introduced to imply that these MSS. (whatever they were) were not originally deposited in Redcliff Church Muniment-Room : a fact which has recently been elicited by George Cumberland, Esq. of Bristol. An old lady, lately deceased, Mrs. Edkins, informed Mr. C. that, when she was young, she remembered to have seen numerous old parchments in Canning's house, in Redcliff-street. The uncle of this lady *occupied Canning's house*, so that she had frequent opportunities of observing these parchments. They were kept, she said, in chests in the room which was called "The King's room," from the circumstance of Edward the Fourth, and Richard the Third having dined in this room with Alderman Canning. But the most important part of Mrs. Edkins' testimony, is the following: she distinctly remembered *the time* when her uncle had these coffers, or chests, removed from Canning's house by men "with long poles," to the Muniment-Room, in Redcliff Church, in order that they might *be out of the way*. She also remembered to have seen some of these parchments, afterwards, in old Mr. Chatterton's house, when she said to him, "Why, these are some of the parchments which I saw in Canning's house;" an affirmation which he did not deny; and the above occurrence completely proves the absurdity of the supposition that these parchments had been preserved from decay, in the exposed Muniment-Room, for more than three hundred years.

able ; but they are understood to consist of ancient ecclesiastical deeds, as unconnected with poetry, as they are with galvanism.

The most determined advocate of Rowley will hardly contend, in the face of these objections, that the poetical train of writers, brought forward by Chatterton, wrote all the various poems ascribed to them ; men who, though possessing claims to distinction when writers were *few*, and commendation was *cheap*, intensely slept for ages, and then suddenly burst from their cemeteries, like stars, to form a new constellation in the regions of poetry. In this dilemma, the inference becomes unavoidable, that, if these compositions were *not* written by the respective men to whom they are ascribed, who *could* have been their author but *Chatterton* ? and if Chatterton composed these, who shall deny to him the whole of Rowley ? seeing there is a perfect uniformity between all the writers, in the harmony, the language, and the train of their sentiment ?

The author will be pardoned for once more adverting to this argument, as it is the strong hold of the question. It rests on no subtle and equivocal train of reasoning, but derives its efficacy from an incontrovertible fact, the

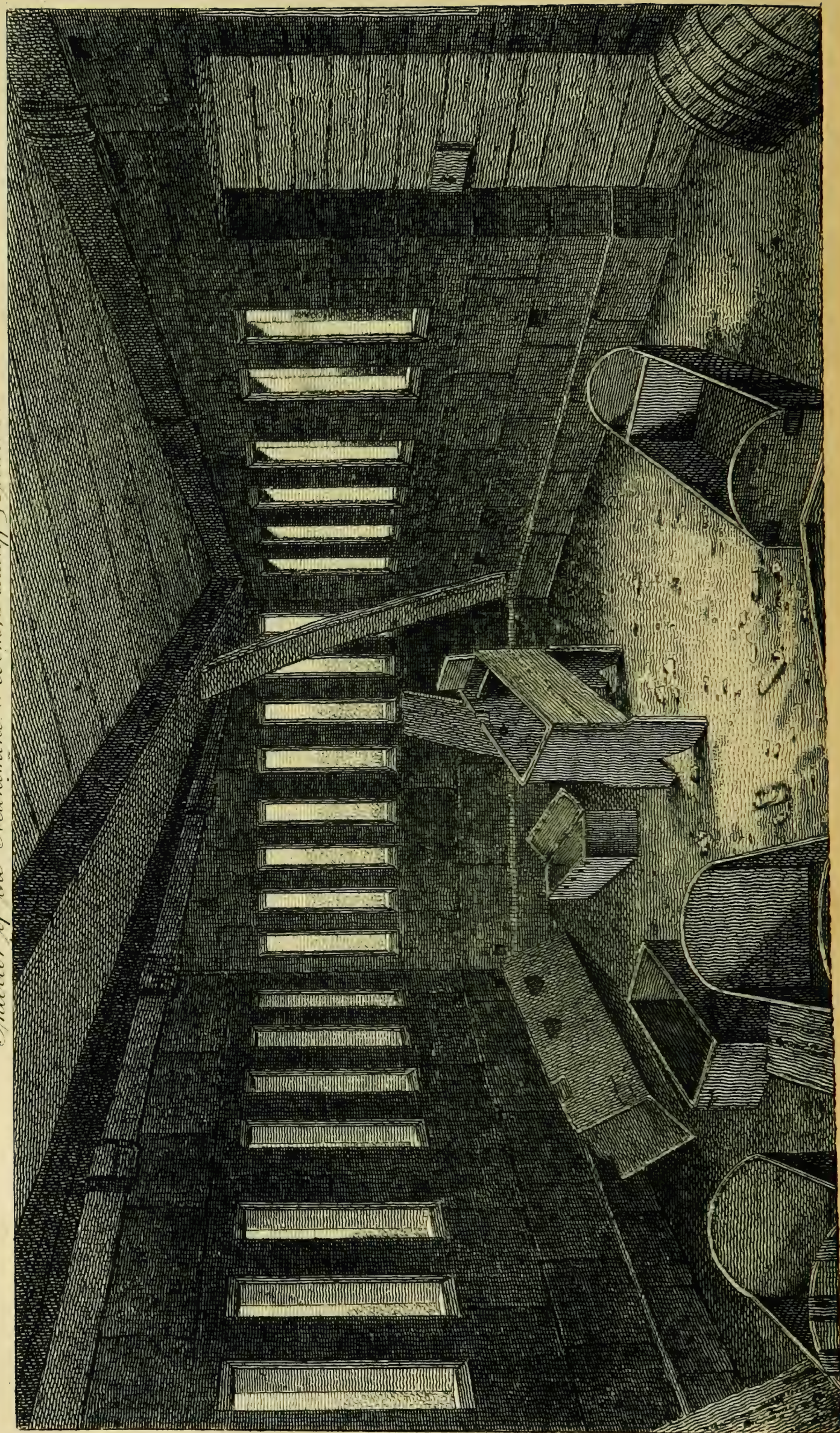
These old deeds, or a large proportion of them, found their way into the hands of a gentleman in Cambridge, who lately bequeathed them to *Mr. Cumberland*, who will, doubtless, soon have them examined, and it will then be ascertained, whether parchments, expressing often *Rowley's* name, and referring to *Rowley's period*, contain any thing more than points of local history. Whoever expects to find in this antiquated assemblage another *Ella*, or a counterpart of the *Battle of Hastings*, will prove to be as much disappointed as the man who waits till the fire ceases to warm, or the brook to flow. Somewhat less conclusive evidence of the same fact, (which no sober inquirer could have doubted,) has been obtained by the writer also.

full force of which is perceivable by all capacities. Let the dispassionate enquirer ask himself, whether he thinks it *possible* for men, living in distant ages, when our language was unformed, and therefore its variations the greater, to write in the *same style*? Whether it was possible for the Abbatte John, composing in the year 1186, (when the amalgamation of the *Saxon* and the *Norman*, formed an almost inexplicable jargon,) to write in a manner, as to its *construction*, intimately resembling that *now in vogue*. On the contrary, how easy is the solution, when we admit that the person who wrote the first part of the Battle of Hastings, and the death of Syr Charles Bawdin, wrote also all the rest.

Does it not appear marvellous, that the learned advocates of Rowley should not have regarded the ground on which they stood as somewhat *instable*, when they found Chatterton readily avow that he wrote the *first* part of the Battle of Hastings, and discovered the *second*, as composed three hundred years before, by Thomas Rowley? This was indeed an unparalleled coincidence. A boy writes the commencement of a narrative poem, and then finds in the Muniment-Room, the second part, or a continuation, by an old secular priest, with the *same* characters, written in the *same* style, and even in the *same* metre! Had Chatterton found the first part, he might have imitated the original, with some plausibility, but to believe that the circumstances, as they are now stated, *could* have taken place, manifests a degree of credulity, over which, out of respect for the dead, we would fain draw a permanent veil.

Another extraordinary feature in the question, is the following: there are preserved in the British Museum, numerous deeds and proclamations, by Thomas Rowley, (in Chatterton's writing,) relating to the antiquities of

Interior of the Monument Room, Reddick Church.



Bristol, all in *modern English*, designed, no doubt, by the young bard, for his friend, *Mr. Barrett*; but the chrysalis had not yet advanced to its winged state.

One of the proclamations begins thus :

“To all christian people to whom this indented writingshall come, William Canynge, of Bristol, merchant, and Thomas Rowley, priest, send greeting : Whereas certain disputes have arisen between” &c. &c.

Who does not perceive that these were the first rough sketches of genuine old documents that *were to be* ?

In an account of “*St. Marie Magdalenes Chapele, by Thomas Rowley,*” deposited also in the British Museum, there is the following sentence, which implies *much* : “*Ælle, the founder thereof, was a manne myckle stronge yn vanquysheyng the Danes, as yee maie see ynne mie unwordie Entyrlude of Ælla !*”

It is Rome or Carthage. It is Rowley or Chatterton ; and a hope is cherished that the public, from this moment, will concur in averring that there is neither internal, nor external evidence to authorize the belief that a single line of either the prose or the verse, attributed to Rowley, or the rest of his apocryphal characters, was written by any other than that prodigy of the eighteenth century, Thomas Chatterton.*

* There is talent clearly evidenced in both the prose and the verse of Chatterton, notwithstanding the extreme haste with which the whole was written ; but his reputation rests, exclusively, on *Rowley*, the deliberate effusion of his genius. None of his other writings, it must be admitted, possess the principles of *vitality*.

This opportunity is taken to do some justice to the memory of Chatterton, by separating his name from several articles which have been injuriously ascribed to him. The Editors of the last edition of his works, placed too implicit a reliance on the accuracy of former Editors, in adopting the *whole* of “*Chatterton’s Miscellanies,*” as genuine. A subsequent examination, however, with

The opinion entertained by many, that Chatterton found part of Rowley, and invented the rest, is attended with insurmountable objections, and is never advanced but in the deficiency of better argument; for, in the *first* place, those who favour this supposition, have never supported it by the shadow of *proof*, or the semblance even of fair inferential reasoning; and, in the *second* place, he who wrote *half*, could have written the *whole*; and, in the third, and principal place, there are no inequalities in the poems; no dissimilar and incongruous parts, but all is regular and consistent, and without, (in the strict sense of the word,) bearing *any* resemblance to the writers of the period when Rowley is stated to have lived.

Whoever examines the beautiful tragedy of *Ella*, will find an accurate adjustment of plan, which precludes the possibility of its having been conjointly written by different persons, at the distance of centuries. With respect, also, to the structure of the language, it is in-

some fresh sources of information, has satisfied them that the “*Memoirs of a Sad Dog*,” (a low and worthless piece,) which has too long reflected discredit on Chatterton’s name, was *not* written by him. This remark applies also to several of the other pieces.

It may here be incidentally noticed, that the *intellectual* reputation of Chatterton stands too high to be assailed, but his *moral* character should not be abandoned by the reader, on account of two or three objectionable expressions, (however much to be regretted,) which he uttered, in moments of hilarity, or in seasons of depression. Censure, if indulged, must be tempered by the recollection of his fidelity to his friends, and the affection which the bard invariably testified for his *mother* and *sister*. The rest must be left with the Father of Mercies, who will judge “*righteous judgment.*”

His insanity does not admit of a doubt; produced, as it was, by great mental distress. His fond and anxious *mother* always predicted that “*her poor boy would one day lose his senses!*”

controvertibly *modern*, as well as uniform with itself, and exhibits the most perfect specimens of harmony ; which cannot be interrupted by slight orthographical redundances, nor by the sprinkling of a few uncouth and antiquated words.

The structure of Rowley's verse is so unequivocally *modern*, that, by substituting the present orthography for the past, and changing two or three of the old words, the fact must become *obvious*, even to those who are wholly unacquainted with the barbarisms of the "olden time." As a corroboration of this remark, the first verse of the song to Ælla may be adduced.

" Oh thou, or what remains of thee,
 Ælla, thou darling of futurity.
 Let this, my song, bold as thy courage be,
 As everlasting — to posterity."

Or four stanzas may be extracted from one of the most *pathetic poems* the English language contains ; although the plagiarism from *Shakspeare* is flagrant.

Oh ! sing unto me roundelay ;
 Oh ! drop the briny tear with me ;
 Dance no more at holy day ;
 Like a running river be :
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night ;
 White his rode [complexion] as the summer snow ;
 Red his face as the morning light ;
 Cold he lies in the grave below.
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow tree.

Hark ! the raven flaps his wing
 In the briard dell below ;
 Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing
 To the night-mares as they go.
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow tree.

See the white moon* shines on high,
 Whiter is my true love's shroud ;
 Whiter than the morning sky,
 Whiter than the evening cloud ;
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow tree.

But, perhaps, the most convincing proof of this modern character of Rowley's verse, may be derived from the commencement of the chorus in Godwin.

“ When FREEDOM, dress'd in blood-stain'd vest,
 To every knight her war-song sung,
 Upon her head, wild weeds were spread,
 A gory anlace by her hung.
 She danced on the heath ;
 She heard the voice of Death ;
 Pale-eyed Affright, his heart of silver hue,
 In vain essay'd his bosom to *acale*, [freeze]
 She heard, enflamed, the shivering voice of woe,
 And sadness in the owlet shake the dale.
 She shook the pointed spear ;
 On high she raised her shield ;
 Her foemen all appear,
 And fly along the field.

* The spondee appears to be, comparatively, of modern introduction into English poetry. The author has found no example in *Chaucer*, nor in any poet, down to *Cowley*.

POWER, with his head exalted to the skies,
 His spear a sun-beam, and his shield a star,
 Round, like two flaming meteors, rolls his eyes,
 Stamps with his iron foot, and sounds to war :
 She sits upon a rock,
 She bends before his spear ;
 She rises from the shock,
 Wielding her own in air.

Hard as the thunder doth she drive it on,
 And, closely mantled, guides it to his crown,
 His long sharp spear, his spreading shield, is gone ;
 He falls, and, falling, rolleth thousands down."

Every reader must be struck with the modern character of these extracts, nor can he fail to have noticed the lyrical measure, so eminently felicitous, with which the preceding ode commences ; together with the bold image of *Freedom* triumphing over *Power*. If the merits of the Rowleian Controversy rested solely on *this one piece*, it would be decisive, for no man, in the least degree familiar with our earlier metrical compositions, (and especially if he were *a poet*,) could hesitate a moment in assigning this chorus to a recent period.

It is impossible *not* to believe that the whole of Rowley was written *at first* in modern English, and then the orthographical metamorphose commenced ; and to one who had prepared himself, like Chatterton, with a dictionary, alternately modern and old, and old and modern, the task of transformation was not *difficult*, even to an ordinary mind. It should be remembered, also, that *Chatterton* furnished a complete *glossary* to the whole of Rowley. Had he assumed *ignorance*, it might have checked, without removing, suspicion, but, at present, it appears *inexplicable*, that our sage predecessors should not have been convinced that one who

could write, in his own person, with such superiority as Chatterton indisputably did, would be *quite competent* to give words to another, the meaning of which he so well understood *himself*.

But the thought will naturally arise, what could have prompted Chatterton, endued, as he was, with so much original talent, to renounce his own personal aggrandizement, and to transfer the credit of his opulence to another. It is admitted to be an improvident expenditure of reputation, but no inference advantageous to Rowley can be deduced from this circumstance. The eccentricities, and aberrations of genius, have rarely been restricted by line and plummet, and the present is a memorable example of *perverted talent*; but all this may be conceded, without shaking the argument here contended for.

There is a process in all our pursuits, and the nice inspector of *associations* can almost uniformly trace his predilections to some definite cause. This, doubtless, was the case with Chatterton. He found old parchments early in life. In the first instance, it became an object of ambition to decipher the obscure. One difficulty surmounted, strengthened the capacity for conquering others: perseverance gave facility, till at length his vigorous attention was effectually directed to what he called “antique lore:” and this confirmed bias of his mind, connected, as it was, with his inveterate proneness to impose on others, and supported by talents which have scarcely been equalled, reduces the magnified wonder of Rowley, to a plain, comprehensible question.

There was, and, perhaps, may still be, another class of objectors, with whom the grand reason for maintaining the genuineness of these poems, is, the difficulty of conceiving it practicable that compositions, like those

of Rowley, invested with so splendid an array of excellence, should have been wholly written by a boy of fifteen. This argument, at first, conveys great force, but it vanishes into "thin air," when the character and qualities of this marvellous youth are duly estimated.

When we consider Chatterton as the sole author of Rowley, and that he composed the whole of these poems between the age of *fourteen* and *sixteen*; without hyperbole, and in the soberest estimate, it is fair to proclaim him *the very first* of all *premature geniuses*. The high ground which he occupies, does not arise from *acquirements*; there, he has been surpassed by the *admirable Crichton*,* *Clench*, *Servin*, *Barretier*, *Stone*, *Buxton*, *Psalmazar*, *Murray*, &c.; but Chatterton's superiority arises from that which is far more unequivocal; from his writings; from his *original effort*! The individuals with whom he is contrasted, (with the exception of Buxton,) had read more, knew more, and dazzled more, by the multiplicity of their acquisitions; but neither one, nor all united, ever WROTE, *at his age*, with half the commanding superiority of the Blue-coat boy of Bristol.

Dean Milles, in his admiration of Rowley, appeared (strangely enough!) to derive pleasure from depreciating Chatterton, who had *avowed* himself the writer of that inimitable poem, "*The Death of Syr Charles Bawdin*," but the Dean, well knowing the train of fearful, and inevitable consequences which would *follow* on this admission, laboured hard to impeach the veracity of our bard, and represented him as one who, *from vanity*, assumed to himself the writing of another! *We* know well how to interpret this declaration, but Dean Milles affirms, that of this "*Death of Syr Charles Bawdin*," "A greater variety of internal proofs may be produced,

* See Biographical Notices at the end.

for its authenticity, than for that of any other piece in the whole collection !” This, virtually, was abandoning the question ; for, since we *know* that Chatterton *did* write “ The Death of Syr Charles Bawdin,” we know, according to the above admission, that he wrote *that* which has stronger proofs of its authenticity *than all the other pieces in the collection !*

The numerous proofs adduced of Chatterton’s passion for fictitious statements ; of his intimate acquaintance with antiquated language ; of the almost preternatural maturity of his mind ; of the dissimilitude of Rowley’s language to contemporaneous writers ; and of the obviously *modern structure* of all the compositions which the young bard produced, as the writings of Rowley, and others, form, it is presumed, a mass of Anti-Rowleian evidence, which proves that Chatterton possessed that peculiar disposition, as well as those preeminent talents, the union of which was both necessary and equal to the great production of *Rowley*.

The author may now finally remark, that till of late, the character of Chatterton could have been but imperfectly understood. Independently of his more substantiated, and higher claims, it now derives additional stability from his acknowledged productions, and is exhibited in so many *new points of view*, that few, hereafter, will recur to the most specious and popular argument, and found the claims of *Rowley* on the incompetence of *Chatterton*. The prior absence of this full, and undeniable proof, is some apology for those who have hitherto advocated the “ Priest of St. John’s,” but the spirit of candour will now, doubtless, submit to the weight of evidence, and the laurel be awarded to that ILLUSTRIOUS YOUTH, who reflects *honour* on the *city*, the *age*, and the *nation*, that produced him, and whose melancholy story will never be remembered but with a sigh !

ESSAY VII.

ON THE

LIFE & CHARACTER OF PSALMANAZAR.

THE individual who is the subject of the two following Essays, in many important respects, was one of the most remarkable men of modern times. The accounts hitherto published of him, have given, it is conceived, an erroneous view of his character, so that some pleasure is derived from the intention, at least, of doing him simple *justice*, without revilement, extenuation, or flattery; independently of which, a narrative of *Psalmazar* is not an unsuitable appendage to that of *Chatterton*; the two most distinguished of *literary forgerers*. The *young*, also, may receive instruction from the example of *Psalmazar*, and learn to tremble at the acceleration which marks the descent of profligacy and deception, from one position to another, till the victim of his own delusion often sinks into disgrace, contempt, and interminable ruin.

George Psalmazar was an assumed name. His real name, as well as his country, he never disclosed, although there can be no doubt of his having been a native of the South of France. At six years of age he was sent to a public school, when his master, perceiving in him decided marks of superiority, placed him, at once, in the *Latin* class, and before he had been in it a year, he surpassed all the elder boys, and ascended to the top of his form. His successive masters were *proud* of their pupil, and from their *injudicious encomiums*, he dated that love of *praise*, and that passion for *vain glory* which so influenced the earlier part of his life.

At the age of *nine*, he was removed to a college, in

an Episcopal City, when, leaving his elementary books, he was introduced to the old, and standing classics. Upon his arrival at this place, where his fame had preceded him, there was no small strife, to determine (though so young,) into which of the *classes* he should be admitted; and as there is a peculiar interest connected with the first leading incidents of such a life, a brief account will be given of these classes.

The 7th, and lowest, commenced with Latin.

The 6th, advanced to higher books, and proceeded to Latin compositions.

The 5th, read Tacitus, Cicero's Epistles, and Ovid.

The 4th, read Curtius, Cicero's Speeches, Virgil; wrote good Latin, prose and verse, and commenced Greek.

The 3d, Humanity; read Horace, Cicero, Terence; made considerable progress in Greek; made versions of the Fathers, &c. out of Latin into Greek, and delivered orations in Latin and Greek, before a full audience.

The 2nd, Rhetoric; read Homer, with all the Greek Poets, Historians, and Orators; composed themes on given subjects, in the Ciceronian and Demosthenian style. Exercises in imitation of the Greek and Latin Poets.

The 1st. To this class pertained, Philosophy, Logic, Physics, and Metaphysics.

Every scholar was obliged to spend a year in each class; when all the boys were separately examined; those who were dull, or negligent, were condemned to go through the same studies another year, while the worthier were promoted.

Psalmazar arrived at Midsummer, after the classes had been established six months, and being sensible of this disadvantage, and aware that all the books that

exercised the upper class of "Humanity," were *new* to him, he wished not to be placed higher than the fourth class, to which desire he was the further incited, as the classes had passed half the session, and all the boys were both older than himself, and more advanced. These arguments were unavailing. It was determined that he should be examined for the "Humanity Class," and being found competent, here he was placed; the Regent remarking, that the boy's genius and diligence would compensate for his age and time. Psalmanazar, who had been at the top of every class in his other schools, now finding himself only in the *middle*, notwithstanding his discouragements, put forth his strength, and, at Christmas, passed his examination with credit, and was promoted to the next, or second class. He continued at this College for about a year longer, and then was removed to another establishment, nearer home, where he attained the *first rank*.

This Regent told the mother of Psalmanazar, that her son was a *prodigy*, and urged her to enter him at the next University, whither he was accordingly sent; but his mother being in straitened circumstances, (his father residing on the Rhine,) he was obliged to accept of a tutor's situation, young as he was. At length, his engagements terminated, and having now no one to "*advise*" with, or to "*control*" him, (perhaps above both,) his *first* wrong step commenced; which proved a *woful precursor* to many others. He had heard that there was soon to be a great *fair* at *Baucaire*, a city of Languedoc, on the Rhone; the scenes and spectacles of which inflamed his youthful imagination, and to this place, in an evil hour, he repaired, where he wasted his money in a heedless, and, doubtless, a reprehensible way. At this fair he found several merchants, with whom he was

acquainted, and here, finding his resources fail, for the first time, he renounced his *nobility of mind*, and love of *honourable independence*, by condescending to solicit of them *charity*: thus commenced that *abject* course which disgraced so many of the succeeding years of his life. Knowing his character, for talents and learning, they relieved his immediate wants, when, regardless of all consequences, he improvidently squandered their bounty, without even furnishing himself with *decent clothing*.

Eleemosynary gifts being always precarious, he soon found his necessities return, when, having tasted the *sweets of begging*, to obtain supplies, he determined on personating a new character, without being deterred, in the least, by the necessary concomitants of *falsehood* and *deception*. He now applied for a certificate at the proper office, representing himself as a young student of divinity, from *Ireland*, who had been persecuted there, on account of his attachment to the Catholic faith, and was then on his pilgrimage to *Rome*. He had noticed a *pilgrim's staff*, with a *leathern cloak*, suspended in a particular chapel, which he dexterously contrived to *steal* at mid-day; and, thus equipped, he proceeded on his perilous, and iniquitous mendicant avocation. Wherever he went, it was his custom to enquire for the Ecclesiastics, whom he addressed in fluent Latin, and he generally obtained their assistance, which encouraged him to go on, and the succession of strange incidents pleased his fancy, and soon reconciled him to *partial inconveniencies*.

He was now directing his steps towards the Rhine. It was soon after the peace of *Reswick*, when Louis XIV. had disbanded his army; companies of whom overspread the country, pillaging, and massacring the inha-

bitants, indiscriminately, and who were, in return, hunted as wild beasts, and, without scruple, hanged, or strangled, by the enraged populace, frequently in dozens, and sometimes, in scores. These victims to popular fury, Psalmanazar often found rotting by the road side, with ropes still adhering to their necks.

He had long heard of the famous city of *Lyons*, which he much *wished to see*, that he might examine, deliberately, all its splendid edifices, and towards its walls he now directed his “pilgrim staff.” At the gate he was met by the city *beadle*, handsomely dressed, whom he mistook for a gentleman, who asked him, if he wanted a *viaticum*? Psalmanazar joyfully answering in the affirmative, he was told *to follow him*, which he did for *a good hour and a half*, when the young pilgrim found himself at the *opposite gate*, and, after receiving two pieces of copper, was ordered to *pass through*, nor to return, without the penalty of immediate imprisonment!

Psalmanazar had now arrived in Germany, on his pilgrimage, not to Rome, but, peradventure, to Brabant and Holland, which he first desired to see. He was, at this time, but just turned of sixteen, and having found some difficulty in sustaining the character of an Irishman, with whose country, and history, he was but imperfectly acquainted, and therefore constantly in fear of detection, he resolved upon assuming a new name, and upon advancing to higher, and more profitable pretensions. He had heard, and read, of China, Japan, and the East Indies, and at length, determined on passing for a *converted Heathen*, and a native of *Formosa*, an island but little known, and of which he might affirm almost what he liked, without danger of contradiction. It now occurred to him, that if he pretended to be a *Formosan*, to

be believed, *he must possess their language*, or some language which might pass for theirs ; and here the magnitude of Psalmanazar's genius, for the first time, fully develops itself. Without shrinking at the difficulty, and relying on his fertile fancy, and pregnant invention, he instantly commenced the excogitation of this new language. He soon invented his alphabet, with specific names for the letters, and, in imitation of many oriental tongues, wrote from right to left. But this was but the commencement of his labour. It was essential that he should invent *words*, in his new language, exactly corresponding with the learned, and European tongues, and which words were to receive, through their whole range, a *permanent signification*.

If any accomplishment might safely be predicted to transcend human effort, it was that of *inventing a language*, reducing it to fixed rules, and forming a dictionary of the whole. Psalmanazar's memory, when only seven years of age, enabled him to remember any lesson, whatever might be its extent, with twice reading. On ordinary occasions, a single perusal was sufficient, and in this new design, he required the utmost stretch of this sublimed faculty. It is not to be supposed that his object was attained at once, with so many sinuosities to pursue, and impediments to surmount ; but, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, he grappled, as he conceived, manfully with his bold, but, in reality, rash and criminal design, and at length, by skill and perseverance, succeeded, to an unparalleled extent, in adjusting, and systematizing his *Formosan tongue*. When his design was fully matured, such was the retentive character of his memory, that he would translate a passage of Cicero into his new language, and if required to give the same passage in Formosan, a year afterward, he would present it, in precisely the same words.

A more melancholy spectacle can hardly be contemplated than a youth, thus miraculously endowed, shunning all honourable modes of life, and wasting his ingenuity on schemes, that, in their utmost success, promised only a precarious subsistence, and, this associated with innumerable lies, incalculable privations, and the blackest duplicity.

Psalmmanazar now translated his *passport* into *Formosan*, and, wearing his old worn-out pilgrim's dress, set out afresh on his journey toward the German cities, bordering on the Rhine; subsisting on charity, and every where affirming in fluent Latin, or *Gascoin French*, that he was a native of Formosa, whom the Jesuits had converted to Christianity, and brought to *Avignon*. He never made any effort at this time to improve his dress, but was satisfied with wearing it while two threads hung together. The consequence of this *peculiar taste* was the most forbidding appearance; which he coveted rather than deprecated, and which occasioned *ordinary beggars* to shun him as a discredit to their *fraternity*.

This unpropitious exterior, in his future pilgrimage, proved highly disadvantageous to him, for when he arrived at a town where he expected to be *well received*, and where hospitals are provided for strangers and pilgrims, he shewed in vain his counterfeit pass, and feelingly told his story of Formosa; no one listened to him, or believed him, and if any assistance *was* extended, it was in conjunction with the lowest of the *begging tribe*. At this time he contracted a disease which he denominated a "scabious eruption," but which, in plain language, means "*the itch*."

Having arrived now at the city of Liege, diseased, tattered, and friendless, he learnt that an officer was arrived in the suburbs, in the Dutch service, and gave

good encouragement to such *vagrants* as were able to carry a musket, upon which he resolved on offering himself, and, by his *eloquence*, prevailed on six of his *ragamuffin companions* to follow his example. He told his usual story to the Dutch officer, and shewed his Formosan passport. 'This officer engaged recruits only for a superior, while he himself kept a coffee-house at *Aix-la-Chapelle*, and conceiving that *so strange a character* as Psalmanazar might be likely to bring him custom, he engaged him as a *waiter*; so much better, he said, than carrying a "brown musket."

His master going to a distance, on business, and some urgent affair requiring his immediate presence at home, his mistress dispatched him *in all haste* to convey the tidings, but, crossing the road that led to Cologne, the thought occurred to him that he should like to see a little more of the world, and then to return to his anxious parents; when (heedless of his quondam master) he set forward toward that famous city. Still pursuing his route, he passed through Bonn, on his way home, and on arriving in the next town, (Coblentz,) he was asked by an officer, if he would like to enter the service of the Elector. At first, he answered, "No," but, soon after, owing to "weakness," or "judicial fatality," he enlisted.

He now found himself surrounded by all but *devils incarnate*, who carried every vice to the most awful excess. Intermixed with these, (it is melancholy to relate,) "were many young German recruits, taken from the plough, and others from their trades, and some from the universities," but the hardened in vice soon corrupted the less experienced; and Psalmanazar, with the rest, now became a proficient in oaths, and every corrupt practice. He says, "I now began to jest at,

and ridicule the most sacred truths of the gospel, and to take a brutish delight at the surprise which the more sober people of the town discovered, at my profane and blasphemous expressions."

Psalmanazar now chose to pass not only for a *Japanese*, but a *Heathen*; and to give the most convincing proof of its reality, he commenced the disgusting practice of eating *raw flesh*, ("well peppered,") and unboiled vegetables; with which his plate was regularly prepared, (when he could get it,) to the astonishment of all around. This made many persons commiserate his darkness, and as he was known to be a young fellow of parts and learning, several *ecclesiastics* were brought to him, to expose the folly of *Heathenism*, and enforce the truth of *Christianity*, (which he habitually and bitterly reviled!) but subtlety was his element, and he could perplex, if not confute, all his opponents.

The colonel of his regiment now gave him his discharge; first, because he was *under size*, and secondly, because he was too tender to endure a soldier's life. His regimental dress was then taken from him, and he was sent away, bare-footed, in the midst of winter, with nothing to wear but "a loose old frock of blue linen." In this condition, it was impossible to think of returning to his father and mother, whom *he never more saw or heard of!* He now, in the most forlorn condition, returned to Cologne, to try "how far his dismal plight and ready tongue" might work on peoples' *charity*. He here met with an officer, in the service of the Duke of Mecklenburg, who was "*a gentleman.*" This officer heard his piteous tale, and, believing him to be a poor heathenish Japanese, he offered to enlist him in *his* company, and prove his friend. The offer was accepted, and Psalmanazar once more became a soldier.

The chief officers of the regiment took a great interest in their new recruit, and, knowing him to be a heathen, who had *the faculty of speech*, delighted much in *pitting* both protestants and papists against him, and were not a little pleased at the adroitness with which he warded off their attacks. The regiment was now ordered into Holland, and while the chaplain prayed each morning, at the head of the men, Psalmanazar, the while, bowed to, and worshipped the *rising sun*; and still to impress more deeply those around him with his devotion, he had prepared a book, in which he had painted the sun, moon, and stars, with other strange figures, which he professed to be the objects of his adoration.

The regiment now marched to Sluys, where there was a French, and also a Scotch regiment, in Dutch pay. Brigadier Lauder, a Scotch gentleman, having heard his story, invited Psalmanazar to his table, where he found Dr. Innis, chaplain of the regiment, together with several other gentlemen, as well as the minister of the French church. It was understood that this was to be a grand trial how far heathenism could resist the force of truth. The discussion was long and tumultuous, but the Japanese's inveterate prejudice was still *unremoved*; and his polemick experience proved so extensive, in this controversy, that all despaired of ever making him a convert.

When the officers of his regiment (to whose society he was freely admitted, though but a common man, and who took care to provide him with plenty of his standing dish, *raw flesh*,) occasionally pushed him hard on the subject of religion, as Psalmanazar, for the success of his plans, deemed it necessary to pass for a *moral heathen*, and forbore his former oaths, &c. he well knew how to avail himself of *one* cogent argu-

ment, when contending with *such* disputants : “ Here,” said he, “ you discover great zeal to convert a heathen, whose worship of the sun and moon restrains him from immorality, while you, with all your belief, live dissolute lives ; duel, drink, gamble, and swear, to a degree, which, if they witnessed it, would make our poor *Japanese* bless their *stars* that they had stronger restraints, and a purer faith. Which is the worst,” continued he, “ my Heathenism, or your Christianity ? ”

Dr. Innis now entertained a very strong wish to be the instrument of converting this clever, but benighted young heathen, (for he was now only twenty,) and therefore often invited him to his house, and discussed every point in dispute, with the greatest earnestness, but *to no purpose* ; when, at length, he casually mentioned, that if he were so fortunate as to change his views, and bring him into the pale of the church, he should take him to England, where he would be respected and provided for. Psalmanazar, who was somewhat tired of a soldier’s life, at this *hint* listened with *more temper* to Dr. Innis’s arguments, and began to see *new force* in them : till, in the end, he hypocritically professed himself to be a *decided convert* “ to the purest form of protestant faith.”

At this happy result, Dr. Innis immediately wrote over to Dr. Compton, bishop of London, magnifying the qualities, and announcing the conversion of the talented *Formosan*, not only to Christianity, but to Episcopalianism. The bishop, in reply, commended the zeal of the Dr. and pressed him to conduct Psalmanazar directly to London, where he might hear his singular narrative, and determine on the credibility of his pretensions. A discharge was obtained, and this profound, and unprincipled dissimulator, now prepared for new

scenes, and to endure the severities of an English ordeal, well assured that he must adduce better proofs than those which had satisfied his continental examiners: from this, however, he did not shrink, but rather hailed the contest, in full reliance on his expedients, and the fertility of his creative fancy.

Upon his arrival in London, on a set day, Psalmanazar was introduced to the Bishop, surrounded by many learned and anxious friends; and here, as might have been expected, he was closely examined, as to Formosa; his arrival in Europe, &c. and to every enquiry he answered promptly, and with apparent ingenuousness. The subject now of the *Formosan Language* was introduced. From this topic, any other man on the face of the earth, in such circumstances, would gladly have escaped, but Psalmanazar welcomed it, in the full consciousness of *strength*. He deliberately stated to the bishop, and his friends, the peculiarities of the *Formosan* tongue; gave the inflexions, including all the declinations, and conjugations of the nouns and verbs; explained the syntax; wrote the language promptly; and, furthermore, translated into it whatever passage was required. The grammatical rules were *new*; the alphabet was *new*; the words, in their combination, were *new*; but something *new* was to be expected; and when they looked at the *stripling*, and reflected on what they thought the impossibility of his *inventing* a coherent language, what inference could be drawn, but that this strange tongue was of true oriental origin, and the young Japanese, a genuine convert. It should be remembered, also, that the whole of this rigid examination was conducted in *Latin*.

Although the subject might not be wholly divested of *difficulty*, yet the evidence, on the whole, was so pre-

ponderating, and conclusive, that all *serious objections* vanished, and the good bishop formed the beneficent determination of sending Psalmanazar back, in due time, to his *native island*, to extend to that dark region the blessings of christianity. As a judicious preliminary measure, it was determined to place so extraordinary a young Japanese at *Oxford*, that renowned seat of learning, where his erudition might be increased; his faith confirmed; and an opportunity be afforded him of teaching the *Japanese tongue* to some promising *youths*, who were designed as missionaries *to the east*.

It is not to be supposed that so flagrant an imposition should not have excited the opposition of many, in which number were included the powerful names of Drs. Halley, Mead, and Woodward; but if some opposed, others defended, and as he was to enter on the next term at Oxford, Dr. Innis persuaded Psalmanazar, as a commendable proof of his zeal, and as a means of acquiring additional credit, to translate the *Church Catechism* into the *Formosan* language, an object which he soon accomplished, and then, in due form, presented his MS. to the good Bishop of London, who was pleased graciously, and “generously” to receive the offering, and to deposit it amongst the rarest of his *curious manuscripts*, in Fulham Palace! This version had been previously examined by many learned men, who all found the language *so regular and grammatical*, as well as *so different from all others*, that they each concurred in affirming it to be, “a real language, and no counterfeit.”

Dr. Innis now prevailed on Psalmanazar to publish a circumstantial account of *Formosa*, which he accordingly undertook, and soon gave it to the world. The work of the missionary *Candidus*, was the foundation of his history, upon which he engrafted all the whimsical

creations of his own brain; found, however, not to be too indigestible for the stomach of *Credulity*. It soon sold, with all its load of lies and nonsense, and the young Formosan undertook, in the second edition, to clear the obscure, and answer all *honest* objections.

The time of his matriculation being arrived, we now behold the Gascoin prodigy; the French beggar; the German waiter; and the Dutch soldier, (who had frequently been obliged to lie on boards, exposed to open windows, and often destitute of the necessaries of life,) comfortably, and even splendidly seated in an English university; suspected, it is true, by some; yet admired by others, and gazed at by all. In this place Psalmanazar expected to contend with much opposition, and his apprehensions were more than realized, but he was, notwithstanding, supported by many warm partisans, who listened to all his complicated falsehoods, with that mis-directed charity, which, in the face of evidence, still “hopeth all things.”

In Oxford, his company was sought by men of every rank, and each, who was competent to address him in Latin, received the amplest assurances, and the most ingenious; if not convincing, explanations. His life at this place appears to have been, not a season of application, but one scene of dissipation; and, as he spent his time in a perpetual round of company, he began to be apprehensive that his character for *study* might suffer; to remove which suspicion, he recurred to his old expedient, *dissimulation*. “At the usual hour of nine,” he says, “I retired to my apartment, but here, to make a show of retrieving the time wasted abroad, in company, music, &c. I used to light a candle, and let it burn the greatest part of the night in my room, to make my neighbours believe I was plying at my books; and,

sleeping in my *easy chair*, I left the bed often for whole week as I found it, to the great surprise of my *bed-maker*, who could hardly imagine how I could live with *so little sleep*." He further says, "I now began to pretend to have swelled legs and feet, (from this hard study) and assumed lameness, (the beggar's trick,) limping about like a gouty old fellow, though no man could enjoy a better state of health than myself."

Psalmanazar remained only six months at Oxford, during which time, with all his other avocations, he prepared a second edition of his fabulous *History of Formosa*; answering, if not refuting, all objections to the first. He then repaired to London, to publish it, when he found *Dr. Innis* had sailed for Portugal. The tide now began rapidly to turn. Doubts were multiplied, and suspicions strengthened. Old friends became cool, and new friends, he had none. And here we must pause, to contemplate a mind possessed of primary endowments; qualified to arrest attention, and command admiration, and with a capacity for obtaining the first distinctions amongst men, yet sunk, or sinking fast into contempt, the inevitable lot of him, who, advancing beyond the *questionable point of literary deception*, fabricates lies by wholesale, and blackens the whole by unhallowed appeals to religion. As an object of curiosity, Psalmanazar must ever remain; but the notice he received was uncombined with respect, and, as a salutary warning, a broad and opprobrious mark indelibly rested on him to the day of his death, which was protracted to the age of *seventy*.

Here is an impressive lesson to the young, forewarning them, not to barter their *integrity*, and to flee the first impulse to *falsehood*, and *deception*, as they would the serpent of the desert. Such hazardous expe-

riments, if indulged, do not conduct, like Gray's "avenue," "*to nothing*," but are invariably combined with *ultimate detection*, and all the consequences, before which, a wise man should tremble.

Is Psalmanazar, that arch deceiver, *now* to be dismissed? Nay; but the medal has its *reverse*. The bright part of his character must now be unfolded. The Leopard must lose his spots, and the Ethiopian become white. This man, who was a cheat, a thief, a liar, debased in mind, and corrupt in practice, and who had provoked Omnipotence, by his duplicity to man, and his hypocrisy before God; even he, through the Divine forbearance, and goodness, is led to see, and deeply to deplore, the error of his ways; and, at length, to sit at the feet of his *Saviour*, "clothed, and in his right mind!"

The reader will exclaim, with instinctive promptitude, "Impossible!" "With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible."

ESSAY VIII.

CONTINUATION

OF THE

LIFE & CHARACTER OF PSALMANAZAR.

AFTER the dark catalogue of crimes which has been exhibited in the preceding Essay, the reader, upon receiving the foregoing declaration, that this apparent “Son of Belial,” was received into the pale of the true church, is authorized in demanding evidence, substantial and unimpeachable; and that evidence, it is believed, he will receive.

Let the doubting, and scrupulous enquirer, and especially the *christian*, in whose breast (in proportion as he has imbibed the spirit of his Divine Master) a *wish* must prevail to behold rational proof of the renovated character of every man; let him ask himself, what test he would require of the sincere repentance of an erring, but reclaimed prodigal, and then dispassionately determine, whether those tests have not been furnished by Psalmanazar. If the inferences of his understanding should concur with the desires of his heart, let him not cast a pharisaical and repulsive look at this disciple, arrested by Sovereign power, in the midst of his career, but, rather hail him with the cordiality of a brother, and reject the proud utterance of, “Stand off, for I am holier than thou.”

1st. An equitable examiner would require ample satisfaction of *sincerity*, in so violent a transition of character.

2ndly. He would especially examine whether the scriptural criterion of this assumed renovation, has been

furnished ; namely, “ Repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.”

3dly. He would ascertain whether the *fruits of faith* were brought forth, in the professed convert's subsequent life and conversation, and

4thly. It would be a great confirmation, if his dying testimony conformed with his living professions.

Now all these tests, (as far as words and actions can become an index of the heart,) were presented by the once false, deceiving, abject, abandoned, but, at length, penitent Psalmanazar ! The proof must now be adduced.

Psalmanazar had been blessed with a pious father and mother, whose early religious inculcations, in his widest departure from truth, and uprightness, never became wholly obliterated. In the midst of his delinquencies, there was an accusing voice within. He strove to subdue *conscience*, but it was a pigmy contending with a giant. The monitor would be heard, and Psalmanazar, like a concealed murderer, felt, at his heart, an intolerable weight. He could still distinguish *right* from *wrong*, and when lie was added to lie, and deception to deception, it was only an accumulation of torment, to relieve himself from which, he fled to company, and, especially, to *laudanum* ; not to alleviate pain, but from the base love of intoxication : yet the accusing voice within still pursued him. The moments of solitude were, to him, as they must be to every wicked man, the seasons of pungent self-reproach ; and, for a considerable period, his internal conflicts were many, and his disquietudes great, till, after a hard, and long struggle, he experienced joy in believing, and obtained a cure for his wounded spirit, through the “ Balm” that is in “ Gilead.”

The process which terminated in this happy result,

was protracted, but charity will make many allowances for inveterate habit; wounded pride; the false shame of the world; and that light, which Infinite Wisdom, sometimes sees fit to diffuse gradually over the mind, like the morning dawn that precedes the perfect day.

But it will be necessary to take a slight retrospect. Upon arriving in London, from Oxford, Psalmanazar published his second edition of the History of Formosa, for which the booksellers gave him eleven guineas, but he became secretly weary of the oft-repeated lie; and conscience became more clamorous. The Bishop of London he was ashamed to behold; his clerical friends, who had rejoiced in the hope of his becoming a missionary, and anticipated a thousand blessings from the young heathen's translation of the *Church Catechism*, now gradually exchanged confidence for suspicion. New acquaintances were formed, to whom (till his mind advanced to a better state,) he erroneously thought himself bound, from the love of *consistency*, to repeat his "*irksome*" statements, thus opening afresh the wounds that were partially cicatrized; and it was not till his thirty-second year, that he wholly threw off the mask, and, (magnanimously braving the fear of man,) dared to be honest, and give eternal interests a complete ascendancy in his mind. The conflict was now to be ended. He found that he could no longer temporize with his convictions, and, to obtain repose, with confusion, deep and indelible, he confessed to his few lingering adherents, that his whole narrative *was one tissue of lies!* His more *public* recantation he reserved for a season when duplicity could no longer be suspected.

When he contemplated the magnitude of his crimes, he literally lay down in confusion. The frequency and severity with which he reproached himself, is a proof

of his sincerity ; and there is one other pleasing feature in Psalmanazar. Though *vanity*, for many years, had been so predominant a feeling in his heart, and *human praise* the very aliment of his spirit, yet, like extinguished volcanos, these, in the maturer years of his life, no longer disgorged their impurities ; the fire that scorched, and the smoke that obscured, had for ever passed away. Instead of advancing his literary pretensions, and magnifying his talents and acquirements, great as they must necessarily have been, he appeared to take a delight in *depreciating himself*, to a degree, which, if his principle could be questioned, would seem to border on *affectation*. But it should be recollected, that to those who propose to themselves high standards, and entertain abstract, and lofty conceptions of excellence, such as the subject of this Essay evidently did, attainments respectable, if not great, stand divested of attractions. The ascent of the lark is lost in the flight of the eagle ; and it is this grasp of the intellect, where the spirit toils after ideal elevations, that made Psalmanazar denominate all his academical acquisitions as *superficial*, and his youthful range of knowledge as *contracted*. Nothing seemed to him to have been done, while so much remained to be accomplished. Conceit and Arrogance may here learn a salutary lesson.

In the strict sense of the words, when he became thoroughly alive to the turpitude of his actions, he never again “held up his head.” He knew that the Almighty, after he has pardoned a great transgressor, often allows the *effects* of transgression to remain, both as a warning to others, and to preserve the due equipoise of the moral world. He shrunk to privacy, and seemed to say of mankind, as David did of Shimei, from a sense

of his deserts, “Let them curse:” yet in the depths of his affliction, from indulging the well-grounded hope of his *Maker’s* pardon, through the great atonement, he found indescribable peace, and consequently bore, in the same proportion, with becoming resignation, the loss of *human favour*.

It is not, however, to be understood, that he was *forsaken* of all men. The learned *Lesley* delighted in his society, whose treatise, “*The case stated between a nobleman of the Church of Rome, and a gentleman of the Church of England,*” first completely answered all his scruples, and made him a decided convert to the *Protestant* faith. Many other men of letters, also, and particularly several pious and literary clergymen, respected and adhered to Psalmanazar; who, without compromising their sense of his crimes, softened their censures, from beholding in him, so becoming a spirit of humility, with all the other unequivocal evidences of contrition. Whilst they acquired knowledge by his erudition, they returned more than the obligation, by allaying his fears, and moderating his self-condemnation. One of these benevolent individuals, in particular, cheered him with the seasonable and pithy remark, “Do not presume, you are not yet come to a state of Christian perfection; do not despair, you are in the way to it.”

Psalmanazar now received a testimony of respect, by several friends, unsolicited, entering into an annual subscription, to the amount of thirty pounds; prior to which period, he had often endured privations, if not want. This sum, with a few small additional means, rendered his circumstances easy, and enabled him to bend the full force of his vigorous mind to the acquisition of certain higher branches of knowledge, as well as to the effectual mastering of several languages, with which he

was, as he called it, but imperfectly acquainted. The Hebrew, in particular, received his profoundest attention, and as an Hebraist, it is said, he has scarcely been equalled. From the retentive nature of his *memory*, (which was never surpassed,) some judgment may be formed of his attainments, when it is understood that he went through all the *Talmudic* and *Rabbinic* writings, with the whole body of *Hebrew Literature*. He even attained the unexampled faculty of being able to *think* in Hebrew.

In the oscillating state of his mind, before he had arrived at the maturity of Christian knowledge, he derived benefit from the writings of *Nelson*, although the Scriptures, in the originals, were his chief study. He derived, also, very considerable assistance from “*Law’s Serious Call.*” This work he accidentally found on a clergyman’s table, who, however, gave it such a character, that he might have been discouraged from persisting in a perusal, had not the passage, at which he first happened to look, conveyed a very different impression. He therefore purchased the book, and read it attentively, with the warmest approbation, particularly those parts which discoursed on the talents of *money* and *time*. The variety of *Law’s* characters, with their illustrations, and his emphatic appeals to the understanding, produced also permanent effects on him, and, with the blessing of the Almighty, conspired powerfully to confirm his faith, and to strengthen his resolutions.

Psalmanazar now obtained some pecuniary support from his connexion with *publishers*, and it is gratifying to notice the influence of correct views gradually operating on his mind. He says, “I began now to perceive how God blessed my endeavours, in proportion to my diligence and honesty, which made so lively an impres-

sion on my mind, that I resolved never to be concerned in any works, that were either profane, heretical, of a trifling nature, or of an ill tendency; and, accordingly, have refused them, whenever they have been offered."

The brightest part of Psalmanazar's life is now to be revealed, and that in which his true character was to be manifested. The London Booksellers had projected an extensive work, no less than a body of "Universal History, Ancient and Modern." The first volume was published, when the original editor dissented from the proprietors, and refused to be concerned further in the undertaking. It now became an object of high importance to fix on some individual, of undoubted competence, to conduct, and take the responsibility of so extensive a work. Psalmanazar was suggested, whose learning was well known to be of the first order, and whose qualifications, in the department of *history*, extended to the most recondite investigations. On this subject there was one concurrent feeling among the booksellers, and they made him an offer of unreserved superintendence. He consented, but only on two conditions. "What are they?" was the question; to which the scholar answered, "Why, that you forbear your vain attempt to undermine Christianity. If I am to be concerned in the work, you must respect religion."

This was a fine illustration of his principles. The first volume had given clear evidence of deistical predilections, and Psalmanazar not only stipulated for a different spirit in future, but required a promise that the offensive innuendos and sceptical passages should be *expunged* from any *second* impression. This was taking the high ground which became a great and good man. The booksellers expressed their readiness to accede to his proposal, when the agreement was ratified, and ultimately Psalmanazar,

by his exertions, conferred a lasting obligation on our country, and the whole Christian world. This “Universal History,” under its new conductor, soon acquired a large accession of renown; and, from its superior merit, has become a standing national work. Psalmanazar’s own contributions were numerous, and evidence sound judgment, deep research, and profound erudition. They are as follow :—

- 1st. The Jewish History, from Abraham to the Babylonish Captivity.
- 2nd. The Sequel of the Jewish History, from the Return from Babylon, to the Destruction of Jerusalem, by Titus.
- 3d. The History of the Celts and Scythians.
- 4th. The Ancient History of Greece, or the Fabulous, and Heroic Times.
- 5th. The History of the Ancient Empires of Nice and Trebison.
- 6th. The History of the Ancient Spaniards.
- 7th. The History of the Gauls; and
- 8th. The History of the Ancient Germans.

We must now take cognizance of Psalmanazar in the concluding scenes of life. He had not only confessed, and deplored, before God and man, the sins and follies of his *youth*, but he could not satisfy his conscience without drawing up a faithful *narrative* of his early life, and unprincipled deceptions; in which, as might be expected, *self-accusation* constitutes a prominent feature. This “*memoir*” he deliberately prepared, and left it as a standing memorial of his contrition, and as a solemn warning of the penalty *he* pays, who, for aught below the sky, barter his integrity. This “*memoir*,” an offering on the altar of truth, he directed to be published *after his decease*, when, being removed from

finite scenes, the voice of human praise, or censure, would be alike unheeded, and unknown. From this interesting document, and, *not to be doubted*, record of facts, the present sketch has been derived. Psalmanazar, in narrating his deeds of darkness, continually combines with them, all the expressions and *expurgations* of unavailing remorse; but these accompaniments have been cautiously *unnoticed*, in order to give to the narration, in the sequel, a more impressive effect. There will now be merely furnished a very few extracts from Psalmanazar's posthumous "*Memoir*," (simply and touchingly written) and if the reader's mind be rightly turned, he will rejoice that this, his brother, who was "*dead*," through the Divine efficacy, became "*alive again*," and, though "*lost*," that he was "*found*!"

Psalmanazar, in his "*last will*," thus writes. "Into thy all-merciful hands, O God! I commit my soul, as unto a gracious Father, who, though justly provoked by my past vain and wicked life, but more especially so, during the youthful sallies of a rash and unthinking part of it, hast yet been graciously pleased, by thy undeserved mercy, to enable me to take a steadfast hold on the only Author of our Salvation, thy ever adorable and divine Son, Jesus Christ, our powerful and meritorious Redeemer, from whose intercession alone, I hope for pardon, reconciliation, and the resurrection to a blessed immortality." He goes on to say:

"But the principal manuscript, I thought myself bound in duty to leave behind, is a *faithful* narrative of my education, and the sallies of my wretched youthful years, and the various ways by which I was led into the base and shameful imposture of passing for a native of Formosa, and a convert to Christianity, and backing it with a fictitious account of that island, and of my own

travels and conversion, all hatched in my own brain, without regard to truth and honesty. It is true, I have long since disclaimed all but the shame and guilt of that vile imposition, but I thought it incumbent upon me to undeceive the world, by unravelling the whole mystery of iniquity in a *posthumous work*, which would be less liable to suspicion, as the author would be *far out of the influence of any sinister motives that might induce him to deviate from the truth.*" He then writes :

" I bless thy Divine Providence, for timely nipping that ambition and vain glory, which had hurried me through such scenes of impiety and hypocrisy; and, as the most effectual antidote against it, next to thy Divine Grace, that thou hast brought me not only to prefer, but to delight in a state of obscurity, and lowness of circumstances, as the surest harbour of peace and safety."

The establishment of Psalmanazar's true penitence is so essential to any *genuine interest* in his character, that one or two further extracts will, it is hoped, be pardoned. In his "Preface," he says:—

" The religious education I happily received, though it did not preserve me from being unwarily and gradually hurried into that *scandalous forgery*, yet it failed not to make me condemn myself, every step I took, particularly for the last, and most vile scene of all, my pretended conversion from Heathenism to Christianity, one of the vilest and most odious impostures, that youth and rashness was ever guilty of." He continues to say: " Above all, my chief dependence hath been on the guidance and assistance of God's Holy Spirit, which, for a great many years, I have never failed daily to implore. I firmly rely on the same Divine goodness, to whom I owe so many mercies, and so wonderful a change, that if there be any thing erroneous, or amiss,

either in my belief or practice, he will, and in his own time, and by his all-sufficient light and grace, enable me to rectify it, that I may have nothing left to do, but to acknowledge, and adore, his infinite and undeserved mercies to me, and particularly for having enabled me to see so much of my own weakness, and insufficiency, unworthiness, and misery, as to put my whole trust and confidence in his all-powerful grace, and unbounded goodness, through the infinite merits of our Blessed Redeemer."

As a final extract, he then writes, with singular *felicity of expression* :

" I would add, by way of encouragement, to persons in my unhappy condition, not to let the greatness of their guilt, nor the difficulties of repentance, deter, but rather invite them to the throne of Mercy, through the merits of our Divine Redeemer; for how dark and gloomy soever the prospect may at first seem, the discouraging mists will gradually disappear. We must call to mind, that there is mercy sufficient in God; merits enough in Christ; power more than sufficient in the Divine Spirit; room enough in Heaven; scope enough in the Evangelical promises; and the most endearing invitations in the Gospel, to bring men to God."

The reader must now draw his own conclusions; to whom it is suggested, that the declarations of a dying man are not lightly to be withstood. Our *great Moralist*, Dr. Johnson, though his wanderings had not been like those of *Psalmazar*, yet breathed the *same* language; partook of the *same* spirit; and indulged the *same* self-renunciation which the French penitent did; and, in his last solemn prayer, *written only eight days before his death*, looked, alone, " to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

“ Almighty and most merciful Father, I am now, as to human eyes it seems, about to commemorate, for the last time, the death of thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Redeemer. Grant, O Lord ! that my whole hope and confidence may be in his merits, and thy mercy : enforce and accept my imperfect repentance ; make this commemoration available to the confirmation of my faith ; the establishment of my hope ; and the enlargement of my charity : and make the death of thy dear Son effectual to my redemption. Have mercy upon me, and pardon the multitude of my offences. Bless my friends : have mercy upon all men. Support me by thy Holy Spirit, in the days of weakness, and at the hour of death ; and receive me, at my death, to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.”

This was the Christian's suitable spirit at the season of Death. The spirit which becomes him, in Life, may be learned from the following

Summary of Religion, by SIR MATTHEW HALE.

HE that fears the LORD of Heaven and Earth, and walks humbly before Him, that *thankfully* lays hold of the message of redemption by JESUS CHRIST, and strives to express his thankfulness by the sincerity of his obedience ; that is sorry with all his soul when he comes short of his duty : that walks watchfully in denial of himself, and does not yield willingly to any lust or sin : he, that if he fails in the least measure from the confidence he hath in the merits of CHRIST, has not rest in his conscience, until he has made his peace by repentance ; that is true in his promises, just in his dealings, charitable to the poor, and sincere in his devotion ; and that will not deliberately dishonour GOD, although with the greatest security from temporal punishment : that hath his hope and his conversation in Heaven : that dares not to do any thing unjustly, although ever so much to his advantage : and all this because he firmly believes in Him that is invisible, and fears Him because he loves Him, fears Him as well for His goodness as His greatness. Such a man, whether he is an Episcopalian, or Presbyterian, or Anabaptist : whether he wears a surplice or not, whether he hears organs or not, whether he kneels at the Communion, or, for conscience' sake, stands or sits ; he hath the life of Religion in him, and that life acts in him, and will conform his soul to the image of his Saviour, and go along with him to eternity, notwithstanding his practice or non-practice of things indifferent.

ON THE OTHER HAND,

If a man fears not the Eternal GOD, commits sin with presumption, can drink to excess, lie, swear vainly and falsely, live loosely, break his promises : such a man, although he cry down Bishops, or cry down Presbytery, although he be re-baptised every day, or declaim against it as heresy : although he fast all the Lent, or feast out of pretence of avoiding superstition : yet, notwithstanding these, and a thousand more external conformities, or zealous oppositions of them, he wants the life of Religion.

ESSAY IX.

On the subject of some presumed alteration in the present relative positions of the two Planes of the Equator, and the Ecliptic, in reference to the Animal Remains, found in the PICKERING and ORESTON Caves, &c.

RECENT discoveries, combined with many antecedent facts, have demonstrated the existence, in past ages, of various *carnivorous animals*, in this Island, which are now confined to the Torrid Zone. To account, satisfactorily, for the presence of these animals in England, has been deemed a subject attended with difficulty. It appears to be an undeniable fact, not only from the Plymouth Caves, but from the Pickering Caves, (so luminously commented upon by Professor Buckland, *Philosophical Transactions*, 1822) as well as from some others, that the tiger, the hyæna, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, &c. once absolutely *abounded* in England, and this opinion derives corroboration from the bones and teeth, also, of these animals, so often found in diluvial soils.

A well-written article, on the subject of Dr. Buckland's paper, appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, for November, 1822, and as the solution there stated, of the above difficulty, is that which has often been advanced, and is pretty currently received, I shall venture to consider its force; and, if the position should be disproved, which is there laid down, the writer doubts not but that the respectable reviewer himself, should these slight remarks chance to meet his eye, will preserve a mind open to conviction, and will rejoice in the advancement of *truth*, even though it should be attended with the contravention of one of his own *passing*, perhaps not *deliberate*, opinions.

The reviewer observes (p. 473,) “ But a difficulty, and the greatest of all difficulties, now meets us, the solution of which, he (‘ Professor Buckland’) does not attempt ; we mean, that of accounting for certain genera of animals once inhabiting a climate in which we know they cannot now exist. To explain their existence in such a situation, appears to us, to require something more than a difference of species ; it requires a change of climate, and the only means that we know of, sufficient to account for such a change, and which would effectually produce it, *is, a change in the position of the poles of the earth, or, of the inclination of its axis to the plane of its orbit.*”

Upon reading the above sentiment, the writer of this Essay was startled, as it was a question on which his mind had often revolved, and never without recognizing, and admiring, the *unspeakable wisdom* manifested in the *present* established relative positions of these two *planes*, and which (it was thought) could not have been altered, unattended by the most disastrous consequences. The importance of the discussion (at this particular conjuncture, when so many recent circumstances have directed public attention to the subject) will, it is hoped, secure the reader’s favourable predisposition, especially, as truth, in its ultimate result, can alone, be elicited, by the separate contributions of *many*. An attempt will *first* be made to show, by inferential reasoning, that the *probability* is against any such alteration as that under consideration ; and, *secondly*, there will be an attempt to prove, that no such alteration *has*, or *could*, have taken place, without subverting the *harmony of the world !*

The inclination of the poles to the plane of the ecliptic, is $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, and it is an authorized presumption,

from the perfections of the Creator, that this arrangement is the *best possible* adaptation to the state of man. Human beings, in all their mechanical contrivances, advance from one step to another; now overcoming an impediment, and then determining on an improvement, with imperfection at last stamped on their loftiest achievements; but this progression, and these fluctuations are not applicable to Deity, who, if He manifested any aberration in wisdom, would forfeit his chief attribute, and, consequently, cease to be Infinite.

Burnet, in his fanciful “Theory of the Earth,” displayed great zeal, and wasted much ingenuity in attempting to establish this alteration in the poles of the earth, but the edifice which he attempted to erect, on a foundation of straw, vanishes before the first breath of cool philosophy. One of the three following conditions of the earth, is alone supposable. *First*, there must have been a position of the earth’s axis, forming an angle of ninety degrees with the plane of the ecliptic, which plane of the ecliptic, would, in that case, have been coincident with the plane of the equator: or, *secondly*, the poles must have coincided with the plane of the ecliptic, on which supposition, the ecliptic and equator would be at right angles with each other; or otherwise, as the remaining alternative, the inclination of the earth’s axis to the plane of the ecliptic, must have been in some oblique angle, between 0’ and ninety degrees. The consequences will be briefly considered, which would attend on each of these positions of the earth.

If the axis were to retain a right-angular position with the plane of the ecliptic, (such as was supposed by Burnet) the consequences would be; the non-existence of all alteration of the seasons; no deviation from equal day and night, through the whole year; the sun, without amplitude, uniformly rising and setting at the

interval of twelve hours ; rising direct east, and setting due west ; a temperature in our own island, and through the whole temperate zones, everlastingly similar to about the 21st of March, or a little higher ; cold, to an extreme degree, in the northern regions, from those regions being *never* warmed by the sun's direct rays ; and the greater part of the torrid zone, probably hostile to life, almost in any form, from its excess of heat. The fruits of the earth also, in Europe, at least, and all similar latitudes, would never be brought to maturity, from a deficiency of solar heat. We find at present that the sun, with a meridian altitude of 62° , is but just equal to the perfecting of our fruits, and where would the staff of life be obtained, if the sun's altitude were only that of the equinoxes, $38\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and to these disastrous consequences, must be superadded, a general subversion of all the instincts and habitudes of those animals which are influenced by the interchange of seasons. It may be remarked also, that the progress of vegetation absolutely requires different degrees of heat. The tender plant is cherished by the vernal sun, which becomes gradually strengthened, as the heat increases, till it is at length matured by the full warmth of summer ; but this excess of heat, in an earlier stage, would scorch and destroy the young plant. But on the supposition of a right-angular position of the axis, no variation of heat or cold, any more than summer or winter, would ever take place, in any part of the world, (except that which might arise from atmospheric changes.) All would be one dull, wearisome, and heart-withering uniformity, and yet, these are the delectable pictures of primitive happiness, before the flood, arising from a right-angular pole, with which Burnet amused the inconsiderate ; in which, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, in their alternate successions, were discarded as useless accessories to human

comfort, while the air sustained “one salubrious temperament,” and the earth, “an everlasting spring.”

Another objection arises, of some magnitude. As far as *light* and *heat* are concerned, the necessity for the earth’s annual circuit round the sun, would be superseded by this right-angular axis, or, if continued, it would answer, *in these particulars*, no one end which would not be equally answered by the earth’s retaining a stationary position. How, it may be asked, would this accord with the designs of the Almighty, who makes nothing in vain? and who doubtless comprehended in the earth’s orbit, great, and complicated advantages, and which were unattainable by a different arrangement.*

It is not only hazardous, but presumptuous, for human beings, with their contracted perceptions, to suggest, as improvements, the least alterations in the established laws of the planetary system. The better the disposition of the universe is understood, the

* In these “complicated advantages,” the *centrifugal* and *centripetal* forces were necessarily included. The preponderance of the *first* would carry each of the planets, from the sun, out into infinite space; and the preponderance of the *second* would occasion each planet, from the force of gravity, to be absorbed by the sun; but as the two forces are duly proportioned to each other, the planets adhere to and are maintained in their prescribed orbits. What stronger demonstration of *design*, and consequently of the GREAT DESIGNER, can be given?

This thought has been well expressed by *Sir Isaac Newton*, in one of his letters to *Bentley*. He says, “If the earth, (without the moon,) were placed any where with its centre in the *orbis magnus*, and stood still there without any gravitation, or projection, and there at once were infused into it, both a gravitating energy toward the sun, and a transverse impulse of a just quantity moving it directly in a tangent to the *orbis magnus*; the compounds of this attraction and projection would, according

more exquisite is the adjustment which every where manifests itself; and, as a confirmation, Halley has most satisfactorily proved, that we, in latitude 51° , have

“ to my notion, cause a circular revolution of the earth about the
 “ sun. But the transverse impulse *must* be a *just quantity*; for if
 “ it were too big, or too little, it would cause the earth to move
 “ in some other line, (a parabola; an hyperbola; or an ellipsis.)
 “ Secondly, I do not know any power in nature which would cause
 “ this transverse motion without the **DIVINE ARM**.”

He goes on to say, “ You sometimes speak of gravity as essential
 “ and inherent to matter. Pray do not ascribe that notion to me.
 “ It is inconceivable that inanimate brute matter should, without
 “ the mediation of *something else*, which is *not material*, operate
 “ upon, and affect other matter without mutual contact; as it must
 “ do, if gravitation, in the sense of *Epicurus*, be essential and
 “ inherent in it. And this is one reason why I desired you not to
 “ ascribe innate gravity to me. That gravity should be innate,
 “ inherent, and essential to matter, so that one body may act upon
 “ another at a distance through a vacuum, without the mediation
 “ of any thing else, by and through which their action, and force
 “ may be conveyed from one to another, is to me so great an
 “ absurdity, that I believe no man who has, in philosophical
 “ matters, a competent faculty of thinking, can ever fall into it.
 “ Gravity must be caused by an *Agent* acting constantly according
 “ to certain laws.”

He further says, “ In my former letter, I represented, that the
 “ diurnal rotations of the planets could not be derived from gravity,
 “ but required a **DIVINE ARM** to impress them. And though
 “ gravity might give the planets a motion of descent towards the
 “ sun, either directly, or with some little obliquity; yet the
 “ transverse motions by which they revolve in their several orbs,
 “ required the *Divine Arm* to impress them, according to the tangents
 “ of their orbs. I would now add that the hypothesis of matter being
 “ at first evenly spread through the heavens, is, in my opinion, in-
 “ consistent with the hypothesis of innate gravity, without a *Super-*
 “ *natural Power* to reconcile them; and therefore it infers a **DEITY**.
 “ For if there be innate gravity, it is impossible now for the
 “ matter of the earth, and all the planets and stars, to fly up from
 “ them, and become evenly spread throughout all the heavens,

a *greater* quantum of heat, with our present angle of the axis, than we should have, if the sun were constantly

“ without a *Supernatural Power*; and certainly that which can
 “ never be hereafter without a *Supernatural Power*, could never be
 “ heretofore without the same *Power*.”

This apprehension of matter, in its more subtle particles, being evenly spread through the universe, (so strenuously contended for by the Cartesian School,) by which, from some *uncommunicated* quality in matter, vortices were formed, and, ultimately, planetary systems, has been so *triumphantly* refuted by the great author of the *Principia*, that the insertion, to many readers, cannot but prove acceptable, both from the subject, and as a fine instance of close consecutive reasoning.

He remarks, “ It seems to me that if the matter of our sun and
 “ planets, and all the matter of the universe, were evenly scattered
 “ throughout all the heavens, and every particle had an innate
 “ gravity toward all the rest, and the whole space, throughout
 “ which this matter was scattered, was but finite; the matter on
 “ the outside of this space would, by its gravity, tend toward all
 “ the matter on the inside, and, by consequence, fall down into
 “ the middle of the whole space, and there compose one great
 “ spherical mass. But if the matter were evenly disposed through-
 “ out an infinite space, it could never convene into one mass; but
 “ some of it would convene into one mass, and some into another,
 “ so as to make an infinite number of great masses, scattered
 “ at great distances from one to another, throughout all that
 “ infinite space. And thus might the sun and fixed stars be formed,
 “ supposing the matter were of a *lucid nature*. But how the
 “ matter could divide itself into two sorts; and that part of it,
 “ which is fit to compose a shining body, should fall down into one
 “ mass, and make a sun; and the rest, which is fit to compose an
 “ opaque body, should coalesce, not into one great body, like the
 “ shining matter, but into many little ones. Or if the sun at
 “ first were an opaque body, like the planets, or the planets lucid
 “ bodies like the sun, how he alone should be changed into a
 “ shining body, whilst all they continue opaque; or all they be
 “ changed into opaque ones, whilst he remains unchanged, I do not
 “ think explicable by mere natural causes, but am *forced* to ascribe
 “ it to the *counsel* and *contrivance* of a VOLUNTARY AGENT. —

on the equator, whilst the heat in the torrid zone is less! An adjustment which bespeaks its author! (See Keil, on one part of this subject.)

“ The same power, whether natural or supernatural, which
 “ placed the sun in the centre of the six primary planets, placed
 “ *Saturn* in the centre of the orbs of his five secondary planets;
 “ and *Jupiter* in the centre of his four secondary planets; and the
 “ *Earth* in the centre of the moon’s orb; and therefore, had this
 “ cause been a blind one, without contrivance or design, the *Sun*
 “ would have been a body of the same kind with *Jupiter*, and
 “ *Saturn*, and the *Earth*; that is, without light or heat. Why
 “ there is one body in our system qualified to give light and heat
 “ to all the rest, I know no reason, but because the AUTHOR OF
 “ THE SYSTEM thought it convenient; and why there is but one
 “ body of this kind, I know no reason, but because *one* was
 “ sufficient to warm and enlighten all the rest.

“ The motions which the planets now have, could not spring
 “ from any natural cause alone, but were impressed by an INTEL-
 “ LIGENT AGENT. For since comets descend into the region of
 “ our planets, and here move all manner of ways; going sometimes
 “ the same way as the planets; sometimes the contrary way; and
 “ sometimes in cross ways; the planes inclined to the plane of the
 “ ecliptic, and at all kinds of angles, it is plain that there is no
 “ natural cause which could determine all the *planets*, both primary
 “ and secondary, to move *the same way*, and in the *same plane*,
 “ without any considerable variation: this *must* have been the
 “ effect of COUNSEL. To make this system, therefore, with all its
 “ motions, required a *cause which understood and compared together*,
 “ the quantities of matter in the sun and planets, with their
 “ velocities, and the gravitating powers resulting therefrom.”

From the reasoning of Sir Isaac Newton, it appears, that if there be, not an *innate*, but a *communicated* quality in matter to attract, and be attracted, in proportion to the dense quantity of matter each body may possess, or, to use more philosophical language, if all bodies attract each other, in the direct ratio of their masses, and in the inverse ratio of the squares of their distances, this direction toward the centre of gravity must be uniform, and above all neutralizing influences *in the same body*. To suppose a natural tendency in matter toward the centre, and at

No support is derived by Burnet, from the circumstance, that Jupiter's axis is very nearly perpendicular to the plane of his orbit, and in which planet, consequently, there can be but little interchange of season. The Almighty can endow his creatures with constitutions suited to all possible circumstances, but the present question is, not, what natures prevail in other worlds, but, what laws regulate our own.

These considerations will, probably, convince the reader, that the earth's axis could never have possessed a right-angular position with the plane of its orbit. The second point to be considered, is, whether the poles could have been coincident with the plane of the ecliptic.

This proposition supposes one of two things ; either a permanent direction of one of the poles to the sun, (in

the same time a co-existent tendency in matter to fly off from the centre, implies a direct contradiction, and yet we find that, apparently, these opposite properties are superinduced on matter, both in comets, and through all our planetary influences, and which forms *the perfection of the system*. A complexity of diverse powers are constantly in operation ; namely, the centripetal force ; then the centrifugal or projectile force ; then the diurnal revolution of the respective planets on their axes ; then the annual revolutions in their orbits ; and then the annual partial revolution of the poles of their ecliptics, in combination with the sun ; whilst all these diversified powers, or motions, are in constant exercise ; and each part of the machinery is *essential* to the *harmony of the whole* !

The most comprehensive Inspector of Nature that earth has seen, clearly beheld this universal adjustment of parts and properties, and was constrained to acknowledge, and do homage to the Father of the Universe. While so many *little philosophers* survey the fabric of nature, and view no marks of the Divine Architect, Sir Isaac Newton, (that profoundest of human minds !) with no superficial glance, analyzed our material system, and traced every where the most demonstrable marks of design and adaptation, and which to *him* became wholly inexplicable, but on the admission of a great, intelligent FIRST CAUSE !

which case the axis could not preserve its parallelisms ;) or otherwise, an alternate presentment of both poles to the sun, where the parallelisms of the axis might be preserved, as they are at present.

If one of the poles were constantly directed to the sun, the sun, under such circumstances, would appear to the inhabitants of *that* pole, exactly in the zenith, in one unchangeable spot. To the inhabitants of the Arctic Circle, (if the North Pole were the one presented) the sun would describe a circle round the zenith, being constantly at the altitude of $66\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; and to the inhabitants of London, the sun's altitude would be $51\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, through the whole twenty-four hours; and to all other places, in the Northern hemisphere, the altitude of the sun would always be equal to the latitude of the place. From this, it appears, that the sun, to places lying on the equator, would appear ever in the horizon, and the sun would describe in the heavens, to the inhabitants of different places, a succession of concentric circles, progressively extending from the zenith to the horizon. The moon, in this arrangement, would become an *useless* appendage in the heavens, (at least to the illuminated half of the earth) and the stars and planets, that so impressively bespeak the finger of Divinity! be for ever *invisible*. Some additional consequences would also follow from this position of the pole, and wholly of an unfavourable nature. In the first place, the arctic regions would be converted into the torrid zone, and the present wide range of the torrid zone would be transformed into the frigid zone; from which, amongst other disasters, the earth would lose two thirds of its productive power! The northern hemisphere, also, would be afflicted with a *never-setting sun*, whilst the southern hemisphere would be involved in *everlasting night*; and the half of the world thus devoted to darkness and desolation,

would be subjected, at the same time, to a condensation of cold, such as would exceed the power of human language to describe.

On the second supposition of an alternate presentment of both poles to the sun, (in which the parallelisms of the earth's axis were to be continued,) the sun's declination would vary almost a degree, every day. At the equator, the days and nights would be always equal, but the sun's advance toward summer and winter, alternately, would be prodigiously rapid, passing over the same apparent space in about twenty-three days, which now occupies ninety. Every place in the earth would endure a vertical sun, twice a-year. The North Pole, in summer, would receive a continual day for six months, and the South Pole, six months' night, and so in perpetual succession; but the most injurious consequences would arise from the long absence of the sun. At each pole, reciprocally, the cold would be so excessive, as probably, to render all places within 45° of the poles insupportable to animal life! and yet these same regions, in a few succeeding months, would be subject twice to a vertical sun!

As, it is presumed, this second position of the poles will be deemed even more untenable than that which preceded it, the writer will now consider the last alternative, that of supposing the poles depressed to the plane of the ecliptic, in some angle between 0° and ninety degrees. It would be tedious to state all the shades of difference, consequent on a depression of the poles, through the whole scale of 90° , and therefore it will best serve the purposes of the investigation, to determine on some given angle, and then to trace the consequences which that angle would necessarily involve.

In the present position of the poles, the ecliptic is inclined to the equator, in an angle of $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; if we sup-

pose this angle *doubled*, so that if the axis of the earth were to lie inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, in an angle of 43° , the tropics would extend 47° on each side of the equator, and the whole torrid zone would occupy 94° of the earth's surface, to every part of which, the sun would be vertical, twice in the year. This new position of the poles, would, indeed, be attended with *tremendous consequences*. Instead of that gradual, and regular, and temperate interchange of seasons which we in these climates enjoy, we should be alternately scorched with heat, and paralysed with cold; our summers would surpass the heat of *Barbary*, and our winters be as inhospitable as those of *Spitzbergen*. The human constitution now sustains inconvenience in a sudden transition of the atmospheric temperature of 20° or 30° , but what must the variation be, when the progress from one of these extremes of heat, to the opposite extreme of cold, would lie between the same space of time, which at present bounds our moderated summer and winter; and where the thermometer would range between 120° of Fahrenheit, and 60° below Zero. The sun presents to us at present a meridian elevation above the plane of the horizon, varying from 16° to 62° , comprehending a difference of 46° ; but if the angle of the ecliptic with the equator were 47° instead of what it is at present, $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, the sun, on reaching the first point of Cancer, would be nearly as vertical to us as the latitude of Paris, and at that time would attain a meridian altitude of $85\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. The sun, also, on his declining in winter to the 1st of Capricorn, would not reach our horizon by $8\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, which $8\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ added to $85\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, would occasion a difference of the above 94° . The further consequences of this alteration in the position of the poles, would be the following. The inhabitants of England, and similar latitudes, would experience continual day, in

summer, for about two months, from the sun never setting, and a continual night, of about two months, in winter, from the sun never rising. All these circumstances would produce a combination of heat, and cold, and darkness, such as would transform this beautiful world of ours, into an insufferable abode for man, and suit it alone, alternately, for the residence of *seals* and *salamanders*. It should also especially be remembered, that whatever effects might be produced by this proposed alteration in the poles, so as to render the temperate regions more favourable for tropical animals in *summer*, these effects would be more than counterbalanced by the attendant extremes of cold, in *winter*.

From this brief statement, it will appear that there are two positions of the earth's axis, the one in which it is *coincident* with the ecliptic, and the other, in which the axis is *perpendicular* to the ecliptic, both of which would be attended with destructive consequences to man, and would substitute, instead of the present harmony, discord, confusion, and death! It likewise appears that there is some *one* position, between these extremes, which would be *most* beneficial to the human, and animal nature, generally. It has been shewn that an increased obliquity of the ecliptic to 47° would produce highly injurious effects, and other angles, both more and less, would proportionably prove unfavourable; and if there be one particular position of the axis, with respect to the plane of the equator, which, on a comprehensive scale, secures to human beings *the greatest possible sum of happiness*, who can doubt, for a moment, *but that it is the precise position* of the axis where INFINITE WISDOM has placed it; namely, the existing angle of TWENTY-THREE DEGREES AND-A-HALF!

ESSAY X.

ON THE REMAINS OF CARNIVOROUS ANIMALS, FOUND IN ENGLAND.

WE experience much of the Creator's goodness ; perceive much of his wisdom ; and are perpetually impressed with indications of his power ; whilst we are bound to admit *far more* of each than we can either see, or feel ; but no part of his ordination, in the system of the universe, is invested with such lustre, and impresses the mind with such clear and ample convictions of infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, *as the position which the pole is now made to hold with respect to the ecliptic.* Doubtless, all other parts of the divine economy result from equal beneficence, and conduce to the best ends ; but many of them elude the grasp of our minds. Yet *here* is an *arrangement*, bearing the full impress of Omnipotence, (an apparent violation of order, which proves the *perfection of design* !) admirable for its simplicity, and grand in its results ; in which our happiness is involved, if not our very existence, and which would transform the earth into a paradise, if there existed the same harmony in the moral world which we behold in the natural.

But it may be replied, by those whose opinions approximate in any degree to those of Burnet, that when a positive effect has been produced, and the cause is uncertain, the *most probable* solution must be adopted, even though that solution should not be wholly unencumbered with difficulties. This reasoning is perfectly correct, and the question now to be determined is, what cause does really present itself as the *most probable*, for

reconciling the existence of these animals to our northern climate.

It is presumed, if there be justice in the preceding remarks, that the reader will now relinquish the idea of any alteration of the poles, as the most rational explanation why tropical animals should once have abounded in the temperate zone, and particularly in our own island. But what better solution can be substituted? It is certain that the animals before enumerated, once flourished in England, and the questions recur, How came they here? What caused an alteration in their natures? and, admitting that they were once indigenous to our island, what occasioned their extinction? and being expelled, why should not the same cause (whatever it was) which brought them here, produce the same effect, in reinstating them once more, when the fortuitous means of their expulsion ceased to operate?

The reluctance which has prevailed to admit the existence of carnivorous animals in England, as their native region, has arisen not only from their alleged incapacity to endure the rigours of our climate, but from the physical impossibility of their crossing the sea, and seating themselves in an island so far removed from the continental shore.

Upon considering the validity of the first objection, it will perhaps be found to be nugatory. Man is the creature of all climates. He possesses a constitution which is suited for, or, at least, which accommodates itself to every region under heaven; and why should not the same adaptation to circumstances exist in quadrupeds? Their clothing always bears an exact proportion to the degree of heat or cold which they are required to sustain, and it is an observable circumstance, that the same animals

vary the texture of their clothing accordingly as they are exposed to the extremes of heat or cold ; and that interchangeably. The woolly animal, on being transferred to the tropical climates, changes his wool for hair, and the hairy animal of the south, soon finds himself invested with wool, on ascending into the higher latitudes ; so that what *contrivance* effects for the rational creation, *nature* effects for the irrational. If these carnivorous animals do not at present inhabit the forests of our temperate climate, may not the exclusion arise from some accidental, or assignable cause, rather than from any inherent and insuperable constitutional impediment ? That there is nothing in the nature of the animals themselves adverse to the milder climates, whether their present abodes, (in an unconstrained state,) be in the warmest or the coldest regions, is manifested by the circumstance that the land animals of the whole tribe of Mammalia, not only *might* exist in England, but, that, at this very moment, they actually *do* ; as our *menageries* abundantly testify.

But after the fact is established that these carnivorous animals *can*, and *do*, as well as *did*, inhabit this island, and were, in the strictest sense, natives of the country, the second objection occurs ; — How could wild beasts, which have an instinctive aversion to water, and many of which were never known to swim across a broad river, subdue their natural antipathies, and defy the billows which separated England from the continent ? This argument must be deemed unanswerable, unless some new channel of approach should be discovered ; and the following may be adopted, till some other be produced, less encumbered with difficulties. Whether we are able to ascertain the medium, or not, some *adequate* medium *must* have existed, for it is too late to question

the axiom, that no *body* can advance from one position to another, without passing through the intermediate space. But what mode of access to Britain *could* these animals have found ?

Were these animals *brought* here ? Domestic and serviceable animals are conveyed, by man, from one spot to another, but beasts of prey, for the purpose of *colonization*, never are. From the days of Nimrod, “that mighty hunter,” to the present, a mortal enmity has existed between man and such animals. They never meet but to wage war. The beasts of the field exist only by *sufferance*. The Almighty made this world “to be inhabited,” but as *man* cannot *at present* occupy the whole of the earth’s surface, the unappropriated parts are tenanted by wild animals, many species of which *have* become extinct, and *all others* which are incapable of forming a league with man, by administering to his pleasures or his wants, *must irremediably perish, before the march of human population.*

Independently of the impossibility that such animals should have been *brought* here, at the period when these beasts prevailed in England, man, in all human probability, was unknown in this island ; for, had he divided the empire of the soil with his quadruped competitors, it is not to be supposed, but that human bones, in such a case, would be sometimes found associated with those of beasts, either in caverns, or diluvial soils ; but such an instance, in this country, at least, is not on record. Human bones have indeed been recently found in the Valley of Elster, near Kostritz, in Germany, in alluvial soils, and imperfectly petrified ; as described by Baron Von Schlotheim, but these deposits evidently took place posterior to the deluge, and it is a demonstrative proof, as *Cuvier* has well observed, that beasts must have prevailed in Europe, long prior to man, as their remains

are often found fossilized in the more ancient strata, as well as in caverns; but those belonging to man are never so found.

If the carnivorous animals did not *swim* hither, and were not *brought*, was the cold once so intense in Europe, as to allow them to arrive through the agency of *ice*, by freezing even *salt water*? This is a feeble supposition, from opposing the experience of two thousand years, during which time no ice has invested our seas. Some, on the contrary, have supposed that our climate was *warmer* than it now is, from the successful cultivation of the *grape*, which once prevailed in England; when *Smithfield* was a vineyard, and *Gloucestershire* furnished wines, both in quality and quantity, which superseded the necessity of importation. But instead of being *warmer*, as these suppose, in ancient times, the probability is admitted, that the temperature of these climates may have been somewhat *colder* than it is at present, from the well-known tendency which woods and morasses have to produce cold, and the amelioration of which has always borne a correspondence with the cultivation of the soil. Some direct authority might also be adduced, to prove the more rigorous state of our winters, in the earlier periods. The Rhine is the most rapid river in Europe, which, in these times, uniformly resists the power of frost, and yet the highest authority which antiquity furnishes (Cæ. Com.) represents the Rhine, not only as having been frozen over, but the ice to have been sufficiently firm to enable the Roman cohorts to pass over it, from Gaul into Germany. But whatever facilities the Rhine might once have furnished for the passage of carnivorous animals, it would require a large portion of credulity to believe that, the twenty-mile strait, which separated Gaul from

Britain, was *customarily* frozen over, in ancient times, for the mere purpose of furnishing a bridge of ice for beasts of prey. Nor should it be forgotten that this medium of access could not possibly have offered itself, except during the extremity of winter; and at this season, there is a perpetuity of storms in our seas, and particularly in the *Dover Strait*, which no conceivable frost could overcome.

Having proved the insufficiency of all the causes to produce the effect in question, it now remains for the writer to suggest the high probability, that *the land which is now denominated England, was once attached to, or formed an integral part of the continent*; in confirmation of which, some arguments will, with deference, be stated.

The supposition has often been advanced, of this union of the two countries, but it has been chiefly founded on the conformity of the rocks, on both sides of the easternmost part of the channel; yet this is stopping at the mere vestibule of the question. The neighbouring rocks of Dover and Calais, not only correspond, but a mutual correspondence is continued through the whole of the English Channel; both as it respects the cliffs, and the soil. Thus, all the granite formations of Bretagne are in exact unison with those of the opposite coast of Cornwall: and the Norman Isles that lie between, are also granitic. The blue lias, oolite, and limestone, of Devonshire and Dorset, agree, exactly, with the shores of Normandy, and the easternmost shores of Bretagne, whilst the chalk formations of Hampshire, Sussex, and Kent, are in minute conformity with the opposing shores of Picardy, and the easternmost part of Normandy; and finally, the testuary beds of Artois and the Netherlands, exactly accord with

the whole eastern coast of England ; and it is a very observable circumstance, that there are no basaltic, or carboniferous formations in either country contiguous to the channel, although each is found a little way in the interior, both in England and France, and precisely in the same meridian. It is remarkable, also, that a strong conformity subsists between Scotland and Ireland, and which sanctions the probability that those two countries were once united. The basaltic pillars of Staffa, are found on the opposite coast of Ireland. The Mica-slate formation approaches the western coast of Scotland, when it appears to dip under the sea, and reappears on the opposite coast. The transition slate also, with granitic nuclei, are found on the opposite shores of Scotland and Ireland.

This must be admitted to be strong presumptive evidence, but the question derives additional confirmation from the difficulty of accounting for the presence of carnivorous animals, in Britain, *on any other sound hypothesis.*

The solid basis on which the Copernican System rests, and which has resisted a thousand visionary adverse theories, is, its perfect agreement with all the phenomena of nature. This is a just criterion, when applied to other questions, and if the conjunction of England and France be admitted, a perfect harmony is at once effected between numerous perplexing appearances.

Upon an admission of this union, how naturally the cause precedes the effect, and how clear is the agreement between both ? The wild beasts increased. Human beings proceeded from *one* pair ; beasts proceeded from many. At this period, carnivorous animals were uncircumscribed by the dominion of man. Their own

Asiatic vicinity became too populous, and they migrated, both on account of safety, and in quest of food; passing as easily into England, as other parts of their species passed into China. All was land, and all was appropriated to themselves. But, establish a wide channel between England and the continent, and we might as rationally expect to find amongst us the remains of tigers, elephants, and hyænas, as to find moles amongst the rocky pinnacles of the Alps.

If the remark should now be made, “On the supposition that England was once united to the continent, what convulsion of nature, occasioned the separation,” the following reply would be given. “When appearances establish an *effect*, it is not essential that the true *cause*, or even that *any cause* should be assigned. A tower might be viewed prostrate, but the cause of its prostration might be doubtful;” but if the writer did venture to hazard an opinion, on the agency of this grand separation of England from the continent, he would ascribe it, without hesitation, to the concussions attendant on the *Deluge*, when the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the crust of the earth, probably, received its present irregular and dislocated form.*

* See the ample confirmatory evidence of the *Deluge*, in Professor Buckland’s “*RELIQUIÆ DILUVIANÆ.*”

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ESSAY XI.
DESCRIPTION OF THE ORESTON CAVES,
WITH REFLECTIONS ON
THEIR ANIMAL CONTENTS.*

IN the summers of 1822, and 1823, the *author* happened to spend two or three months at Plymouth, just at the time, each year, when the discovery was made of the numerous animal remains which were found in the Oreston Rocks; from the blowing up of which, the *Breakwater* was supplied with stone. The author felt a deep and unusual *interest* excited by the event, and spared neither expense, time, nor trouble, in collecting a large, or rather the far largest proportion of all the animal remains which were discovered in that spot.

During this *protracted* period, also, he had an opportunity of inspecting the successive appearances of the rocks, as the destruction of them advanced, as well as of noticing several curious facts, particularly the number, and position of the various caves, with some of which the public are *totally unacquainted*; and which could only have been known, to one constantly on the spot, and directing his attention to the subject.

* The following Essay has been curtailed from some more considerable observations on the *Oreston Caves*. These observations were submitted, in MS. to *Sir H. Davy*, who was so far pleased with them, as to grant permission to dedicate the small work to himself, should it have been published in a separate form. If the subsequent remarks be conformable with those of other observers, they become a corroboration; if they make any addition, it is so far an accession to useful facts.

The efforts made to *consolidate* this amazing assemblage of animal remains, by becoming the property of *one person*, were attended with some *public* advantages. The appropriation prevented the remains from being scattered amongst *many individuals*, such as infallibly would have been the case, if these *perquisites of the workmen* had not found one general purchaser. Any narrow and personal object was the farthest from being entertained by the writer, and after he has retained the *aggregate remains*, long enough to afford geologists an opportunity of inspecting his collection *en masse*, it is his intention to distribute the whole between different public institutions, in such proportions and ways, as may best serve the cause of science. It will be satisfactory to some, to know, that fifty specimens from the author's collection have been selected by, and engraved, on account of Professor Buckland, with *perfect accuracy*, and in the first style of *lithographic* excellence, and which will be found in his new and valuable work, now about to issue from the press.*

At *this moment* it is unknown that *two caves* were discovered *by the workmen*, in the year 1823, *abounding* with the remains of the *wolf*, exclusively. The author collected (by his agents, who were constantly on the alert) numerous jaws of the *wolf*, from one of these caves. He had directed them, if they found any body of *clay*, however apparently free from animal remains, to examine it to the *bottom*. It then occurred to them, that there was a passage, or rather a long, but low cave, lying horizontally, about two thirds up the rock, (absolutely *inaccessible*, except to men accustomed to

* It might be desirable that some competent individual should inspect, and describe the whole of the writer's collection, before it be separated.

wander about the cliffs, and who *could climb like cats*) through which they had often passed, (with difficulty, from the *lowness* of the *entrance*) and where they remembered their feet partially *sunk in clay*. This they determined upon examining, and the result was, that they brought the writer in *two days*, no less than *forty jaws* of the *wolf*, which were completely embedded in this clay, and, for the most part, in a high state of preservation. The cave was an interior continuation of the small cave, marked B. in the plate.

The second cave, containing the remains of the wolf, was discovered, after the great cave, A. was destroyed. Contiguous to it, and about twelve feet lower down, an *aperture* was noticed by one of the men, not more than sufficient to admit an individual at a time, through which he, and a companion, descended, when their candles enabled them to make the following observations. The cave was about fifteen feet square, and without clay. Beneath a large stone, that had fallen from the roof, diagonally, they noticed *numerous* small bones, lying in parallel rows. These they collected, to the number of *two hundred*, (without a fracture in any part of them) and evidently lying in the same spot in which the animals had perished. These proved to be the phalanges of the wolf, and the whole of which are now in the author's collection.

But there was one other singular discovery made in this cave. All the other bones, not defended by the shelving rock, had been exposed to the continual dropping of water, and, with the falling in of stones from the roof, had become crushed, or decomposed, uniting with the stalagmitic matter, till the whole formed one amalgamated dense *breccia*. The men, on account of the facility of conveyance, broke the mass into conve-



Face of the ROCK, at the Oreston Quarries, near Plymouth.

nient portions, *seventy* of which they preserved, and then, with their large hammers, (a true *bibliomaniac* spirit,) *destroyed the whole of the remainder!* These seventy specimens of the Oreston Osseous Breccia, are now in the writer's possession, except one of them, which was requested, for the museum at Oxford.

The author thought it right to take *a drawing* of the face of the rock, at the time when the most important of the caves was discovered, and which, otherwise, could not have been taken at all, as, from the rapid destruction of the rock, almost every week offered a *new appearance*. The reader is here presented with a lithographic outline of the same; not designed for the purpose of *ornament*, but *explanation*.

A few observations on the Oreston Caves are subjoined.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

A. represents the large cave, where the chief animal remains were found.

B. ——— a small cave, about 40 feet above the large, connected with several others, not visible.

C. ——— an external serpentine fissure, connecting the two caves.

D. ——— the earth and loose stones covering the summit of the rock, from ten to fifteen feet deep; termed, by the workmen, the *overburden*.

E. ——— a stratum of red clay, lying between parallel rock, and with rock at each extremity.

F. ——— an irregular mass of clay, encompassed, apparently, by solid rock.

G. ——— caverns, lying directly under the large cave, A. on a level with the ground.

OBSERVATIONS.

1st. The cave A. where the chief animal remains were found, was about twenty-one feet deep, (proceeding at right angles from the arm of the sea, called "*Cat-Water*," fronting the rocks,) about twelve feet high, but variable, and about ten feet wide at the entrance.

2nd. The cave, containing the remains, was about thirty feet above the level of the sea, and the superincumbent rock rose above the roof of the cave, about sixty-five feet; so that if twelve feet be allowed for the height of the cave, and thirteen feet for the overburden, it will show the altitude of the rock to have been about one hundred and twenty feet.

3d. The excavation which had been made by the blowing up of the solid rock, to the spot where the cave was discovered, was about six hundred feet.

4th. The sides of the cave, in numerous places, were incrustated with a nebulous stalactite, the protuberances of which were about the size of small pease, and all of them were tinged with the red colouring matter of the rock.

5th. The Oreston Rocks consist of secondary transition lime-stone, forming a *marble*, which is susceptible of the finest polish, and is plentifully diversified with red and white veins.*

6th. The base of the cave was covered with a clay-like mud, approximating to the colour of red, from the oxyde of iron, with which it was impregnated, and resembling the earth on the summit of the rock.

* The writer has in his possession, a square piece of marble, finely polished, which formed part of the corner, or *first stone*, which was cast into the sea, to make the *Breakwater*; broken off by accident, and secured by a virtuoso, then present.

7th. On this stratum of clay, lay a large proportion of the bones, (though preponderating by *the sides*.)

8th. The clay which thus covered the base of the cave, was about one foot deep, at the entrance, and about three feet deep in the interior.

9th. The upper surfaces of the bones, which were, in some degree, subject to the operation of the air, presented a light appearance, consisting, almost entirely of the phosphate of lime. The under surfaces of the bones, which were embedded in the clay, were of a darker colour, and had not wholly lost their animal glutine. The latter parts also, were more compact than the former.

10th. Though the greater portion of the bones lay promiscuously scattered over the surface of the clay, or had but partly sunk into it; many others were completely immersed. The existence of these latter bones, was not, at first, suspected.

11th. Though the bones which were wholly buried in the clay were harder than those which were acted upon by the air, yet very few of the bones, or teeth, exhibited a complete state of fossilization. Many of the bones, and teeth, are partially fossilized, but they are those alone which were exposed to the percolation of water, when they often became incrustated with stalactite, and submitted, in different degrees, to the sparry transformation.

12th. There was no stalagmite in the cave, nor any stalagmitic concretion on the surface of the clay, such as was found in the Pickering Cave.

13th. Very few stalactites appeared in the cave. The writer obtained one, singularly pure and beautiful. It is eight inches long, and eleven inches in circumference at its base.

14th. The teeth which approached the nearest to a fossil state, were incapable of *cutting glass*, from having been embedded not in silicious, but in the softer calcareous matter.

15th. The bones obtained by the writer, preponderated greatly in favour of the *horse*.

16th. Nearly all the jaws obtained by the writer, were found immersed in the clay. From having been thus circumstanced, the process of decomposition was necessarily retarded. The *jaws* of the wolf greatly preponderated.

17th. Independently of the preceding teeth, jaws, and bones, the writer obtained from the same cave, the jaw of a horse,* with many of the teeth, combined with bone and earthy concretions; and particularly with the lower ball of the *femur* of the boss; all petrified.

18th. In opposition to the opinion, that our indigenous horse was smaller than the existing race, the bones of the horse obtained from this cave, appear to be fully equal to the recent animal, if not larger. A tibia, at its upper extremity, measures 14 inches in circumference.

19th. One tibia is fractured nearly at its centre, and

* The jaw of the horse is furnished with the *alveolar processes*, or cavities, for receiving 40 teeth; 12 incisor teeth (6 in each jaw) 4 tusks, and 24 grinders (12 in each jaw.) The tusks in the horse are not shed, neither are the three pair of posterior grinders, but the first set of incisor teeth are, as are also the three first pair of grinders. A general resemblance exists between the teeth of several of the carnivorous animals, although there are characteristic differences, with which naturalists are familiar; but when *jaws* are to be seen, the inexperienced will find a solution *in the number of the teeth*. Thus the tiger and the bear, have only *three* molar teeth in each side of the lower jaw, whereas, the hyæna has *four*, and the wolf *seven*.

presents the following appearance. After its fracture, it must have remained in a perpendicular position, which allowed the water from the roof to drop *into* the interior of the bone, for the whole cavity is filled with stalactite, nearly as spherical as pebbles. A similar bone, fractured also in the centre, exhibits its cavity filled with nebulous stalactite, similar to that which covers the sides of the cave.

20th. There was originally, a large aperture in the roof of the great cave, but at the time when the cave was opened it was completely closed with stalactite, stones, and the occasional intermixture of bones; the whole strongly cemented, and bearing a resemblance to the Gibraltar Breccia.

21st. This roof of the cave could be removed only by being blown up with gunpowder. All the petrified jaws of the horse, in the writer's possession, (28 in number) were obtained from this roof; and which, at some former period, was evidently *open*.

22nd. Not one of the bones presents the slightest evidence of having been *gnawed*.

23d. Although only one fissure *appeared* to communicate with the cave, there was more than one opening, or fissure, in its immediate vicinity, branching off diagonally, in some unexplored direction.

24th. One mass of breccia, obtained from the spot, exhibits on its *surface*, the tibia of a horse, the femur of the boss; various other bones, with a fine molar tooth of the hyæna, projecting; and the organ of hearing of the horse; all cemented together by stalagmite. Its *interior* contents cannot be known.

25th. Immediately above the small cave (B) was compact rock. This cave contained no animal remains.

26th. The fissure (C) connecting the two caves, ap-

peared to be about six inches wide, and bore a strong resemblance to the crack which is often to be observed in the settlement of a new house.

27th. A singular appearance presents itself in this spot. The Oreston Rocks consist of a *red marble*, without any organic remains, yet, at their eastern extremity, and separated only by a small inlet, rocks of *black marble* present themselves, abounding *with* organic remains. This black marble, appears, also, on the opposite side of the river *Lara*. In this neighbourhood may be seen the extraordinary and abrupt conjunction of the *slate* and *limestone* formations.

28th. The stratum of red clay (E) was about twenty feet from the summit of the rock ; about thirty feet long, and six wide. It lay nearly horizontal ; was perfectly straight ; and was surmounted with solid rock.

29th. About twenty-five feet to the left of the large cave, a mass of clay appeared. (F) Its sides were irregular. In its extreme points, it was about forty feet long, and thirty deep. In this clay, insulated as it was by rock, the following appearances were exhibited. In its left hand extremity, (a) where it came in contact with the solid stone, its substance, as well in colour as in hardness, approached so nearly to the adjacent rock, as scarcely to be distinguished from it. The opposite extremity of this clay (b) on the contrary, was soft, though tenacious, of a dark brown colour, and easily dug out with a *spade*. The intermediate space, between these two extremes, presented a regular gradation of colour, from a light to a dark brown, and from rock to the softest clay ; so that between the first and the last series, there was a manifest variation, although no two parts, immediately contiguous, could have been selected, as possessing contra-distinguishing appearances, or soli-

dity. The whole of this clay is now destroyed. At the bottom of it, a stratum of *red sand* was discovered, (some specimens of which have been preserved.) It had no marine admixtures. In this mass of clay, a diversity of *veins* appeared, extending over the whole substance, in all the convolutions of the marble in which it was embedded. Some specimens were preserved, containing those incipient veins; and the whole appeared like clay not yet *indurated into rock*.

30th. Immediately under the large cave, and on a level with the ground, some cavernous apertures appeared, (G) which, however, had no connexion with the principal cave. This natural excavation contained neither clay nor animal remains.

31st. Many of the bones, and particularly those which were most defended from the air, retained much of their animal glutine, as when they were exposed to heat, in a pulverized form, the *empyreuma* effluvia was very perceptible.

Remains obtained by the Writer, from the Oreston Caves.

Jaws.				Teeth.		
Tiger ..	2 ..	Molars, Fangs, and Incisors, ..	11			
Hyæna	5 ..	ditto ditto ditto ..	35			
Wolf ..	86 ..	ditto ditto ditto ..	225			
Fox ..	8 ..	ditto ditto ditto ..	6			
Horse ..	32 ..	ditto ditto ..	800			
Bull ..	5 ..	ditto ditto ..	400			
Deer ..	6 ..	ditto ditto ..	100			
Boar ..	1 ..	ditto ditto ..				
Hare ..	2 ..	ditto ditto ..	5			
Water Rat	..	ditto ..	2			
Weasel	..	ditto ..	3			

Jaws. . 147

Teeth..1,587

Bones, from the Tiger to the Hare	500
Ditto, Fragments, without direct character	..	1000	
Ditto, Vertebre	250	
Ditto, Skulls, and portions of Skulls	..	26	
Horns (Bull)	3	
Osseous Breccia (masses of)	80	
Album Græcum	1	

To the preceding cursory remarks, the writer will now venture to offer an opinion, illustrative of those animal remains; which he adopted, from a deliberate view of the Oreston Rocks; the precise spot where the caves lay; and the adjacent land; not advanced in the spirit of arrogance, but with a desire to offer a few suggestions for the consideration of others, and thus, in some degree, to promote the discovery of truth.

In his repeated inspection of that portion of the Oreston Rocks, where the caves lay, the writer was struck with the *loose, shattered, and incoherent character* of the whole region. He inquired of some of the workmen, *practical men*, and one or two of them, unusually acute, who had no opinion to foster, nor theory to respect, and they all concurred in stating, that this part of the cliffs was "*looser,*" and "*more broken;*" and far more easily "*worked,*" than any other parts of the rock.

Another fact to be remembered, is the following. The workmen had blown up, in this direction, 600 feet of solid rock, without meeting with a single cave. They had now almost worked the rock *through*, in a right-angle, from *Cat-Water*, and had nearly arrived at the earthy soil beyond, when they found the various caves in question. This point was ascertained by the writer passing some miles round, so as to reach the summit of

the rock, directly over the caves. The fact then became established, that the rock was nearly *expended*, and one very observable appearance presented itself. The reader, from any thing he has heard to the contrary, has, probably, supposed that, beyond the Oreston Rocks, (now nearly *worked through*,) there was a continuance of equally high ground; but the direct reverse is the case; the land *behind the rocks*, makes a rapid dip, or descent, down to the village of Oreston, on the margin of the sea.

While contemplating, *on the spot*, these two facts, the writer's mind was deeply impressed with the persuasion, that in some former period, there must have been an *horizontal opening*, or cavern, on the side of the hill, near the top, which was connected with these caves, and through which the animals may have passed, till they fell into the caves, from which there was no retreat.

“What!” it will be replied, “Wolves, tigers, and hyænas, with all the other animals; is it to be supposed that they, in an amicable body, passed through this imaginary aperture, or cavern, to reach the further caves, in order to leap down, and be destroyed?” This opinion, like many others, may appear absurd, till ulterior circumstances are made known. If such an opening as is here suggested, ever existed, and that it did, is to be inferred, because,—1st, the thing in itself is probable, from the broken, and disjointed nature of the rocks, and,—2ndly, because there is no other *rational way* of accounting for the presence of these diversified animal remains.

The writer must now state it, as his conviction, that all the animals, found in the Oreston Caves, were absolutely drowned by the waters of the *Deluge*; of which

catastrophe these animals furnish the strongest presumptive evidence. The reasons which induce this opinion, are the following.

1st. Because no other conjuncture than that of the *Deluge*, can satisfactorily account for the assemblage, in one spot, of diverse animals, between whom, in a natural state, unconquerable antipathy exists. The horse flees from the tiger; the boss from the hyæna; the fox from the wolf; and the hare from all; and yet, here the whole are found congregated together. To this it may be replied, "What was there in the *Deluge*, which could both tame down the spirits of ferocious animals, and subdue the dread of the timid?" To this, it is answered, "*Fear!*"

It should be recollected, at this awful season, the winds must have roared; the torrents descended; the face of the sky been darkened; the adjacent waves conflicting, and the artillery of heaven succeeding, instantly, the forked streams of unimagined fire. This was a moment sufficient to extinguish the most deep-rooted antipathies of animal nature. If the *pit-falls* of Siberia often discover the wolf, the fox, and the bear, quietly reposing by each other, under the influence of terror, (Pennant's *Arc. Zool.*) how extinct and dead must the hostile feelings of these animals have been, when the last instincts retained, were, to *herd together*, and to obtain safety.

We may suppose the waters progressively advancing up the loftiest ground. The wild beasts retire from the valleys to the hills, before the rapidly-increasing waters. The whole mass of the Oreston Rocks, with the neighbouring land, forms an *elongated cone*. The beasts now are ranging the summit of an *island*: oppressed with fear, and seeking refuge. They behold the mouth of a

cave: they rush into it for safety. Crowds without force those which first entered, to the extremity of the cavern. They arrive at the interior precipice. They are urged over. Unconscious of their danger, others follow, and are involved in the same ruin. The probability of this incident is increased, from the well-known propensity which all animals discover to follow a *leader*; so that one or two beasts, if seen to venture into this presumed horizontal opening, might have proved sufficient to induce all others to imitate their example; especially in their state of *excitement*, and with *danger* in their *rear*. This instinct to *follow* a predecessor, even to peril, and to death, is often witnessed in our domesticated animals.

American travellers inform us of certain *buffalo traps*, which consist of rocks, widely diverged at their extreme points, and gradually contracting, till they terminate in a *precipice*, often connected with a river. The buffalo hunters drive the whole drove of buffalos into this acute angular formation of the rocks, then raise loud shouts, and thus propel them forward. The *first* are forced on, by an irresistible weight *behind*; and are rapidly, and inevitably hurried over the precipice, where hundreds of them are often dashed to pieces, and whose *skins* sufficiently reward the intrepidity of the hunters. This is an illustration of the animals in the Oreston Caves.

It is a possible contingency, and therefore noticed, that in this spot there is a collateral, horizontal cave, *too low* to admit the larger animals, yet *wolves* in one compact body may have rushed into it, and there have crouched till they were suffocated with the waters. This is the spot where the *forty* wolves' jaws were discovered, before referred to; and on a level with which, in different adjacent apertures, nearly the *whole* of the writer's wolves' jaws were obtained.

To the supposition, here entertained, of an aperture in the sloping side of the hill, conducting to the caves in which the animal remains were deposited, perhaps it may be remarked that, no such opening has been discovered. This fact is admitted, but, present appearances lead to no conclusion, as to the past. The aperture may have been filled up, either by the immediate action of the Deluge ; the mouldering effect of the elements, or that progressive accumulation of alluvial soil, which has filled and transformed innumerable other portions of the earth's surface.

The idea derives some support from the extensive *horizontal* HUNGARIAN CAVES, described by Parkinson, where there are hundreds of cart-loads of horses' bones, unfossilized, and all perfect. The Deluge offers the most probable solution to *this* appearance also, for, as the cave must have existed before the bones were deposited in it, so no cause appears so reasonably to account for this amazing collection of such remains. The horses in a *huge drove*, may be supposed to have retreated before the waters, when discovering this extensive natural cave, they rushed into it for safety, when a retreat became impossible, till the ascent of the waters destroyed them ; in the very spot where their vestiges now are found.

Surprise has often been expressed that *human bones* are not occasionally discovered, intermixed with those of animals. But it must be recollected, that in the district now constituting England, in all probability, not a human being was to be found at the time when these animals perished. The whole region was, doubtless, given up to the dominion of the "beasts of the field." On the supposition that all the animals were destroyed at the time of the Deluge, whose remains are found in the

Oreston, and many other caves, and that the separation of England from the continent occurred at the same period, one consequence would necessarily follow. The channel of communication being effectually cut off, if the indigenous ferocious animals were once extirpated, no successors could ever be found here: now facts support this reasoning. Tigers, hyænas, &c. have become extinct in this island; nor, from the time of the Deluge, down to the present moment, has a single instance occurred of any one of these animals being discovered here, in a wild state, though at, and prior to the Deluge, from their innumerable *exuviae*, they must have abounded.

It may also be noticed, that the caves where these animal vestiges are always found, are on, or near the tops of hills. This might have been inferred from the nature of the case. At the commencement of the Deluge, the beasts would instinctively repair to the higher ground, then, as the danger increased, they would infallibly betake themselves to caves, and ultimately perish.

On this subject, another observation arises, illustrative of the total absence of human remains, while those of carnivorous, and other animals, are so abundant. Man is a rational being. Beasts are irrational. The last thought that would occur to human beings is that of fleeing to *caverns*, at the period of the Deluge, or in any great increase of the waters. They would ascend to the highest possible hills and mountains, and on the waters reaching these summits, they would be swept away, and their remains perish with those of all the animals which were *not encased by rocks and caves*.

It was before intimated that no *rational* solution could be given for this huge assemblage of animal remains in the Oreston Caves, but upon the presumption

that there was some *horizontal* channel that led to the caves, near the top. To substantiate this remark, it will be necessary to offer a few brief comments on the four hypotheses which have been advocated by different speculators on the subject; although only the two last will be deemed worthy of an extended notice.

1st. "A passage from the tide, above high-water mark."

To this supposition it is only necessary to state three objections.

First. Rocks are not organized bodies, and consequently do not *grow*. If an avenue, six hundred feet in length, ever existed, it could alone have been filled up by calcareous spar, or stalagmite, no traces of which have appeared.* *Secondly.* It could not have been the

* It is a striking illustration of the tendency that lime-stones have to fill up their crevices with *veins*, and their larger vacancies with full-formed *calcareous spar*, that shells, embedded in lime-stone are so often wholly, or partially, filled with crystals. A large proportion of the shells which possess winding cavities, with connecting apertures, too small to admit gross matter, and yet large enough to allow the introduction of the humidity containing the crystallizing principle, will present in their interior, numerous, and often dense masses of crystals, as may be seen in the extraneous nautilus and cornu ammonis.

It is curious to notice the gradations exhibited by these convolutionary shells. The first curvatures, near the focal point, are often found to contain a solid mass of crystals, (like the crystals of nitre in sal-prunella,) the next spiral part, a less condensed state of the crystals, &c. till the large cavity which formed the final residence of the fish, is filled in the most compact state, generally not with crystals, but, with whatever substance the shell happened to be united. The writer has obtained from the Island of Barbadoes, some specimens of the *only* living cornu-ammonis, (according to Jones' Phil. Disq.) in which a sufficient resemblance is retained to designate its character. It is a discoidal, spiral, multilocular shell, but the spirals *are not quite*

den of wild beasts, where the larger animals were dragged so far, and carried *so high* up in the rocks, and all in total darkness ; and, *thirdly* ; if it was a mere avenue through which carnivorous animals proceeded to their ultimate dens, they must often have passed each other in amicable confraternity !

2ndly. It has been supposed, by others, that, in some great natural convulsion, the rocks “ collapsed,” and thus enclosed these animals. So futile an argument can only be answered, by supposing that tigers, hyænas, wolves, and horses, &c. &c. on some felicitous occasion agreed to suspend their animosities, when they all assembled, in grand concert, on some deliberative occasion, just at the *very place*, and in the *very moment*, when the rocks opened, and swallowed them up ?

3dly. It has been suggested, that these caves were the dens of wild beasts, approachable, not from the base, but the summit. If this had been the case, the dens could not have belonged to *wolves*, but must have been appropriated to the stronger, or rather the *strongest* animals ; namely, *tigers*. Tigers and hyænas could no more have coalesced than oil and water. Now, it is well known that tigers never inhabit other than thickets, or shallow dens. To suppose that tigers could have dragged into these caves, innumerable bulls, horses, and

contiguous, although the similitude is equally preserved on both sides. In one respect, these modern specimens are valuable, as presenting the internal conformation of the shell far more perfectly than those which are ancient. There are very few of the old specimens which present superficially the sinuous *septa* which divide the chambers ; and the *siphunculus apertures*, which lie at the side of the *septa*, are hardly ever seen, but these are distinctly visible in the modern, and shew the minute opening through which the crystallizing moisture penetrated into the interior cavities.

hyænas, and *that* by a perpendicular descent, down into the interior and dark recesses of the rocks, is as wild and visionary a presumption as theorists can well devise. In this case, tigers, those *cautious* animals, must courageously have leaped from prominence to prominence, dragging their ponderous loads after them. And another appalling difficulty then arises, in determining how they are again to *ascend*, when they were to seek their prey; and also, in what way they were to teach this science of *vaulting*, to their *young*!

4thly. The next and most feasible supposition is, that the animal remains, in question, fell into these fissures, or natural openings in the rocks. Those who reject the writer's idea of some *horizontal* passage, are obliged, in this case, *themselves*, to adopt a theory, far more strange and adverse to present appearances, than the one they oppose. Seeing that the bones must have reached the caves, *in some way*, they venture to *assume*, that there *was* a chasm, on the summit of the rocks, but the closest inspection, and the minutest inquiries, established the fact, that there was not the *least sign* that any such opening *had ever existed*; so that the writer's conjecture of some unexplored horizontal channel, that led to these interior caves, becomes the *least* of two difficulties!

Before a correct judgment can be formed, the reader must be aware, that directly under the loose rubble, which the workmen call the "overburden," *an unbroken stratum of rock extended, covering the whole surface of the Oreston Cliffs*; so, that (to use a familiar, but apt illustration) the caves were all covered up, like the crown of a *baker's oven*. This being the undeniable fact, the supposition here advanced, of some *horizontal* approach to the caves, is not only the *least* of two

difficulties, but seems to be the only expedient that *can* be devised for crowding these caverns with the animal remains. It may be decided by a plain syllogistic argument. Here are extraneous bones. They must have proceeded to their present position, by one of three ways. They must have proceeded from *beneath*; or, from *above*; or, from the *sides*. It has been shown that they could not have proceeded from *above*, nor *beneath*, consequently, they must have proceeded from the *sides*; and no doubt can be entertained, but, that if a vigilant attention had been directed to the *extremity* of the rock, the suspected aperture, (some traces of it, at least,) *must* have been discovered.

This part of the inquiry is of such vital importance to any correct judgment on the question, that it must be dwelt on a little longer. The writer's observations (continued through a good part of two years,) combined with the testimony of all the operative men engaged in blowing up the rocks, confirmed one fact, that, immediately surmounting the caves, and extending universally over the Oreston Cliffs, there was one *unbroken* stratum of *solid rock*; whilst from the caves, *backward*, to the slope of the hill, the stone was more broken, and the caves and apertures more numerous, till the whole terminated in the diluvial soil.

These are statements, incontrovertible. No one, conversant with the spot, has ever, for a moment, adopted the opinion, from specific appearances, that there was any chasm, or opening, on the crown of the rock. Speculators, at a distance, have presumed that it *must* have been so, in opposition to undeniable proof to the contrary; but they erred in not knowing, or forgetting an obvious alternative, that, as an approach from

the summit was completely excluded, there might have been a collateral *side entrance*; such as is here contended for. This opinion is not only probable, from the nature of the rock, and the ground, but is supported by the *impossibility* of the caves being approached in *any other way*.

This inference will be found the more legitimate, when it is considered, that if there *had* been a chasm, on the top of the cliffs, it could not have been concealed, or filled up. The sides of a large rocky aperture never could have approximated; and if the Deluge, or any other convulsion of nature, had filled the orifice, or *upper* cavity, (for it could have done no more) the extraneous matter would have formed so striking a contrast to the matter of the rock, as to attract the quarrymen's immediate notice.

All reasoners on the subject must unite in one conclusion, that, whether the opening that led to the caves was on the top of the rock, or, more horizontally, from the side, immediately after the bones were deposited, all access to them must, almost, hermetically have been sealed, or otherwise the process of decomposition from atmospheric influence would instantly have commenced, and rapidly have proceeded.

Some confirmation of the unusually disrupted state of that portion of the rock, where the caves were found, may be collected from the innumerable *fissures* through which the rain descended, and which carried down to the animal remains, a large portion of the red superficial soil, (augmenting through successive ages,) till, at last, the far larger proportion of the remains were completely embedded in this humid, tenacious clay; and the complete state of preservation of all these animal vestiges, must be ascribed to the united influence of an

exclusion of the air, uniting with an investiture of damp clay. From the unceasing filtration of rain and springs, the caves universally were more than *damp*; they were *wet*.*

This 4th supposition being that which has been adopted by so many, groundless as it is, must receive a further consideration.

In order to found some reasoning upon it, the gratuitous admission shall be made that there *was* this chasm on the apex of the rock, directly surmounting the caves, but it will be shown that the subject is still encumbered with insuperable difficulties.

The approach to the caves, from the surface of the rocks, must have been large, or small; direct, or winding. If it was small and winding, the bones would soon have been obstructed. If it was large, and direct, it is true the whole animals *may* have fallen in, and been dashed to pieces, but the chasm, *if* large, was not direct, further at least than to the first cave B. where there were no animal vestiges: independently of which there were various caves, lying on the same level as this, in which there were remains, but those exclusively of the wolf. Forty feet below these, the great body of bones were found; and, those, all of the larger animals. Down to this spot there are good reasons to believe that there may have been nearly a direct descent; but this is not conquering the difficulty.

It may be asked, how came so immense an assemblage of animals, of different genera and natures, vo-

* The writer directed the men to bring the *remains* to him, and particularly the *jaws*, as they were found, encompassed with *all the clay*; when, by carefully washing off the earth, many a fracture was prevented, and, what was of more consequence, the *teeth* of the jaws were *all preserved*.

luntarily to bound into this fearful chasm, to their destruction? Is it the practice of wild animals to lose the sense of fear, and, heedlessly, to leap down in the dark, not knowing, nor caring, whether their descent were five or fifty feet? The reverse is the notorious fact, and rare indeed is the instance of any animal, even the *graminivorous*, falling into a manifest fissure. Their instincts are quite as strong to avoid danger, as those of men: yet here are animals, of different names and habits, who must have plunged down, headlong, in *droves*, for the mere pleasure of breaking their necks.

But there is another important view of the subject. This chasm, supposing it to have existed, must have been the receptacle, for unknown ages, of a succession of unfortunate animals, who gambled about the orifice of danger, and, for their temerity, paid the forfeiture of their lives. In this case, one effect must necessarily have presented itself. The bones would have been found *in different stages of decomposition*. Now the observable fact is, that *all* the bones, in *all* the caves, bore precisely the *same appearance*, and clearly evidenced that the animals to which they belonged, must have perished, universally, at *the very same time*. Does not this emphatically point out the Deluge?

But perhaps, it may be said, “The animals were probably washed in *at the Deluge*.” This is an inadmissible conjecture; for, in the first place, it would be preposterous to suppose this orifice more than three or four yards in extent. At the period of the Deluge, also, when the “windows of heaven were opened,” all caves, with exposed apertures, must have received the drenching rain, and, where, as in this case, there was no eject, have been soon filled, to running over. And this, it should be remembered, must have taken place, before the waters in the valleys accumulated, and aroused

the fears of the animal race. The caves, therefore, being inundated, to their brim, with water, this tremendous opening, which was to receive such floating myriads, would have appeared only like a *small pool*!

It may further be remarked that, if a few stray animals had fallen into this cavity, filled as it was with water, their specific gravity is so near to that of the liquid in which they were immersed, that if they had been drowned in this small sheet of water, (a contingency hardly to be admitted,) they would scarcely have *sunk*, and soon after would have *float*ed, (had time allowed) from the internal generation of air, when they would have operated as a *warning* to other animals. This idea of filling the Oreston Caves with remains, by the animals being “washed in at the Deluge,” it is presumed, will now be relinquished. But there is one other supposition which has often been advanced. Some suppose that the bones, in some unaccountable way, *fell into the cave*, or caves, *from above*.

It may here be asked, what possible combination of circumstances could have brought to the immediate vicinity of this orifice, such an immense collection of animal remains? If they had been found only at a *little distance* from the opening, there they would have reposed, and perished. The scoria that issues from a crater, never returns to it again. If this apprehended chasm had lain in a valley, surrounded, like a tunnel, with shelving rocks, winds and torrents might have brought into it, as into a focus, all the bones that were scattered on their sides: but the very observable fact, is, that, instead of this convenient valley, and these shelving circumambient rocks, the whole upper surface of the Oreston Cliffs, presented one *down-like level*.

The author having expressed his sentiments on the four current hypotheses respecting these animal remains,

and shown a *few only* of the difficulties with which they are encompassed, he must now finally remark, that he is increasingly convinced of the *necessity* of allowing the *horizontal* approach to the caves before contended for. This theory obviates all objections, and is far more *reasonable* than any other.

Instead of being intricate, the process is clear, and the result just such as admitted facts warrant. He must again repeat, that the *Deluge* is the only solution to these animal appearances, and no one phenomenon presents a fuller attestation of that overwhelming catastrophe than the innumerable animal remains discovered in the Oreston Caves.

Burnet supposed that, antecedent to the Deluge, the surface of the earth exhibited one uninterrupted *level*. Many geologists, on the contrary, have supposed that our present mountains existed before the Flood, and that the loftiest of them were covered by the waters; in which case, taking the mountains of Tibet at an altitude of twenty-seven thousand feet, during the recorded forty days' rain, the ascent of the waters must have been nearly seven hundred feet each day! A violent supposition! The truth probably lies between these two extremes. When, by the power of the Almighty, the fountains of the great deep were broken up, probably, many, if not most of the rocky elevations occurred. The dislocated appearance of the earth's superficial strata, seems to justify this inference, and the marine substances found on the summits of the loftiest hills admit of an easy solution, by the supposition that these prominences were borne upward from the bed of the ocean. Hills, where the stratification has not been broken, rarely exceed two thousand feet, and if this elevation be adopted for the highest of the antediluvian hills, it would give an ascent to the waters, during the forty days, from the combined

agency of rain, and the irruption from the earth's interior reservoirs, of *fifty feet* for each twenty-four hours.

This, it must be admitted, after all, is a mysterious subject, and the ideas here advanced upon it, are to be understood as amounting to no other than *conjectures*. The Deluge must be regarded as an event involved in inscrutable darkness ; to the solution of which, nothing short of miraculous influence can be applied. Sober reasoning has often been violated by the indiscreet *affirmations* of some speculators, who have not sufficiently distinguished between what *may* and *has* been ; between points essentially *problematical*, and those which, if not susceptible of proof, are, at least, sustained by high moral probability. The Christian cannot doubt the reality of the Deluge, recorded as it is by Inspiration, and confirmed by innumerable physical ~~its~~ attestations, but its *modus* ; its efficient causes ; and attendant consequences, if at all reasoned upon, should be accompanied with the admission that we *know* nothing, absolutely, but the naked fact.

On the topics, more accessible to inquiry ; to which a reference has been made in the course of this investigation, it has been the author's wish, in detailing his *opinions*, to abstain from all undue confidence. There is no prohibition against expressing new views, where the old are unsatisfactory, but, whenever substantial reasoning shall disprove any position which he has ventured to advance, no individual will become more promptly opposed to it, than himself. The greater the body of thought and observation, which is brought to bear on this *very curious* subject, the more likely it is that truth should be elicited, and if that end be accomplished, the medium which conducts to it, is of slight importance.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

OF SOME PREMATURE GENIUSES.

CRICHTON. p. 431.

JAMES CRICHTON was a native of Scotland, and born about 1551. His tutors were, Rutherford, and Buchanan, whose assistance, combined with his fine natural parts, rendered Crichton the prodigy of his age. By the time he was twenty, he had acquired a knowledge of all the sciences, and could write and speak, consummately, in twelve different languages. He had become also a proficient in riding, dancing, fencing, and played, to admiration, on almost all instruments.

At this early age, Crichton proceeded on his travels. Upon arriving at Paris, he sent a public challenge, to all the individuals of that renowned university, to dispute with him in the College of Navarre, that day six weeks, by nine in the forenoon, where he declared, he would attend, and either answer all questions in any art or science, or hold a public disputation in any one, or in all the twelve following languages.—Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish, or Sclavonian. In the intermediate time, all the learned men of Paris, as well natives, as foreigners, diligently set about preparing themselves for the grand contest, when a young foreigner was to defy all the power of France. Crichton, on the contrary, made no extra preparation for the approaching day, but, confiding in his knowledge, and the promptitude of his recollection, attended exclusively to his amusements, as though this trial of intellectual strength were some unimportant, and ordinary occurrence. The memorable day now arrived, when Crichton met his various opponents, and acquitted himself, so as to excite universal admiration. The discussion was continued from nine in the morning, till six in the evening, when the president arose, and extolled him for all his various endowments, so marvellously displayed on that occasion. Four of the principal professors, also, in testimony of their approbation, presented him with a purse, and a diamond ring, and, from that time, this eminent Scotsman, received the appellation of the Admirable Crichton.” He acquired equal celebrity at Rome, and other places, but in continuing his travels, he was assassinated, one night, in the streets of Mantua.

MASTER CLENCH. p. 434.

(*Extract from Evelyn's Diary. Author of the "Silva."*)

"I dined at the Admiralty, where was brought in a child under twelve years old, the son of Dr. Clench, of the most prodigious maturity of knowledge, for I cannot altogether call it memory, but something more extraordinary.

Mr. Peppys and myself examined him, not in any method, but with promiscuous questions, which required judgment and discernment to answer so readily, and pertinently.

There was not any thing in chronology, history, geography, the several systems of astronomy, courses of the stars, longitude, latitude, doctrine of the spheres, courses, and sources of rivers, creeks, harbours, eminent cities, boundaries and bearings of countries, not only in Europe, but in any other part of the earth, which he did not readily resolve, and demonstrate his knowledge of, drawing out with a pen any thing he would describe. He was able not only to repeat the most famous things which are left us in any of the Greek, or Roman histories, monarchies, republics, wars, colonies, exploits by sea and land, but all the sacred stories of the Old and New Testament, the succession of all the monarchies, Babylonian, Persian, Greek, Roman, with all the lower emperors, popes, heresiarchs, and councils; what they were called about, what they determined, or in the controversy about Easter, and the tenets of the Gnostics, Sabellians, Arians, Nestorians; the difference between St. Cyprian and Stephen, about Rebaptization; the schisms. We leaped from that to other things totally different, to Olympic games, and synochronisms; we asked him questions which could not be resolved without considerable meditation and judgment; nay, of some particulars of the civil laws, of the digest, and code. He gave a stupendous account of both natural and moral philosophy, and even of metaphysics.

Having thus exhausted ourselves, rather than this wonderful child, or angel rather, for he was as beautiful and lovely in countenance as in knowledge, we concluded by asking him if in all he had read, or heard of, he had ever met with any thing which was like this expedition of the Prince of Orange, with so small a force to obtain three great kingdoms, without any contest. After a little thought, he told us he knew of nothing which did more resemble it, than the coming of Constantine the Great, out of Great Britain, through France and Italy, so tedious a march, to meet Maxentius,

whom he overthrew at Pons Œlius, with very little conflict, and at the very gates of Rome, which he entered, and was received with triumph, and obtained the empire, not of three kingdoms only, but of all the then known world.

He was perfect in the Latin authors, spake French naturally, and gave us a description of France, Italy, Savoy, Spain, ancient and modernly divided; as also of Ancient Greece, Scythia, and northern countries and tracts: we left questioning further. He did this without any set or formal repetitions, as one who had learned things without book, but as if he minded other things; going about the room, and toying with a parrot there, and as he was at dinner, (as it were,) full of play, of a lively and sprightly temper, always smiling, and exceedingly pleasant, without the least levity, rudeness, or childishness. His father assured me, he never imposed any thing to charge his memory, by causing him to get things by heart, not even the rules of grammar: but his tutor, (who was a Frenchman,) read to him first in French, then in Latin; that he usually played amongst other boys four or five hours every day, and that he was as earnest at his play as at his study. He was perfect in arithmetic, and now newly entered into Greek. In some I have heard of divers forward and precose youths, and some, I have known; but I never did either hear or read of any thing like to this sweet child, if it be right to call him child, who has more knowledge than most men in the world.

I counselled his father not to set his heart too much upon this jewel, as I myself had learned, by most sad experience, in my most dear child, Richard, many years since, who, dying before he was six years old, was, both in shape, countenance, and learning, next to a prodigy."

(No subsequent information has been obtained of this wonderful child.)

SERVIN. p. 434.

The following extract, from the Duke of Sully's Memoirs, (vol. 3, p. 215,) presents one of the most striking, and, at the same time, awful portraitures, on record.

"The beginning of June," (says the duke,) "I set out for Calais, where I was to embark, [for England, as ambassador from France,] having with me a retinue of nearly two hundred gentlemen. Just before my departure, old Servin came, and presented his son to me, and begged I would use my endeavours to

make him a man of some worth and honesty ; but he confessed it was what he dared not hope ; not through any want of understanding or capacity in the young man, but from his natural inclination to all kinds of vice. The old man was in the right ; what he told me, having excited my curiosity to gain a thorough knowledge of young Servin, I found him to be at once both a wonder and a monster ; for I can give no other idea of that assemblage of the most excellent, and most pernicious qualities.

Let the reader represent to himself a man of a genius so lively, and an understanding so extensive, as rendered him scarce ignorant of any thing that could be known ; of so vast and ready a comprehension, that he immediately made himself master of what he attempted ; and of so prodigious a memory, that he never forgot what he had once learned ; he possessed all parts of philosophy and the mathematics, particularly fortification and drawing ; even in theology, he was so well skilled, that he was an excellent preacher, whenever he had a mind to exert that talent ; and an able disputant for and against the reformed religion, indifferently ; he not only understood Greek, Hebrew, and all the languages which we call learned, but also, all the different jargons, or modern dialects ; he accented and pronounced them so naturally, and so perfectly imitated the gestures and manners, both of the several nations of Europe, and the particular provinces of France, that he might have been taken for a native of all, or any of these countries ; and this quality he applied to counterfeit all sorts of persons, wherein he succeeded wonderfully ; he was, moreover, the best comedian, and greatest droll, that, perhaps, ever appeared ; he had a genius for poetry, and had written many verses ; he played upon almost all instruments, was a perfect master of music, and sung most agreeably and justly ; he likewise could say mass ; for he was of a disposition to do, as well as to know all things : his body was perfectly well suited to his mind, he was light, nimble, dexterous, and fit for all exercises ; he could ride well, and in dancing, wrestling, and leaping, he was admired : there are not any recreative games that he did not know ; and he was skilled in almost all mechanical arts. But now for the reverse of the medal : here it appeared that he was treacherous, cruel, cowardly, deceitful ; a liar, a cheat, a drunkard, and glutton ; a sharper in play ; immersed in every species of vice ; a blasphemer ; an atheist : in a word, in him might be found all the vices contrary to nature, honour, religion, and society ; the truth of which he himself

evinced with his latest breath, for he died in the flower of his age, perfectly corrupted by his debaucheries, and expired with the glass in his hand, cursing, and denying God."

JOHN PHILIP BARRETIER. p. 434.

JOHN PHILIP BARRETIER was born at Schwabach, in Germany, January 19th, 1721. No individual on record appears to have made such premature advances in learning, as young Barretier.

His father, a man of probity and learning, (one of the pastors of the place) affirms, that, at the age of nine, he spake and read Latin, German, and French, equally well: that he could, by laying before him a *translation* of any part of the Old or New Testament, read it *in the original*, without hesitation or perplexity; or, on the contrary, translate the originals into either of the above languages. "He was no stranger" (he continues to say) "to biblical criticism or philosophy, or ancient and modern geography; on which subjects he held converse with the learned, who frequently visited him."

In his eleventh year, he not only published a learned letter in Latin, but translated the Travels of *Rabbi Benjamin*, from the *Hebrew* into *French*, which he illustrated with notes, and learned dissertations; a work in which his father could not assist him, as he did not understand the Rabbinical writings.

"These notes" (Dr. Johnson says) "contain so many curious remarks and enquiries, out of the common road of learning, and afford so many instances of penetration, judgment, and accuracy, that the reader finds, in every page, some reason to persuade him that they cannot possibly be the work of a child, but of a man long accustomed to these studies, enlightened by reflection, and dexterous, by long practice in the use of books. Yet, that it is the performance of a boy, thus young, is not only proved by the testimony of his father, but by the concurrent evidence of *M. Le Maitre*, his associate in the church of Schwabach, who not only asserts his claim to this work, but affirms that he heard him at six years of age, explain the Hebrew text as if it had been his native language; so that the fact is not to be doubted, without a degree of incredulity, which it will not be very easy to defend."

In his twelfth year, he applied more particularly to the study of the fathers, and councils of the six first centuries, and began to make a regular collection of their canons.

The father of Barretier having been promoted to a cure, by the king of Prussia, he proceeded with his son, to Berlin, travelling through Leipsic and Hall. At this latter place, young Barretier so distinguished himself in his conversations with the professors of the University, that, notwithstanding his years, they offered him his degree of Doctor in Philosophy. As a preliminary, Barretier drew up that night, some positions in Philosophy and the Mathematics, which he defended the next day, in a crowded auditory, with so much wit, spirit, presence of thought, and strength of reasoning, that the whole University was delighted and amazed; he was then admitted to his degree, and attended by the whole concourse to his lodgings, with compliments and acclamations.

At Berlin he was introduced to the king of Prussia, who was so much pleased with his conversation, that he sent for him almost every day, during his stay in that capital, and listened with delight to his discourse with learned men, on a great diversity of subjects, in all which he acquitted himself with universal acceptance. The king wished him to study the customs of nations, with those branches of learning, which are of use in public transactions, and civil employments, declaring that such abilities, properly cultivated, might exalt him, in ten years, to be the greatest minister of state in Europe. Barretier was not, however, attracted by these dazzling prospects, but modestly, and, with becoming dignity, replied, that he was too much pleased with science and quiet, to leave them for such inextricable studies, and harassing fatigues.

Young Barretier continued his studies at Hall, and progressively added new acquisitions to his learning; when in his nineteenth year, his health began to decline; his death at length became certain, when, sustained by the consolations of religion, “without fear or emotion, on the 5th of October, 1740, he resigned his soul into the hands of his Saviour.”

Abridged from Dr. Johnson's Life of Barretier.

EDMUND STONE. p. 434.

EDMUND STONE was a native of Scotland, born the end of the seventeenth century; the son of the Duke of Argyle's gardener. He was a great self-taught genius, who did not begin to read till he was eight years of age, but, afterwards made rapid, and almost unprecedented acquisitions. Before the age of eighteen, without any assistance from a master, he had acquired, with much learning,

a comprehensive knowledge of geometry, and general mathematical science.

About this time, the Duke of Argyle, in passing through his garden, noticed Newton's Principia, lying on a seat, when, supposing that some one had removed it from his library, he called to young Stone, who happened to be near, to return it again to its place, when he surprised his Grace, by informing him that the book belonged to himself. The Duke now made some enquiries, when he received from him the following remarkable reply.

“ I first taught myself to read, and, after this, seeing the masons at work, at your house, I observed the architect use a rule and compasses, and make calculations. Upon enquiry, I was informed, there was a science called arithmetic. I purchased a book of arithmetic, and learned it. I was then told, there was another science called geometry; I bought it, and learned that also. Finding there were good books on these two sciences, in Latin, I bought a dictionary, and learned that also. I also heard that there were good books, of the same kind, in French; I also learned French. This, my Lord, is what I have done, and it seems to me that we may learn every thing when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet.” The Duke was pleased to find these unequivocal marks of talent, and, as might be expected, furnished him with all those facilities which enabled him to pursue his favourite studies. He subsequently became a profound mathematician.

The first work he published, was “ A new Mathematical Dictionary, 8vo. 1726,” He afterwards published “ A Treatise on Fluxions, 8vo. 1730 ;” the direct method translated from the Marquis de l' Hospital's “ Analyse des Infiniments Petites,” and, the inverse method, furnished by Stone himself. “ The Elements of Euclid,” 1731, 2 vols. 8vo.; besides some smaller works. Stone was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and communicated to it, an account of two species of lines of the third order, not mentioned by Sir Isaac Newton, and which was printed in the 41st volume of the Philosophical Transactions.

JEDEDIAH BUXTON. p. 434.

To the few remarkable premature geniuses, here enumerated, it may not be amiss to add one more, although of a very different description, JEDEDIAH BUXTON. From his infancy, he discovered a marked direction of his faculties toward figures and calcu-

lations, in which he surpassed all his predecessors in this department, as well as those who have more recently attracted public notice. Jedediah Buxton was the son of a schoolmaster, at Elmeton, a village near Chesterfield, and born 1705. His education, notwithstanding his father's profession, was so neglected, that he was never taught either to read or to write. His attention is said to have been so absorbed by the different denominations, and relative proportions of numbers, that he took scarcely any notice of external objects, except in relation to their numbers. When any interval of time was named to him, he almost instantly gave the amount of it in minutes, and in innumerable other instances, established his reputation by solving similar questions. To so great a degree was he capable of abstraction, that no noise discomposed him. Neither did any incidental question or occurrence divert his thoughts, or produce a confusion, which disqualified him for renewing and pursuing his calculations, and these were all effected by memory, without the assistance of pen or paper. By merely walking over any piece of land, he could determine the contents as accurately as though he had measured it with a chain. His application to figures prevented, it is said, his making the smallest acquisitions in other branches of knowledge, as all his faculties were concentrated in numerical calculations.

In 1754, he visited London, and was examined by the Royal Society, before whom he established his credit for solving, by a mental process, all kinds of operose questions. His friends took him to see Garrick perform Hamlet, when the splendour of the scenery, and the incidents and actions of the performers, excited in him no surprise, although his mind was manifestly occupied with some inexplicable trains of thought. Upon quitting the house, the cause became manifest, for he informed his friends the precise number of *words* which Garrick had articulated.

The same persons now conducted him to the brilliant and gorgeous Opera-House, at the sight of which he was wholly unaffected, but he informed his friends, at the conclusion, what had been the number of *steps* of the chief dancer.

He was now, for the first time, introduced to an Oratorio, and here his mind became unusually distressed. He had made the attempt to reckon the number of *notes*, but these being so rapid and involved, he found his power of estimation completely fail; and this natural, and necessary result, evidently filled him with mortification, as a failure in his profession. He was married, and

had a family. He subsisted by labour, remained contented in obscurity, and died at the age of 70.

DR. MURRAY. p. 434.

The late Dr. MURRAY of Edinburgh, furnishes another striking instance of the irresistible impulse which nature gives to some minds, to surmount impediments, that ordinary characters deem to be insuperable.

Dr. Murray was the son of a little Scotch farmer, and was employed, when young, to watch a few sheep, amidst the glens and wild mountains of the highlands. With little or no instruction, he had contrived, almost in his infantine years, to pick up *Latin*, and instead of watching his “fleecy charge,” too frequently seated himself on the first grey stone, and pored on his *Ovid*, or made some ditty the vehicle of his impassioned feelings; for which, his father often chided him as a “lazy and negligent herd-boy.”

Mr. Murray’s own narrative of the process by which he mastered one language after another, and augmented his mental acquisitions, furnishes one of the clearest, simplest, and most interesting pieces of personal biography, yet possessed by the public. It does not accord with the object of these slight notices, to enter into the minutiae of so remarkable a life, but it is briefly remarked, that, as the district could not furnish *pen* and *ink*, the child *Murray* taught himself to write by forming his letters on a board, with the *burnt end* of a *stick*. This was the commencement of his *literary career*, and its termination was, his being appointed, at the age of 37, on account of his great erudition, and profound philological attainments, Oriental Professor in the University of Edinburgh!” He was born in 1775, and died in 1814, a little more than a year after he had been elevated to the Professor’s chair. On an occasion, when the King of Abyssinia transmitted a letter to our Sovereign, George the Third, the Government could find no individual in the country, competent to translate the letter, till they applied to Dr. M. who readily furnished the translation required.

Dr. Murray wrote three articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, upon either of which his reputation might have securely rested.

1st. “On the Irish Dictionary,” 1803.

2nd. “Clark, on Maritime Discoveries,” 1804. And,

3d. “Maurice’s History of Indostan.” 1805.

See *Dr. Murray’s Posthumous Works* “*On the History of European Languages*, two vols. 8vo. 1826. Edited by Dr. Scott.”

DIRECTIONS FOR PLACING THE PLATES.

Portrait of John Henderson Frontispiece to VOL. I.

Base of Redcliff Church, Frontispiece to VOL. II.

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ERRATUM.

Page 377, line 26, for *word*, read words.

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